

# BUSYMAN'S

OCTOBER



MURRAY

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED  
TORONTO • MONTREAL • WINNIPEG

# Making Merry

**At Mealtime, Means Good Appetite, Good Digestion, Good Cheer, Good Heart and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.**

**Do You Use Them? If Not, Why?**

DYSPEPSIA is the skeleton at the feast; the death's head at the festive board. It turns cheer into cheerlessness, gaiety into gloom and festivity into farce. It is the ghost in the home, haunting every room and hitting at every fireplace, making otherwise merry people shudder and fear. If there is one disease more than another that should be promptly attacked and worsted, it is DYSPEPSIA. It is the very genius of unhappiness, unrest and ill nature. In time it will turn the best man almost into a demon of temper and make a good woman something to be dreaded and avoided.

It is estimated that half of the trouble in this world comes of a stomach gone wrong—of Dyspepsia. In short, Foods taken into the stomach and not properly cared for; converted into substances that the system has no use for and hasn't any notion what to do with. It is irritated and vexed, pained and annoyed, and in a little while this state of things becomes general and directly there is "something bad to pay." The whole system is in a state of rebellion and yearns to do something rash and disagreeable and a fine case of Dyspepsia is established and opens up for business.

If you were bitten by a mad dog, you would not lose a day in going to a cure; do you know you should be just as prompt with Dyspepsia? Rabies is a quick death, dyspepsia is a slow one; this is about all the difference. There is a cure for rabies and

so there is for Dyspepsia and one cure was about as difficult to discover as the other. Pastern found out one and the F. A. STUART COMPANY the other, and it is no longer a secret, as it is made public in the wonderful Tablet, which so many are using and praising to-day. One writer says of it:

"Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are little storehouses of digestion which mix with the stomach juices, digest food, retingle the mucous membrane and its nerve centres, give to the blood a great wealth of digestive fluids, promote digestion and stays by the stomach until all its duties are complete."

Some cures are worse than the disease; they demand this. That and the Other and the patient despair at the requirements; but not so with the Stuart Dyspepsia Tablet; they are easy and pleasant to take and no nausea or ill feeling follows. There is none of this "getting all-over-the-mouth" like a liquid and making the remedy a dread. Another writer says:

"It matters not what the condition of the stomach Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets only improve the juices and bring quiet to the whole digestive canal, of which the stomach is the centre."

Forty thousand physicians use these tablets in their practice and every druggist sells them. Price 50c. Send us your name and address and we will send you a sample by mail free. Address, F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

# The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XX

Toronto October 1910

No 8



THE DAM AND ABUTMENTS AS THEY APPEARED BEFORE THE SUPERSTRUCTURE WAS PUT IN PLACE

## The Damming of an Intractable River

A New Method of Conquest

By R. A. Fraser

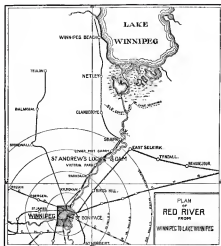
RIVERS, like human beings, have their tempers and, when the tanners tackled the Red River in Manitoba, they found that they had before them an unusual type of river character. The Red is a very pleasant looking river to all appearances and outwardly might be taken for one of the quietest and best-behaved streams on earth. But it has peculiarities all of its own and, given certain influences, it will misbehave itself in an alarming fashion.

The Red River is really a Yankee by birth, hailing from down in

Dakota, which possibly may account for its vagaries. Passing northward through Winnipeg, it tumbles its waters down the St. Andrew's Rapids, some twenty miles north of that point and finally empties itself into Lake Winnipeg.

A warped disposition best describes the Red River. In the spring-time, its sources thaw out long before its lower reaches and in consequence there is a bias or twist in its anatomy, which is sometimes most unpleasant in its effect. If the ice barrier fails to give way, floods result. In any

## THE DAMMING OF AN INTRACTABLE RIVER.



THE LOCATION OF ST. ANDREW'S DAM

case there is a vast difference in levels during spring and summer.

Now when the river tapers, or in other words, the engineers of the Public Works Department, received instructions to put the Red River into subjection, so that it should carry traffic on its back from Winnipeg right down to Lake Winnipeg, they realized that they had an unusual problem before them. To build an ordinary kind of dam at the St. Andrew's Rapids would be all right when the Red was sober, but, when the river went on a rampage, such a dam would never do. So the tapers cast around in their minds for some time for an instrument that would subdue the river and finally they heard of a satisfactory device which the French had used successfully in

the case of the Seine. This was a special kind of a dam, known as the "Camere curtain dam." The idea of this dam is that it can be put in place or removed without undue labor, or loss of time.

In the spring of 1909 work was begun and to-day the dam is complete—a magnificent structure and the only one of its kind in the Western Hemisphere. The Red stands tamed and ready to carry huge fleets from the city to the Lake, opening up great possibilities for western navigation.

The idea of the dam is something like this. Bultied on the solid rock, far below the bottom of the river, stands a permanent wall of concrete of immense strength and capable of holding up the waters of the river to

a depth of seven feet. At intervals, along this huge foundation rise solid concrete abutments, seen plainly in the illustrations. The concrete dam and the abutments form the skeleton of the finished structure.

Strung across from the tops of the abutments is an immense steel superstructure, known as a service bridge. From this bridge are swung down the ninety steel frames, required to hold the curtains, huge wooden constructions, heavily strapped and hinged with steel and weighing twelve hundred pounds each.

dammed back again to a depth of fourteen feet.

The reader who revels in statistics may like to know that the dam is 788 feet wide, which may be interpreted as pretty nearly one-sixth of a mile and that twenty-five thousand cubic yards of concrete were used in its construction. The mechanism employed in raising and lowering the frames consists of travelling electric cranes—four large ones for the frames and three smaller ones for the curtains, running on four steel tracks, stretching across the entire



THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE BIG DAM

FROM THIS STEEL BRIDGE THE STEEL FRAMES AND WOODEN CURTAINS OF THE DAM ARE RAISED AND LOWERED

In the fall, when the period of navigation ends and the river steamers are tied up snugly for the winter, up come the curtains and the frames, leaving a clean channel for the water. The freshets and floods of spring, bearing down huge blocks of ice, can then pour unhindered through the spaces 120 feet wide between the abutments.

When the floods abate and the stream returns to its normal condition, the frames are replaced, the curtains lowered and the river is

length of the bridge. These are operated from a power house located on the east side of the river.

Having the dam to give a uniform level of water from St. Andrew's to Winnipeg was one thing, but a no less necessary accessory was to have a lock to lower and raise vessels from one level to another. This has been built at the east side of the dam. It is 290 feet long, and 45 feet wide, affording a navigable depth of at least 9 feet at periods of lowest water.

The completion of these important



THE LOCK AT ST. ANDREW'S DAM

THROUGH WHICH SEES FARE OF THEIR WAY FROM WINNIPEG TO LAKE WINNIPEG

works at St. Andrew's was the first step in opening up a system of waterways, which will enable ships to be navigated right from Winnipeg to Edmonton.

Lake Winnipeg is a very large body of water, having an area between

eight and nine thousand square miles, and a shore line of nearly eight hundred miles. There are some thirty steamers plying on its waters, and the opening of navigation up the Red River to Winnipeg has been a very great advantage to them.

## Improving Spare Moments

IT is really wonderful how much can be gained by improving odds and ends of time in keen, analytical, observing, thinking, reading and studying. Think of the untold wealth locked up in the spare moments and long winter evenings of every life. It is possible to pick up an education in the odds and ends of time which most people throw away. If those who have been deprived of a college education would only make up their minds to get a substitute for it, they would be amazed to see what even

the evenings of a few weeks devoted conscientiously to the college studies would accomplish. When a noted literary man was asked how he managed to accomplish so much with so little friction or apparent effort, he replied, "By organising my time. To every hour its appointed task or duty, with no overlapping or infringements." There is a great deal of time wasted even in the busiest lives, which, if properly organized, might be used to advantage.

—Great Thoughts.



## Hamar Greenwood The Ever Conspicuous

By  
A. L. McCredie

GOOD ideas are contagious. The world is still gasping at the prodigal imperialism of Sir Henry Pellatt in taking the Queen's Own Rifles to a summer drill at Aldershot, England. And now we are to have the King's Colonial Regiment, of London, coming to Canada for their annual twelve days!

This event is significant of the spirit which to-day increasingly moves all parts of our Empire toward better acquaintance. To some, however, other things are brought to mind. One of the originators of the King's Colonials—a regiment of colonials in London—was Hamar Greenwood, who, as Major of the regiment, comes to Canada with the rest. The present distinction in law, politics and under the colors, enjoyed by this stalwart Canadian, incites one to recall some incidents of his earlier history.

At one time a country school teacher, at all times positively gifted with a scorn for pettiness and for the regard for external appearances which we too often dignify by the name of conventionality, Greenwood is still remembered by all who knew him. It is said that when he enrolled at Toronto University as a

freshman, his first appearance was in a disreputable "blazer" or tennis coat of many and glaring colors, trousers with a pronounced stripe and somewhat frayed at foot, and a dilapidated straw hat. One can imagine the opportunity "Tom"—as he was then best known—presented to the vivacious students, especially to those of the sophomore persuasion!

It is still recalled with secret pleasure by more than one stern professor that, despite all repressive measures, the school teacher "from the country" continued to sport his striking attire, even after winter had set in. The full flavor of "Tom's" satire, shown that first term in a silent half-smile, was not, however, appreciated until a year later. In his first Sophomore term he blossomed forth, dressed in frock coat of a delicate grey, the trousers always neatly pressed; flower in button-hole, patent leathers and silk hat!

It is worth reminding our readers that this was the same Tom Greenwood who, after braving the perils of the historic University students' strike, took ship for England—a cattle-ship by the way—to make his fortune at the heart of the Empire.

Using his remarkable talents as a platform speaker in lecturing, he won sustenance while winning his barrister's gown. Later, by virtue of that orator's gift and of a personality that has never failed to impress, he became a member of the House of Com-

mons in spite of the most difficult conditions. The country school teacher in the old straw hat has indeed progressed far enough and rapidly enough to vindicate the belief of his old friends that he was a man of exceptional individuality. He combines, indeed, three qualities, any one of which would go far to bring success: force of character almost cyclonic, suavity and judgment rare in one so virile, and a genius that is patient and far-sighted.

He is now kept—even for him—busy with important cases, chiefly before the bar of the Privy Council. Naturally, those cases are largely Canadian. Just now the Provinces of Quebec and British Columbia have him retained in their interest. Yet Hamar, as our English friends call him, will make time in his vacation

to bring the regiment of London Colonialists out to Canada for their annual twelve days' camp.

Some years ago the writer was invited by Robert Barr, the Canadian author of so many famous stories, to take lunch at Goldsmith's old tavern in Fleet Street, the "Cheshire Cheese." He took the liberty of bringing Greenwood along, and "Greek met Greek." After a long and interesting afternoon, Greenwood took his leave, Barr, the teller of tales, watching his disappearing figure, "I rather like that clean-cut friend of yours. In ten years, if he lives, he will be heard from," he said.

Barr was a prophet. But a prophet also had been that frock coat of Greenwood's second year at Varsity. From straw to silk!

## A New Literary Luminary

**M**OST Canadians know very little about their country's literature, and, sad to say, seem to care still less about it. This is really not so much the fault of the people, as it is of the scarcity of authors of the first water. When a Ralph Connor emerges or a Robert W. Service is discovered, he receives a recognition of a most gratifying character. His books sell far up in the thousands and his fellow-countrymen take pride in his Canadian nationality.

But there is only one Ralph Connor, and no rival has as yet appeared to displace Service. In fact, apart from half a dozen authors, whose names have attained more than local fame, Canadian writers are almost a vanishing quantity. It is this very scarcity of outstanding authors that makes it so comparatively easy for a new writer to win a place for himself.

If all signs do not fail, a brilliant future is in store for the young clergyman, whose portrait appears on the opposite page. His first novel, "The Frontiersman," has just been published, with advance sales, which, for a new author's work, would seem to establish a record.

His field is the Yukon, where he spent seven years as a missionary, coming into close contact with the sterner elements of life as seen in that far-away field. The strange and vivid life of the far-away corner of the Dominion impressed him deeply and constrained him to picture its scenes and happenings in the form of a novel.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Cody is a great personal friend of Robert W. Service, and no doubt each owes to the other some of the inspiration which has gone into their respective work. The poet of the Yukon was Mr. Cody's vestry-clerk at White

Horse, and many were the earnest discussions they had together on literary topics in the log-built rectory.

Mr. Cody has a vivid recollection of passing the bank in which Service worked, one evening, and seeing the young bank clerk pounding away at the typewriter. At that time no one realized what he was doing, but these evening hours were spent in putting into shape for the printer, the stirring poems, which are so familiar to-day.

New Brunswick is the province which can lay claim to possessing Mr. Cody's birthplace. At a small village in Queen's County, called Cody's, after the family name, the future novelist was born in 1872. He was educated at St. John high school and King's College, Windsor, from which institution he graduated in 1895, being valedictorian of his class. He was ordained deacon in 1896 at Fredericton, and given charge of the parish of Greenwich. In 1898 he was advanced to the priesthood. After seven years of work as rector of Greenwich, he offered himself as a missionary to the late Bishop Pompas, and proceeded to the Yukon. His love and admiration for the Bishop were shown later on, when, after his death, he wrote an excellent biography of him.

To Charles G. D. Roberts, Mr. Cody owes no small portion of his literary ability. When an undergraduate at King's College, Roberts was the Professor of English, under whom he studied. Roberts was also



H. A. CODY, M.A.

president of the Haliburton Club and encouraged the members to write articles and stories. This club was a most interesting institution, entertaining from time to time men like Bliss Carman.

While resident in the Yukon, Mr. Cody entered a competition instituted by the Canadian Club of Dawson, and the directors of the Alaska-Yukon Exhibition, for the best essay on "The Resources and Advantages of the Yukon Territory," and won the first prize, demonstrating his ability to write.

## The Highest Authority on Radio-Activity

Professor Ernest Rutherford, of Manchester University, is declared by *Current Literature* to be the highest living authority on radio-activity. Professor Rutherford is a Canadian and his services to science have but lately

been recognized by the award of the Barnard gold medal, presented every five years to some illustrious scientist.

The work of Ernest Rutherford may be summed up as a demonstration that all matter, whether it be precious like gold

or common like the base metals, is in essence, in its ultimate constituents, the same. That is to say, the minutest particles—in the alchemical term, for them what it may—of any element are the same in ultimate essence as are the minutest particles of every other element. These infinitely small particles, however, are arranged in one way and in a certain proportion and quantity to make gold. They are arranged in another way and in another proportion to make lead. The idea might be conveyed by an illustration which the art of music supplies with fair fidelity. The notes that build up a popular air and the notes that build up a grand opera are in essence the same—do, re, mi, fa, sol and the rest. They are, however, differently arranged. In one case we have "Marching Through Georgia." Another mode of arrangement results in the "Carmen" of Bizet. Now, in each form of matter, whatever the element, as the chemists say, the creator of the universe is playing a different tune, or drawing with the same pencils a different diagram, or building with the same bricks a different sort of structure. The name of one tune, to keep to the musical metaphor, is gold. The name of another, we will say, is silver. Yet the notes of the song—to put it literally, the minutest particles which piece together make the thing called an element—are in their ultimate nature or essence identical. These illustrations are not intended as exact parallels, for they are mere analogies. But they indicate what Ernest Rutherford proved in his laboratory on the whole subject of what is known in physics as radioactivity. He did not merely formulate theories after the fashion of the medieval alchemists. He demonstrated by experiment. The methods he employed are highly technical. The results he achieved are intelligible to the youngest pupil in physics.

Ernest Rutherford did more than solve the problem of the nature of matter. He proved that an element is forever transforming itself into some other element. Gold to put the matter in simple words, is striving all the time to become some other thing than gold. It succeeds in the long run—perhaps in a million years, more or less. Therefore the alchemists of the middle ages were theoretically correct. There does occur a transmutation of elements. Rutherford did not merely theorize about that. He demon-

strated the fact. The base metals do not transmute themselves into the precious ones. It is the other way. There is "a breaking down," as physicists say, of the precious into the base.

Herein we have the net result of the upheaval and excitement in the realm of the physical sciences due to the discovery of radium, or rather, to be quite precise, to the discovery of that property of matter which is styled radio-activity. It is due to the genius of Ernest Rutherford alone that the world realized at last the meaning of the spontaneous emission of radiations or rays capable of passing through plates of metal. Science stood at first bewildered by cathode rays, Roentgen rays, X-rays. The immortal Becquerel discovered that potassium uranyl sulphate emitted rays which acted on a photographic plate enveloped in black paper. The Curies analyzed systematically the mineral pitchblende and dumfounded physicists by isolating uranium with its incredible emanations. J. J. Thomson investigated the conductivity through gases and split the atom into smaller particles. Hence what did it all mean? The old chemistry was exploded. The physics of the nineteenth century stood discredited. Rutherford explained everything. The series of experiments through the medium of which Rutherford established the fact of the transformation of elements supplemented the investigation of J. J. Thomson into the conductivity of electricity through gases. Both breathed the breath of life into the conception of this universe as a mass of what, for want of a better term, we may call entities. These entities were in their primitive state, minute, dissociated, chaotic. The old atom of chemistry would seem a mountain by comparison. These entities assumed themselves into elements. The force that impelled them was electrical. Matter, then, is a form of electricity, or a manifestation of electrical energy. Rutherford was not the first to suggest it, but his work in radio-activity drives the suggestion home. For the ultimate unit of matter, the essence of it, its indivisible particle, is the electron. One force in the universe tends to drive electrons together. There is a force in the universe which drives the electrons apart. The net result is an element. Only the expert could appreciate the labor and the learning with which Ernest Rutherford and J. J. Thomson proved so much.

## Breaking the World's Tipping Record

And Cornering the Market in Tips

By G. W. Brock

WHEN trans-Atlantic trippers announce that a new record for extravagant tips has been established in the great tourist hotels of the continent, it is natural to assume that some rich American has been over there dealing out his gold with lavish hand. Yet it may surprise a good many stay-at-homes to learn that it is not an American millionaire at all who holds the blue ribbon to-day, but a Canadian—to be a little more precise, an ex-member of His Majesty's Canadian Cabinet—and that this gentleman has as a close second, another Canadian, a youthful multi-millionaire, of Montreal. These two travelers fairly paved their way with gold during a recent tour of the continent, leaving in their wake a gaping throng of astonished menials. The latter had been accustomed to lavish American visitors, but the munificence of these Canadians was beyond all precedent.

What a reversal of form this has been! Not so long ago Canadians were wont to express indignation at the way American tourists were spoiling servants at the summer resorts of this country. The tips bestowed at Murray Bay, St. Andrew's, Cabourg and Muskoka, not to mention other points, were deemed absurdly and quite unnecessarily large. But nowadays Canadians appear to have be-

come educated up to the habit and they can even go their American cousins one better.

However much the custom of giving tips may be deprecated, it would seem to-day to be firmly established and it is really doubtful if it could ever be eradicated. Tipping, from being simply a haphazard, do-as-you-please affair, has developed into a system, run on business lines and protected by all the artifices of trust methods. While here in Canada the trust features have hardly yet emerged, in New York and other large centres they have now taken firm hold and are flourishing.

When the blissfully happy bridal couple, from some Ontario town, land in New York the morning after the great event and proceed to one of the big hotels, they naturally long to radiate happiness in all directions, and while the bridegroom, with lavish hand presses big silver pieces into the palms of bell-boy and porter, Mrs. Newly-Wed speculates as to the form of pleasure these lucky servants will purchase with their bounty.

Alas! If she only knew that the recipients of the tips are bound by the system to hand these gratuities over to their superiors, she would not have the same glowing sense of a kindly deed done and a poor worker made happy.

It was said of the late Edward S. Stokes that he required all the tips given his hotel employees to be turned over to him, and no employee was allowed to leave the house until he had emptied his pockets. New York city hotels of to-day now accomplish much the same thing by a different process. They sell out the tipping privileges at so much a month or year to trusted employees.

Coat room privileges in the larger hotels sell for from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per annum and one hotel is alleged to have received as high as \$50,000 for its combined privileges, let to tip collectors. Notwithstanding the high prices paid, the men owning tip stands gathered in more than \$100,000 from generous visitors.

Take a large hotel, entertaining only the wealthiest persons. Vehicles arrived at least two sides of it. At each entrance stands the man who helps persons out and calls their vehicles when wanted. He has a corps of assistants. The lowest price paid the hotel proprietor for the door privilege in New York is \$75 a month, or \$900 a year, for medium sized hotels. The highest price paid is \$10,000 a year. The doorman has a day shift and a night shift. The day shift catches the big afternoon tea gatherings, the lunches and day entertainments, such as musicales and lectures. The night shift gets the diners and the after theatre supper eaters.

Every person arriving in a vehicle hands the doorman from twenty-five cents to \$1, and some are even more liberal. There are also many residents of the city who go several times a week to teas or to dine. These, as a rule, do not hand the doorman a tip each time, but once or twice a year present him with sums of from \$5 to \$25. He knows personally all of these resident patrons and gives them his best service. All of the tips taken by the doorman's employees are turned over to him, the employees getting only regular wages.

It is the coat room privileges for which the hotel proprietor receives one of the highest rentals. There is a story that when the palm room of one of the big hotels was opened as a novelty several years ago the tip revenue of the hotel averaged \$110,000 for two years from checking hats and outer garments alone. The very large price of \$50,000 a year was said to have been paid by the owner of the tip taking privilege for checking garments alone.

Then other hotels built equally pleasant palm rooms, dividing the crowds and patronage, so that the palm room dwindled as a money-maker, and now pays the corporation and the owner of the checking privilege only one-fifth the former revenues.

The afternoon tea is quite the biggest tip gathering of to-day. A large orchestra is the drawing card, and women find it just the place to display their latest costumes. At the door of the tea room stands a corps of valets in English knickerbockers, who remove wraps from women and take hats and coats from men. Elsewhere there is a woman's cloak room with women valets.

One man owns this check privilege both at the restaurant doors and the women's room, for which he pays the hotel corporation not less than \$10,000 a year, his revenue being two and one-half to three times that sum. Every tip paid to any of his employees is turned over to him. He and all other men owning hotel and restaurant tip privileges are employees of the hotel or restaurant, receiving small salaries, and the hotel is responsible for them and for all garments confided to their care. The owner of the tea room privilege stands among his men, his watchful eye taking in constantly the progress of tip gathering.

The tips received vary from ten to twenty-five cents per person, but these are often increased by liberal spenders and on special occasions. Women pay the smallest tips and the privilege owner depends on the men

who are striving to make a show of wealth for his principal revenue. The "good old summer time" would be bad for him but for the fact that he has got an iron in the fire at some big summer resort. For about seven months, however, things are all his own way.

The bootblack privileges are divided in different hotels. In some the shoe stands are owned by Italians, who are gradually getting a monopoly of them. In other hotels the head porter owns the shoe stand outfit. It is predicted by some hotelmen that the porter must go, that is, retire to the privilege of handling baggage only, which is quite enough for him as a money getter. It is better for a hotel, it is asserted, to sell the shoe stand to an Italian, who is always there with his assistants, while stands run by the head porter may be deserted time and again by all the porters being busy in various parts of the house handling baggage.

With scarcely an exception all head porters of hotels have retired wealthy from tips, which they take from all the under porters. No matter who gets the money the tip goes to the head porter. When a patron on departure seeks out the head porter and hands him a bill of from \$1 to \$10 he also pays the porter who handles his trunks a quarter or half dollar, and this ultimately gets into the head porter's pocket.

The bellboy privilege is also drifting into the hands of one man, although this system is not yet general. Where a man buys the bell boy privilege from a hotel he must take in green boys and train them for their duties in order to get the tips they receive. No experienced boy who has been accustomed to receive tips would consent to work for mere wages. Some day, it is believed, all the latter class will be run out of hotels and the new regime will take possession, so that when one fees the boy for ice water or stationery one will be really tipping the owner of the privilege.

Dining room tip privileges are absolutely in the hands of the head waiters, who, while not taking all the gratuities received by waiters, receive a liberal share. Enter almost any dining room in New York of the first-class, and it will be seen that the best tables are always occupied by the best spenders, and the same waiters always attend these tables. These are the preferred waiters of the dining room who are giving up the largest percentage of their tips to the head waiter.

New York has a large and growing class of spenders of whom every first class dining room keeps a list. No matter what the occasion, even the New Year's Eve dinner, when all the tables in New York are reserved, let one of these spenders telephone for a table and he will get it, and a good one, too. A spender means from \$15 to \$25 a plate for each one of his party for the head waiter. It means \$5 to \$10 for the head waiter personally, \$2 to the captain who takes the order and \$2 to the waiter who serves. The coat man who checks the party's outer apparel and the door man who opens their vehicle before the collation and helps lift them in after it get at least \$1 each. A sample midnight dinner for four persons at one of the most prominent hotels means \$100 for the hotel and \$16 for tips.

Down in the kitchens of many hotels an entirely different regime is in vogue. Not many tips drift downstairs, except as some departing or permanent patron sends a contribution to the chef. Light, however, has been let into the regions of the kitchen in a pamphlet issued in Boston by James M. Bishop, who charges that in every city a chef's club, and that all employees of kitchens are engaged solely through these clubs, which take at least ten per cent. of their wages. These employees must also pay the chef who takes them on \$25, except the second cook, who is left immune on condition that he agrees not to take, or strive to take,

the chef's position. Mr. Bishop charges that \$2,000,000 is annually taken in "kitchen graft."

Even the elevator men in many big hotels are now syndicated by one tip taker. On Christmas every elevator gets a full box, contributed to by every patron in the house. The permanent patrons put up various and large sums, the transients pay as they come and go. All this money now goes to one man who has purchased the privilege from the hotel.

Tips received in big hotels range from \$100,000 to \$250,000 a year—tidy sums to be divided up among several men owning the privileges to collect them. In other words, a round sum which cannot be estimated, but which must run into millions, represents the annual incomes of syndicated tip takers in New York.

In addition to the hotel system the tip taking privileges of large opera houses and theatres are often sold outright to one man. In many apartment houses, too, one cannot get a card taken up to a resident without first tipping the elevator man.

In such large hotels in Canada as the Windsor in Montreal, the King Edward in Toronto and the Alexandra in Winnipeg, which are patronized by wealthy travelers from all parts of the world, tipping has

reached big proportions. A waiter in the King Edward bar will average \$15.00 a day, according to report, and this sum is usually made up principally of dimes. While as yet tipping privileges have not been farmed out in Canada, yet no doubt the day is not far distant when this very modern system will be introduced here.

A variety of views on the subject of tipping are held by different people, from the man who disapproves entirely of the practice, to the man who believes in giving everybody else one better. It is said of one Toronto financier, whose name is probably more frequently in the mouths of Canadians than that of any other man, that the only tips he will bestow are on waiters and he limits his gratuities to them on principle, believing that they are the only class deserving of such consideration.

Quite the reverse is true of a notorious promoter, hailing from the same city, who was also very much in the public eye not long ago. He, it was, who went to the extent of tipping a carriage agent two dollars simply for becoming a coachman to drive up to a hotel door.

There is a proper course to pursue, of course, and it will probably be found to lie within these limits.

## Plenty of Time

TIME is something almost everyone wants more of, while few make good use of what they have. The man who has least time is the man who does least with his time; and the man who always has time for one thing more is the man who has already done several things more, to-day, than most men. We need to remember Addison's warn-

ing: "We are always complaining our days are few and acting as if there were no end of them." A concentrated, purposeful, terribly in earnest use of every minute of one's abundance of time will solve the problem of "more time" for anyone. Without that, the more time one had, the worse off for time he would be.

—Great Thoughts.

## The Inspiration of Work Well Done

By Orison Swett Marden

DID you ever notice how much better you feel after having done a superb piece of work, how much more you think of yourself, how it tones up your whole character? What a thrill one feels when contemplating his masterpiece, the work into which he has put the very best that was in him, the very best of which he was capable! This all comes from obeying the natural law within us to do things right, as they should be done, just as we feel an increase of self-respect when we obey the law of justice, of integrity within us.

There is everything in holding a high ideal of your work. For whatever model the mind holds, the life copies. What we think, that we become. Never allow yourself for an instant to harbor the thought of deficiency, inferiority.

A famous artist said he would never allow himself to look at an inferior drawing or painting, to do anything that was low or demoralizing, lest familiarity with inferiority should taint his own ideal and thus be communicated to his brush.

Reach to the highest, cling to it. Take no chances with anything that is inferior. Whatever your vocation, let quality be your life-slogan.

Many excuse poor, slipshod work on the plea of lack of time. But in the ordinary situations of life, there is plenty of time to do everything as it ought to be done, and if we form the habit of excellence, of doing everything to a finish, our lives would be infinitely more satisfactory, more complete, there would be a wholeness, in-

stead of the incompleteness that characterizes most lives.

There is an indescribable superiority added to the very character and fibre of the man who always and everywhere puts quality into his work.

There is a sense of wholeness, of satisfaction, of happiness, in his life which is never felt by the man who does not do his level best every time. He is not haunted by the ghosts of tail-ends of half-finished tasks, of skipped problems; is not kept awake by a troubled conscience.

When we are striving for excellence in everything we do, the whole life grows, improves. Everything looks up when we struggle up; everything looks down when we are going down hill. Aspiration lifts the life; groveling lowers it.

It is never a merely optional question whether you do a thing right or not, whether you half do it or do it to a finish, there is an eternal principle involved, which, if you violate, you pay the penalty in deterioration, in the lowering of your standards, in the loss of self-respect, in diminished efficiency, a dwarfed nature, a stunted, unsuccessful life.

Don't think you will never hear from a half-finished job, a neglected or botched piece of work. It will never die. It will bob up farther along in your career at the most unexpected moments, in the most embarrassing situations. It will be sure to mortify you when you least expect it. Like Banquo's ghost, it will arise at the most unexpected moments to mar your happiness.





### How the Western Wheat Crop is Handled by the Elevators of the Twin Cities

By T. M. Ralston

**I**N the short space of time between the commencement of the western grain harvest and the sealing up of the Great Lakes by King Winter last fall, forty-three million bushels of grain were handled through the great terminal elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur and started on their journey oceanward.

Forty-three million bushels! The entire wheat crop of the Canadian West last year was about one hundred and twenty-five million bushels, so that in this short space of about eighty days one third of the yield of Canada's great granary passed through the twin cities at the head of the Great Lakes.

Forty-three million bushels! The words scarcely tell the tale to the uninitiated, because it is hard to realize just what they mean. But forty-three million bushels means just forty-three thousand cars, as each freight car has a capacity one thousand bushels.

Forty-three thousand cars! What does this mean? The average train of grain coming to these ports brings

from sixty to seventy cars, so good are the facilities provided for the handling of this immense business by the railroad companies. Say seventy cars for the sake of brevity and it will at once be seen that over six thousand trains loaded with grain came into Fort William and Port Arthur in the brief period mentioned.

At the first opportunity count the number of cars of an ordinary freight train. There may be fifty, but the chances are that thirty will be nearer the number. Then figure if you can how long a train of seventy cars will be. Figure again and see if you can by any stretch of the imagination determine how far six thousand trains of seventy cars each will reach. If you can do this you will be able to form a faint idea of the magnitude to which the grain handling business at the head of the lakes has grown.

Official figures for the past year have just been completed and show that during the year eighty-nine million bushels of grain have been handled through the immense terminal ele-

vators at Fort William and Port Arthur. Eighty-nine million bushels means eighty-nine thousand cars, or nearly thirteen thousand of those trains of seventy cars each.

The transporting of these almost innumerable cars to the head of the lakes is only the beginning of the story, however. After the grain leaves the cars it must be transhipped to the lake boats, immense leviathans, three, four, five and even six hundred feet long, waiting to carry it to the ocean and even across the ocean.

Stepping off the train or boat at Fort William or Port Arthur, the giant grain elevators are the first sight that strikes the eye of the stranger and these great storage houses reaching skyward, bear eloquent testimony to the important part in the industrial life of the Dominion that the wheat fields of the west have assumed.

There are sixteen big elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur, sixteen big storage and loading houses with a total storage capacity of nearly thirty million bushels; sixteen elevators that can unload fifteen hundred cars of grain every day and that could, if the occasion required it and

if enough boats could be secured, discharge through their spouts into the holds of vessels nearly ten million bushels in the same few hours.

Fort William and Port Arthur, although in the near west, have the true western spirit. Step off the train or boat and a dozen caissens are always willing to tell you of the present greatness of these cities and the still greater things to come. But the huge elevators are there now, and one of the first things that will be told the visitor will be that, "we have the biggest grain elevators in the world." It's true, too. Over in Port Arthur the Canadian Northern's "A" and "B" hold seven million bushels, or a seventeenth part of last year's crop. The visitor will be told, "IT" (with special emphasis on this word) "is the biggest elevator in the world."

But go over to Fort William and some citizen of that city will have a fund of information for your benefit. He will take you gently, but firmly by the hand and lead you over to the Mission where the Grand Trunk Pacific has ready for the handling of this year's crop, an elevator to which he will point with pride and will say,



ARMEDLY GUARDED, PORT ARTHUR

HERE THE GRAIN IS LOADED AS IT ARRIVES FROM THE WEST



NEW ELEVATOR OF THE C.P.P. AT THE MISSION, FORT WILLIAM  
THIS IS THE LARGEST ELEVATOR TANKAGE IN THE WORLD, NOW READY TO STORE  
GRAIN. CAPACITY FOUR MILLION BUSHELS

"There is the biggest elevator in the world. Holds four million bushels and is the first unit of a string of ten which the Grand Trunk Pacific will have here in a few years. Their plans call for ten of them with a total capacity of forty million bushels. In other words one railroad company will have storage capacity at Fort William for a third of last year's crop.

If the visitor protests, remembering the word of his Port Arthur friend, and intimates that the other city has a seven million elevator, your guide will smile pityingly and say, "Why there are two elevators together there and they hold three and a half million bushels apiece," dismissing with scorn the suggestion that a building capable of storing thirty-five hundred cars of wheat has any claim to distinction.

The Canadian Pacific also has a few elevators in Fort William, no less than five, the largest, "D", with a

three and a half million capacity being strung along the harbor front.

This tells the story of what has been provided at the Canadian head of the lakes for the storage and transshipment of grain. But until one goes into the figures or visits these cities at a busy season the magnitude of the business is hard to realize. The busy times are the spring and fall when anywhere from twenty-five to forty of the great lake freighters are either in the shadow of the elevators, with grain pouring into the holds of each from a dozen spouts or awaiting their turn at these same elevators. A trip down the Kaministiquia, the river on which Fort William is situated, at this time is a revelation. Right from the Consolidated, three miles up, to the Empire at the river's mouth will be seen a string of boats, all big and all waiting for, or already loaded with that same commodity, wheat.



TAKING THE GRAIN FROM ELEVATOR TO BIN  
A VIEW OF THE BELT WHICH CARRIES THE GRAIN TO THE BINS

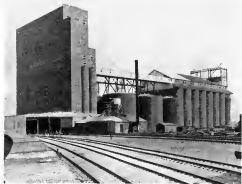


THE CIRCULAR BINS THAT HOLD THE WHEAT  
A VIEW IN ONE OF THE BIG ELEVATORS, LOOKING DOWN ON THE TOP OF THE BINS



LOADING A GRAIN BOAT AT ELEVATOR "E," FORT WILLIAM

TEN THOUSAND BUSHELS EVERY TEN HOURS CAN BE LOADED BY THE TWELVE CRAN ELEVATORS



ELEVATOR "D" OF THE C.P.R.

RECEIPTS EXCEEDED, WITH A CAPACITY OF 2,000 TONS PER HOUR. THE PICTURE SHOWS WHERE THE GRAIN ARE RUN IN TO BE UNLOADED

In the handling of the grain at the head of the lakes, the Canadian Government plays an important part. At the present time there is an increasing agitation throughout the west for Government ownership, or at least Government operation of terminal elevators, and allegations of graft in connection with the business are flying thick and fast. How true these charges may be it is not the purpose of this article to find out, but it does seem as if the Government had taken every possible precaution, except perhaps the absolute taking over of the houses, to secure a square deal for all concerned.

The various grades of the grain are set by act of Parliament and everywhere around the yards and elevators are Government inspectors and their assistants. A train load of grain reaches the assembly yard and before it goes to the elevator to be unloaded the inspectors pass on it. The grain has already been through one Gov-

ernment inspection in the west and a car is first examined to see that it has not been tampered with since the western inspector sealed it. Then samples are taken from a dozen different places and levels in the car and inspected and the western grading either confirmed or changed, generally the former, as it is seldom that the officials at this point find it necessary to dispute the judgment of their brothers further west.

Then the car is resealed and goes to the elevator. Here another inspector is waiting and the seals are again examined and if everything is found all right the car is unloaded, its load being carried by endless belts, to the scales where another inspector is waiting to see it weighed and from there it is carried on to the top of the building and dumped into the storage tanks.

The inspectors are on hand again when the grain is shipped out. They watch the weighing once more, then



A SECTION OF PORT WILLIAM HARBOUR

IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE TRUCK OF A BIG LAKE LOCOMOTIVE, SHOWING THE LENGTH OF THE TRAIN



THE CANADIAN NORTHERN ELEVATORS "A" AND "B" AT PORT ARTHUR.  
THESE ELEVATORS HAVE A TOTAL CAPACITY OF SEVEN MILLION BUSHELS.

see that the grade is what is called for and finally when a boat clears it carries a certificate signed by the officials of the Canadian Government showing the quantity and quality of the cargo carried.

Not a bushel of grain is handled at the terminal elevators at the head of the lakes except under the direct supervision of Government inspectors.

One tank of these great elevators may hold grain belonging to a dozen different firms. A buyer in the west may ship fifty thousand bushels of wheat down to the lake front for storage, but so soon as it reaches this point and is placed in the houses it loses its identity. For when the owner delivers it for storage he is given a receipt calling for fifty thousand bushels of grain of the grade he has stored. When the time comes for re-shipment and he presents his storage receipt he may be given grain from an elevator two miles away from the one in which his original purchase is stored. But it is grain of the same grade, "Number one Northern" or whatever it may be and alike as to quality and value.

To make this possible the Lake Shippers' Clearance Association came

into being a year or so ago. This is simply an organization of the grain shippers and they maintain an office in Fort William to look after their interests. A shipper sends down a quantity of grain and the storage receipts go to this association of which he is a member. A boat is chartered to carry it down the lakes and the association designates from what elevator it shall be taken.

But this is not the chief value of the association to the grain shippers. Formerly when a boat received her loading orders the captain would probably find that he was to take perhaps fifty thousand bushels from one elevator, five from another, twenty from another, and so on, but perhaps all of the same grade. This meant going to several different elevators, two or three miles apart likely, perhaps to every elevator in the two cities, thus losing much valuable time changing berths. But now the association, having the storage receipts, knows just what is in every elevator and directs the boat where to go for its load. In consequence it is generally the case now that a boat can go under the spouts of a single elevator, receive its full load, whether

consigned to one or a dozen firms, and the captain can proceed on his way rejoicing.

It is a big business the handling of the wheat crop of the west at the head of the lakes. Its growth marks the growth of the west, for one does not have to be the "oldest inhabitant" to remember when the first elevator was built in these two cities.

The rapid growth is best told by the figures given out from the chief

Government Inspector's office. The total for the year just passed, handled through these ports, that is from September 1st, 1909, to August 31st, 1910, was a few bushels short of eighty-nine millions. For the preceding year it was sixty-five millions and for the year before that, forty-seven millions. These are figures that tell of the development of the Canadian West.

What will another decade show?

## Readiness

By Rev. S. Baring Gould

READINESS demands great agility of mind, quickness of apprehension, and promptness of resolve; and it is this quality that is not largely developed in Englishmen.

Their maxim is Slow and Sure, and too often they stand on the river brink waiting for the water to run away before venturing to cross over. In conversation it is readiness that gives sparkle. In modern novels the dialogue is full of vivacity and repartee. But in real life there is little of that. The author lays aside his pen and thinks, and as a result of thought sets down a witticism in the conversation he is giving. Actually, how often we lie awake at night thinking what a *bon mot* we might have said when the occasion offered, but we lacked the promptitude to bring it out.

Readiness enables us to extricate ourselves from difficult positions. The fifth Earl of Berkeley once declared that he would never yield to a single highwayman, though he did not profess that he could hold his own against numbers. One night, when crossing Hounslow Heath, his traveling carriage was stopped by a horseman, who put his head in at the window, and said, "I believe you are Lord Berkeley?" "I am." "And I have heard that you have boasted that you would never surrender to a single

highwayman?" "I have." "Well!"—presenting a pistol—"I am a single highwayman, and I say: 'Your money or your life!'" "You cowardly hound," said Lord Berkeley; "do you think I can't see your confederate skulking behind you?" The highwayman, who actually was alone, looked hurriedly round, and Lord Berkeley shot him through the head. That was readiness. An Irishman and a Frenchman have much more agile brains than the ordinary Englishman; they are able to make a compliment or turn aside anger with a happy remark, where an English or Scotch man would be dumb. The other day a man carrying on his shoulder a grandfather's clock ran against a Frenchman as he turned a corner, and knocked him down. The Frenchman picked himself up and said, "Monsieur, next time you do walk the streets, put your watch in your pocket." An Englishman would have stormed.

A couple of Jews were in a railway accident. Some time afterwards they met. "Well," said one, "what did you make out of the accident? I got a hundred pounds damages." "I" replied the other, "made a thousand pounds by it." "Why, how did you manage that, Nathan?" "Oh, Sammel, I had the presence of mind to jump on my wife Rachel's face."

## Demoralization of Inferior Work

By Orison Swett Marden

NOTHING kills ambition or lowers the life standard quicker than familiarity with inferiority—that which is cheap, the "Cheap John" method of doing things. We unconsciously become like that with which we are habitually associated. It becomes part of us, and the habit of doing things in an inferior, slovenly way weaves its fatal defects into the very texture of the character.

We are so constituted that the quality which we put into our life-work affects everything else in our lives, and tends to bring our whole conduct to the same level. The whole person takes on the characteristics of one's usual way of doing things. The habit of precision and accuracy affects the entire mentality, improves the whole character.

On the contrary, doing things in a loose-jointed, slipshod, careless manner deteriorates the whole mentality, demoralizes the entire mental processes, and brings down the whole life.

Every half-done or slovenly job that goes out of your hands leaves its trace of demoralization behind, takes a bit from your self-respect. After slighting your work, after doing a poor job, you are not quite the same man you were before. You are not so likely to try to keep up the quality of your work, not so likely to regard your word as sacred as before. You inebriate yourself from doing your best in proportion to the number of times you allow yourself to do inferior, slipshod work.

The mental and moral effect of half-doing, or carelessly doing things; its power to drag down, to demoralize, can hardly be estimated, because the processes are so gradual, so subtle. No one can respect himself who habitually botches his work, and when self-respect drops, confidence goes with it; and when confidence and self-respect have gone, excellence is impossible.

It is astonishing how completely a slovenly habit will gradually, insidiously fasten itself upon the individual and so change his whole mental attitude as to thwart absolutely his life-purpose, even when he may think he is doing his best to carry it out.

One's ambition and ideals need constant watching and cultivation, in order to keep the standards up. Many people are so constituted that their ambition deteriorates and their ideals drop when they are alone, or with careless, indifferent people. They require the constant assistance, suggestion, prodding, or example, of others to keep them up to standard.

## Johnnie

### The Fulfilment of a Young Man's Ambition

By Fayr Madoc

I.

JOHNNIE, walking home from his office one cold evening in the merry month of May, looked down into the kitchens of the fine houses in Queen's Gate, and wished that he were going to dine in one of the handsomely-curtained dining-rooms above. It was seven o'clock, and the most savory odors came floating up from the areas, and in one kitchen the way-farer could spy a splendid joint hanging before the fire, and in another the cook could be seen beating a toothsome custard. But whether the viands were visible or not, it was evident that, all along the line, people were going to dine, and to dine well, too.

It was a tantalizing thought for a hungry man, and Johnnie was a very hungry man. True, he had dined off a mutton-chop about half-past one, but he had had no extras to this simple fare, and of the luxury of afternoon tea he knew nothing. Indeed, of any gastronomic luxuries he was ignorant. Breakfast of coffee and bread and butter, with perhaps a dried haddock or a slice of cold bacon, dinner at a restaurant, and when he came home, a meal which was called supper, but which consisted of tea and toast, garnished with a sardine or a spoonful of grated cheese; this was what Johnnie had grown tall upon.

He was abnormally tall—a great deal too tall for his width, and he did not look robust. Nevertheless, he was five-and-twenty, and his health

had never yet failed him, and he had worked hard since he was sixteen, and had supported himself and helped to support his mother and his delicate sister.

Johnnie never complained. He had his day-dreams, of course, and his fine aspirations. He wanted to dine in great houses, he longed to associate with gentlemen; in fine, he craved society, but he never showed any signs of discontent. He came of the grand old stock that has made England what she is, and though he could not count a hundred earls among his forebears, he was as staunch and brave as if his shield had had 24 quarterings.

But on this evening, as he walked through Queen's Gate to his mean little home beyond Little Bridge, he was seized with what he was wont comically to call "the trench commandment disease." He was restless; his heart was full; his intellect was quick. In short, he coveted.

He saw other young men, fresh from their Bond Street tailors, dashing about in hansom, and he envied them. He longed for some of their opportunities, their possibilities. If he could change places with one of these only for a week! If he could only go in and out of these high, wide houses, call a hansom a dozen times a day, wear a good hat and neat boots, above all, dine at such a table as he had read of in novelettes, and talk on equal terms to the gilded youth, whose easy chairs he so much

admired! Nay, say! He must not be a prince unless his mother, who worked so hard in her wretched little "Select School for Young Gentlemen," which was attended by the sons of greengrocers and fishmongers, might be a queen and cease from her labors, and unless Bessie might be a princess, with a fur boa around her neck and guineas in her pocket to get advice for her cough.

He was a good fellow, unselfish to the core, and his mother and Bessie reigned in his heart. He was cultivated enough, being an assiduous reader of newspapers, and a frequent-er of the free library, and he felt that he could hold his own intellectually among the rich and educated Queen's Gaters; but to climb, like Jack, up the beanstalk, and leave his mother and sister behind—oh, no!

Suddenly, as he pondered over these things, the door of a house opened, and a man came rushing down the steps.

"Hallo, Vincent, old man! You're just the fellow I want."

"You mistake. My name is Wright," said Johnnie mildly.

The stranger recoiled. He was a handsome man, of the vulgar type, flashily dressed, about ten years Johnnie's senior. He stared at Johnnie for a moment. Then he put his hand on his arm again.

"Surely I can't be mistaken," he said earnestly. "Hang it, man, there can't be two Vincents! I never saw such a likeness. You're pulling me by the leg, my boy!"

"My name is Wright," repeated Johnnie.

Again the stranger went backward.

"Odd!" he muttered. "And the very fac-simile! Might be his twin. Well, can't be helped. I'm in a pretty fix." He glanced at his watch. "Must be off in a couple of jiffs."

"What is it?" asked Johnnie, good-naturedly.

"A deuce of a nuisance," said the man. "I'm all alone in here with a little kid of mine that I can't leave,

and don't want to take hanging around a station. Fact is, I've got to go and meet my wife at Victoria, and I don't know what to do with the youngster, and when I saw you coming along, I said to myself, 'Vincent's the best chap alive. He'll stop with Percy!' And then blast it if you say you're not Vincent!"

"I'm not Vincent. But if I could be of any use," began Johnnie, un-guessedly.

"Could you? Would you?" cried the man eagerly. "Would you stay with the kid while I fetch his mother?"

"How long?" asked Johnnie.

"An hour. An hour and a half at the outside."

"All right."

"A thousand thanks." The stranger drew Johnnie inside the house, and shouted, "Percy." Then a little boy of four years old came running out of the back room, holding his finger shyly in his mouth. The man took him up and kissed him. Then he put him into Johnnie's arms.

"Be a good boy, and do what this gentleman tells you till daddy comes back," he said. "He won't be any trouble," he added, looking at Johnnie. "There's supper somewhere about; help yourself. In two hours, at the very stretch. An revoir, Mr. Wright."

In a moment he was gone. The door slammed behind him, and Johnnie, making a dash after him, saw his disappearing round a corner. He turned to the child in his arms.

"Who was that?" he said.

"Daddy."

"And where's mammy?"

"Dunno."

There was no information to be extracted from the child, and Johnnie proceeded to search for the supper. But the cupboard was bare. He could find nothing but a crust of bread, and for this little Percy held out his hand.

"I want it," he said, distinctly, and Johnnie gave it to him.

"He must be back by nine o'clock," he said, trying to reassure himself; and he amused the child till the little

fellow fell asleep. Then Johnnie laid him on the bed in the back room. The rest of the house was empty.

"Daddy," Percy explained, with the astuteness that the children of adventurers often acquire, "Daddy's keeping the house, but he ain't much good. He owes a lot. It's because of them things," and he pointed to a pack of cards.

"So I'm dished!" thought Johnnie, as he sat beside the sleeping child, and the hours glided by. For Percy's daddy did not return, and about midnight, Johnnie, cold and exhausted for want of food, fell asleep himself in an uncomfortable, straight-backed arm-chair.

How long he lay there, dreaming uneasily that he was always swarming down areas with delicious smells in his nostrils, only to find when he reached the bottom that the kitchen was empty, he did not know; but he awoke suddenly at the sound of a violent knock at the door, and he started up.

"Mother and Bessie have wired," he said to himself, as he crossed the vestibule. Then he recalled to mind that they knew nothing about him, and he laughed as he undid the door.

The postman looked at him suspiciously. With that queer-sounding laughter on his lips, with his hair dishevelled and his dress in disorder he looked like a lunatic.

"Anyone of the name of Wright?" said the functionary.

Johnnie grasped the letter, and, in his eagerness, he let the man go without asking for any information concerning Percy's father.

The letter was addressed to—Wright, Esq., and it ran as follows:

"Dear Sir,—I must apologize for leaving you stranded with my young hopeful, but as I have overrun the constable and am obliged to cross to the Continent to-night, I was compelled to look around for someone to take the poor little devil, and when I saw you I saw you were a soft-hearted sort of fool, and I acted accordingly. I've got no wife, and I know no

one of the name of Vincent, and I'd never seen anyone a bit like you before. But I'm what they call a physiognomist, and I saw you weren't one to let a child starve. So I did the trick, and I apologize, as I said above. Yours, awfully pressed for time, R. Stevens."

"P.S.—My wife was well-connected, and the little beggar's grandfather is Lord Weybourne. If he won't do anything for the kid, and you aren't so soft as you look, he must go to the Foundling."

## II.

Late that afternoon Johnnie presented himself at the town residence of the Earl of Weybourne, and he requested to see his lordship on important business. He was a very different man from the Johnnie who had walked through Queen's Gate barely 24 hours before, looking down the areas and breaking the tenth commandment. Then he had been light-hearted and happy; now a weight of dreadful responsibility had settled upon him. Then he had been well, if hungry; now he had caught a fearful cold in that night spent fasting in an arm-chair, and he felt ridiculously ill.

He had concealed his feelings as much as he could from his mother, who was always anxious if he so much as sneezed—as a mother is apt to be whose husband has died of consumption at less than thirty, and one of whose two children is already in a decline—but he had felt scarcely able to crawl to Lord Weybourne's house across the park, and when he reached the door he was ready to faint. He pulled himself together, however—considering that it was puerile to be knocked up by one night out of bed—and spoke sternly to the footman.

It is not always easy to gain access to a great man, but Johnnie, by his mother's advice, had written to announce his coming, and something in his manly simple address had touched the earl, and he had given orders that Mr. Wright should be admitted. So

Johnnie was shown into a comfortable little room, where a fire crackled and to which the east wind did not penetrate, and he threw himself down upon a couch and gave himself up, for the first time in his life, to entirely comfortable surroundings. He was warm; he lay soft; no smells or sounds assailed him; he slept for an instant and thought he was in Heaven. But he was only in a rich man's simplest apartment.

While he awaited the interview he thought of little Percy, who was a pretty child, with winning ways, and he wondered whether Lord Weybourne would let him come sometimes to see his grandson. He never thought of the possibility of the child being repudiated. His mother, poor as she was, had gathered the little one to her heart, and Bessie, coughing more than usual because of the agitation and anxiety of that night of watching for the absent brother, had never reproached him for bringing home another mouth to feed. They had made a joke of it; they had basted Johnnie on his credulity, he, a Londoner, and so easily taken in! The laughter had helped Johnnie to conceal his illness, and he had gone off to his office owing to be "tired." He was more than tired now. He was so much fatigued that his weariness amounted to pain. But he threw it from him; he was angry. Tell that one might of discomfort should upset him thus. It was not to be borne.

When the footman came for him he followed the servant slowly, for his feet were heavy and his head ached; but when he reached Lord Weybourne's presence he suddenly became alert and forgot that he was weary. In a large and beautiful room, furnished as Johnnie had never conceived possible, stood a young man, scarcely older than himself, with his back to the fire, a bright light in his eyes and a pleasant tune upon his lips. He came forward, and as he drew near Johnnie stood still.

"There is some mistake," he said, blankly. "You cannot be anyone's grandfather."

"No," said the other, laughing gaily. "Didn't you want to see me? You wrote."

"I wanted to see Lord Weybourne," said Johnnie.

"Well, I am Lord Weybourne."

"And there is no other?"

"No."

"But," said Johnnie, grasping at a straw, "you have only been Lord Weybourne for a short time?"

"For fifteen years—since I was eleven. But sit down, Mr. Wright. You look ill and tired. What did you want of Lord Weybourne?"

Then Johnnie handed him Stevens' letter.

"I never had an aunt," said Lord Weybourne. "This is an entire fabrication. How did you come to be so taken in?"

Then Johnnie told him, and the earl laughed long and loud. He was strong and wealthy, and the story tickled him. But Johnnie rose impatiently.

"I need not detain your lordship any longer," he said. "I was indiscreet, and must suffer for it; but it is hardly a jest."

"You were awfully indiscreet," said Lord Weybourne frankly. "But since you've got the child—my grandchild, and he laughed again, "what are you going to do with him?"

"Bring him up as best I can," replied Johnnie, grimly.

"Won't you think of the Foundling, as the fellow suggests?"

"No," said Johnnie, "he is too sweet."

Then he turned his head away, for a man must not be seen by another man to weep.

"Look here!" said Lord Weybourne. "Is it a matter of importance to you? May I help you? He is my grandson, you know."

"No," said Johnnie firmly. "I was an idiot; but I don't see why I should shift the consequences of my idiocy on to another man's shoulders."

"At least, stay and dine with me," said Lord Weybourne. "I dine at home to-night, and I hate dining alone."

I don't know what impulse dictated this invitation, nor do I know what impulse dictated Johnnie's acceptance. But he accepted, and for once he sat at Dives' board and fared sumptuously. He forgot that he was ill. The generous wine invigorated him, the dainties tempted him, the luxury of the service and the surroundings made him feel like a man. He laughed and talked; he was excellent company. Lord Weybourne never guessed that he was poor.

"You must come again," he said, when Johnnie rose to go. "And about the boy? You are sure he won't be a burden on you?"

"Nay," said Johnnie, with rather a peculiar smile, "the fool's folly is surely his own."

Then he went out into the bitter east wind, and the door of Paradise closed behind him, and all at once he was weary again and sick unto death.

### III.

"Darling, did I ever tell you of an original whom I fell in with in the spring, just before we were engaged?" said Lord Weybourne, one autumn day at the close of his long, sweet honeymoon.

"You've told me so many things," replied Lady Weybourne, smiling. "But I don't remember anything about an original."

So Lord Weybourne told her about Johnnie, and of how he had scorned any idea of help.

"I suppose he didn't want it," said the young man. "He was all right as to dress."

"But, my dear," cried the beautiful bride, "I expect he did want it."

For she was a clergyman's daughter, and though her father was a dean now and lived in clover, time was when he had been a poor vicar, and Lady Weybourne had felt the pinch of poverty and knew what it was to

pretend that an extra knife and fork made no difference, though it did—it did, she said passionately to her husband.

Lord Weybourne was quite surprised. He was not selfish, nor thoughtless, nor hard-hearted; but he had been rich all his life, and he simply could not imagine what it was to be poor—even when his bride took pains to explain to him that some people have only £200 or £300 a year, and that every leg of mutton and every loaf of bread, and even every potato, costs a definite sum. "I asked him to come again," said Lord Weybourne, apologetically.

But Lady Weybourne knew also what it was to be proud, and she teased her husband till he took her back to London, and to call at the little house beyond Lillie Bridge, whose address Lord Weybourne had preserved. There they heard a story which made Lady Weybourne weep unaffectedly, and caused Lord Weybourne to look out of the window with his back to the company.

"My boy is very ill," said Mrs. Wright. "I was always uneasy about him, because his father died young; but he kept well enough till that terribly cold night he passed with little Percy in that empty house. He got a bad cold and a pain in the chest, which he didn't tell me of, and when he came away from dining with you, my lord, he had no great coat, and he increased his cold, and next day he was down with pneumonia. Well, I needn't tell you all the details. He stuck to the office when he got better, but I saw how it would be, and a month ago he had to give it up."

"But he is so very ill?" cried Lord Weybourne, wheeling round.

"He is dying," said the mother quietly.

"Why didn't he come? Why didn't he write?" cried Lord Weybourne, distractedly.

"My Lord, it had nothing to do with you," said Mrs. Wright. "It was his own doing, and it was mere chance you knew anything about

it. Isn't the expense of little Percy I think of, it's my boy's life. But no one could save that. It was his death-blow when that man Stevens put his hand on his arm. He couldn't stand privation, and the cold and the hunger did it. Oh, no, don't you be sorry! But will you come and see him?"

Lord Weybourne found Johnnie in the next room, dressed, but emaciated, and too feeble to rise. The strong young man took a seat by his side and attempted to express his sorrow and contrition.

"I oughtn't to have let you bear the burden alone," he said. "But I never thought of it. You held your head so high, my dear fellow, you—"

"I didn't want to seem poor," said Johnnie. "Now I begin to think it's a false pride. Why shouldn't you know a man's poor as well as that he's

consumptive. However, if I'd told you, you couldn't have saved me. It's my own stupidity," he said, "but it isn't every piece of folly that's punished so straight and so soon."

"Wright," said Lord Weybourne, "when I look at you I can hardly bear to think of my own happy, jolly life. Why didn't you let me do something for you?"

"But you did," said Johnnie, laying his wasted hand on the other's arm. "I used to walk through Queen's Gate every day, and I used to long—oh, you don't know how I used to long!—to dine once in one of those houses and be a gentleman, if only for one evening. And you gave me my heart's desire, and I enjoyed it. I enjoyed it," he repeated, smiling.

"Don't you think I owe that fellow Stevens something for having given me my chance?"

## A Sense of Humor

THE sense of humor may, of course, like any other good gift, be perverted to unworthy use. It may be turned upon the peculiarities and frailties of others until it loses sight of real worth or pathos in the petty caricature of its own evolving. But real humor is usually kindly as well as keen-sighted; it makes the heart tender as well as sunny; it can smile at idiosyncrasies and be just as ready to help the real need that lies beneath them. Its eyes are apt to turn whimsically upon its own vagaries, too, and note its own inconsistencies.

The ability to see the funny side is a great preventive of quarrels. A hearty laugh banishes anger and brings peace and good nature out of many a tense moment. "If I can laugh," said one who was learning to control a hot temper, "I begin to cool down at once, and if I can get the other fellow to laugh the flurry is all over. Most quarrels are absurd if you can only

get far enough outside of them for a minute to take a look at them." Standing outside of anything in which we have a share long enough to get a clearer view of it tends to unselfishness, and it is an undue estimate of self—of its rights, its wisdom and its desert—that lies not only at the root of ill temper, but at the root of most of our grievances and complainings.

The spirit that can whistle down its discomfort and smile at its mishaps is not seeking pity from others nor wasting strength in self-pity. It is saner, stronger, braver and more useful for its cheery outlook on life.

The breezy, cheerful life—not shallow nor frivolous, but with the "saving sense of humor"—has a far better prospect not only for happiness to itself, but also for honoring God and helping its fellow-men than the gloomy, discouraged soul that magnifies and mourns over every ill.

—Great Thoughts.

## Building Up Loyalty Between Employer and Employee

By Walter Dill Scott

From *System*

DELAYED by a train of accidents, a big contractor faced forfeiture of his bond on a city tunnel costing millions of dollars. He had exhausted his ingenuity and his resources to comply with the terms of his contract, but had failed. Because public opinion had been condemning concessions on other jobs on flimsy grounds, the authorities refused to extend the time allowed for completing the work. By cancelling the contract, collecting the penalty and re-letting the task, the city would profit without exceeding its legal rights.

In his dilemma, he called his foremen together and explained the situation to them. "Tell the men," he said. Many of these had been members of his organization for years, moving with him from one undertaking to the next, looking to him for employment, for help in dull seasons or times of misfortune, repaying him with interest in their tasks and a certain rough attachment.

On his side he had been unusually considerate, adopting every possible safeguard for their protection, recognizing their union, employing three shifts of men, paying more than the required scale when conditions were hard or dangerous.

A score of unions were represented in the organization: miners, masons, carpenters, plasterers, engineers, electricians, and many grades of help-

ers. Learning his plight, they rallied promptly to his aid. They appealed to their trades and to the central body of unions to intervene in his behalf with the city officials.

As tax-payers, voters and members of an organization potentially effective in politics, they approached the mayor and the department heads concerned. They pointed out—that was true—that the city's negligence in prospecting and charting the course of the tunnel was partly responsible for the contractor's failure. They pleaded that the city should make allowances rather than interrupt their employment, and that the delay in the work would counterbalance any advantage contingent on forfeiture. They promised also that if three additional months were given the contractor, they would do all in their power to push construction.

The mayor yielded; the extension was granted. And the men made their promise good literally, waiving jealously guarded rights and sparing no effort to forward the undertaking. The miners, masons, carpenters and specialists in other lines in which additional skilled men could not be secured, labored frequently in twelve-hour shifts and accepted only the regular hourly rate for the overtime. With such zeal animating them, only one conclusion was possible. The



tunnel was finished complete before the ninety days of grace had expired.

Here was loyalty as staunch and effective as that which wins battlefields and creates nations. It increased the efficiency of the individual workers; it greatly augmented the effectiveness of the organization as a whole. It was developed, without appeal to sentiment, under conditions which make for division rather than co-operation between employer and employee. The men were unionists; wages, hours and so on were contract matters with the boss. Yet in an emergency, the tie between the tunnel builder and his men was strong enough to stand the strain of the fatiguing and long-continued effort necessary to complete the job and save the former from ruin. Like incidents, on perhaps a smaller and less dramatic scale, are not uncommon; but the historian of business has not yet risen to make them known.

As with patriotism, business loyalty needs some such crisis as this to evoke its expression. In peace the patriotism of citizens is rarely evident and is frequently called in question. In America we sometimes assume that it is a virtue belonging only to past generations. But every time the honor or integrity of the country is threatened, a multitude of eager citizens volunteer in its defence. Likewise, many a business man who had come to think his workmen interested only in the wages he pays them, discovers in his hour of need an unsuspected asset in their devotion to the welfare of the business, and their willingness to make sacrifices to avert its past the cape of storms.

Study of any field, of any single house, or of any of the periods of depression which have afflicted and corrected our industrial progress, will convince one of the unfailing and genuine loyalty of men to able and considerate employers. So generally true is this, indeed, that "house patriotism," "organization spirit," or "loyalty to the management" is accepted by all great executives as one

of the essential elements in their day-by-day conduct of their enterprises.

Striking exhibitions of this quality may wait for an emergency. Unless it exists, however, unless it is apparent in the daily routine, there is immediate and relentless search for the antagonistic condition or method, which is robbing the force of present efficiency and future power. Co-operation of employees is the first purpose of organization. Without loyalty, team work and the higher levels in output, quality and service are impossible.

The importance of loyalty in business could not readily be over-estimated even though its sole function were to secure united action on the part of the officers and men. Where no two men or groups of men were working to counter purposes, but all united in a common purpose, the gain would be enormous, even though the amount of energy put forth by the individuals was not increased in the least. When to this fact of value in organized effort we add the accompanying psychological facts of increased efficiency by means of loyalty, we then begin to comprehend what it means to have or to lack loyalty.

The amount of work accomplished by an individual is subject to various conditions. The whole intellect, feeling and will must work in unity to secure the best results. Where there is no heart in the work (absence of feeling) relatively little can be accomplished, even though the intellect be convinced and the will strained to the utmost. The employee who lacks loyalty to his employer can at least render but half-hearted service, even though he strive to his utmost and though he be convinced that his financial salvation is dependent upon efficient service. The employer who secures the loyalty of his men not only secures better service, but he enables his men to accomplish more with less effort and less exhaustion. The creator of loyalty is a public benefactor.

Such loyalty is always reciprocal. The feeling workmen entertain for their employer is usually a reflection of his attitude towards them. Fair wages, reasonable hours, working quarters and conditions of average comfort and healthfulness and a measure of protection against accident are now no more than primary requirements in a factory or store. Without their labor of the better, more energetic types cannot be secured in the first place or held for any length of time. And the employer who expects, in return for these, any more than the average of uninspired service is sure to be disappointed.

If he treats his men like machines, looks at them merely as cogs in the mechanism of his affairs, they will function like machines or find other places. If he wishes to stir the larger, latent powers of their brains and bodies, thereby increasing their efficiency as thinkers and workers, he must recognize them as men and individuals and give in some measure what he asks. He must identify them with the business, and make them feel they have a stake in its success and the business an interest in the welfare of each.

The boss to whom his employees turn in any serious perplexity or private difficulty for advice and aid, is pretty apt to receive more than the contract minimum of effort every day and is sure of devoted service in any time of need.

It is on this personal relationship, this platform of mutual interests and helpfulness that the success and fighting strength of many one-man houses are built. As in the contractor's dilemma already cited, it bears fruit in the fighting zeal, the keener interest and the extra speed and effort which workers bring to bear on their individual and collective tasks. All the knowledge and skill they possess are thrown into the scale; their quickened intelligences reach out for new methods and short cuts; when the crisis has passed, there may be a temporary reaction, but there is likely to be a permanent advance, both in in-

dividual efficiency and organization spirit.

On the employer's side, this feeling is expressed in the surrender of profits in dull seasons to provide work, in the retention of aged mechanics, laborers or clerks on the pay roll after their usefulness has passed; in pensions, in a score of neighborly and friendly offices to those who are sick, injured or in trouble. A reputation for "taking care of his men" has frequently been a bulwark of defence to the small manufacturer or trader assailed by a greedier larger rival.

Personality is, beyond doubt, the primitive well-spring of loyalty. Most men are capable of devotion to a worthy leader; few are ever zealots for the sake of a cause, a principle, a party or a firm. All these are too abstract to win the affection of the average man. It is only when they become embodied in an individual, a concrete personality which stirs our human interest, that they become moving powers. The soldiers of the Revolution fought for Washington rather than for freedom; Christians are loyal to Christ rather than to his teachings; the voter cheers his candidate and not his party; the employee is loyal to the head of the house or his immediate foreman and not to the generality known as the house. Loyalty to the individuals constituting the firm may ultimately develop into house loyalty. To attempt to create the latter sentiment, however, except by first creating it for the men higher up is to go contrary to human nature—always an unwise expenditure of energy.

In developing loyalty, human sympathy is the greatest factor. If an executive of a company is confident that his directors approve his policies, appreciate his obstacles and are ready to back him up in any crisis, his energy and enthusiasm for the common object never flag. If department heads and foremen are assured that the manager is watching their efforts with attention and regard, approving, supporting and sparing them where-

ever possible, they will anticipate orders, assume extra burdens, fling themselves and their forces into any breach which may threaten their chief's programme.

If a workman, clerk or salesman knows that his immediate chief is interested in his personality, that he understands what service is being rendered and is anxious to forward his welfare as well as that of the house, there is no effort, inconvenience or discomfort which he will not undertake to complete a task which the boss has undertaken. Throughout the entire organization, the sympathy and co-operation of the men above with the men below is essential for securing the highest degree of loyalty. No assumed or manufactured sympathy, however, will take the place of the genuine article.

The effectiveness of human sympathy in creating loyalty is most apparent in one-man businesses where the head of the house is in personal contact with all or many of his employees. This personal touch, however, is not necessarily limited to the small organization. Many men have employed thousands and secured it. Others have succeeded in impressing their personalities, the reality of their sympathy, upon large forces, though their actual relations were with a few. The impression made upon these and the loyalty created in them were sufficient to permeate and influence the entire body. Potter Palmer, the elder Armour, Marshall Field and Andrew Carnegie were among the hundreds of captains who made acquaintance with the men in the ranks the corner-stone on which they raised their trade or industrial citadels.

When the size of the organization precludes personal contact, or when conditions remove the executive to a distance, the task of maintaining touch is frequently and successfully entrusted to a lieutenant in sympathy with the chief's ideals and purposes. He may be the head of a department variously styled — promotion and discharge, employment, labor—but his

express function is to restore to an organization the simple but powerful human relation without which higher efficiency cannot be maintained. In factories and stores employing many women this understudy to the manager is usually a woman, who is given plenary authority in the handling of her charges, in reviewing disputes with foremen, and in finding the right position for the misplaced worker. Whether man or woman, this representative of the manager hears all grievances, reviews all discharges, reductions and the like, and makes sure that the employee receives a little more than absolute justice.

Many successful merchants' and manufacturers, however, disdain agents and intermediaries in this relation and are always accessible to every man in their organizations: holding that, since the co-operation of employees is the most important single element in business, the time given to securing it is time well spent.

Even though human sympathy may well be regarded as the most important consideration in increasing loyalty, it is not sufficient in and of itself. The most patriotic citizens are those who have served the state. They are made loyal by the very act of service. They have assumed the responsibility of promoting the welfare of the state and their patriotism is thereby stimulated and given concrete outlet. A paternalistic government in which the citizens had every right but no responsibility would develop beggars rather than patriots.

Similarly in a business house ideally organized to create loyalty, each employee not only feels that his rights are protected, but also feels a degree of responsibility for the success and for the good name of the house. He feels that his task or process is an essential part of the firm's activity; therefore important and worthy of his best efforts. To cement this bond and make closer the identification of the employee with the house many firms encourage their employees to purchase stock in the company. Others have

worked out profit-sharing plans by which their men share in the dividends of the good years and are given a powerful incentive to promote teamwork and the practice of the economies from which the overplus of profit is produced.

The stability of a nation depends on the patriotism of its citizens. Among methods for developing this patriotism, education ranks as the most effective. In the public schools history is taught for the purpose of awakening the love and loyalty of the rising generations. The founders, builders and saviors of the country, the great men of peace and war who have contributed to its advancement, are held up for admiration. From the recital of what country and patriotism meant to Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Grant, and a host of lesser heroes, the pupils come to realize what country should, and does, mean to them. They become patriotic citizens.

In like manner the history of any house can be used to inspire loyalty and enthusiasm among its employees. Business has not been slow to borrow the methods and ideals of education, but the writer has been unable to discover any company which makes adequate use of this principle. That this loyalty may be directed to the house as a whole, and not merely to immediate superiors, every employee should be acquainted with the purposes and policies of the company and should understand that the sympathy which he discovers in his foreman is a common characteristic of the whole organization, clear up to the president. The best way to teach this is by example—by incidents drawn from the past, or by a review of the development of the company's policy.

To identify one's self with a winning cause, party or leader, also, is infinitely easier than to be loyal to a loser. For this reason the study of the history of the firm may well include its trade triumphs, past and present; the remarkable or interesting uses to which its products have been put; the honor or prestige which its

executives or members of the organization have attained, and the hundred other items of human interest which can be marshalled to give it house personality. All this would arouse admiration and appreciation in employees, would stir enthusiasm and a desire to contribute to future achievements and would foster an unwillingness to separate from the organization.

Some companies have begun in this direction. New employees, by way of introduction, listen to lectures, either with or without the accompaniment of pictures, which review what the house has accomplished, define its standing in the trade, analyze its products and their qualities or functions, sketch the plan and purpose of its organization and touch upon the other points of chief human interest. Other companies put this information in booklets. Still others employ their house organs to recall and do honor to the interesting traditions of the company as well as to exploit the successful deeds and men of the moment. An organized and continuous campaign of education along this line should prove an inexpensive means of increasing loyalty and efficiency among the men. To the mind of the writer, it seems clear that the future will see pronounced advances in this particular.

Personality can be overdone, however. Workers instinctively give allegiance to strong, balanced men, but resent and combat egotism unchecked by regard for other's rights. Exploitation of the employee's or foreman's personality will do more harm than good unless attended by consideration for the personality of the employee. The service of more than one important company has been made intolerable for men of spirit and creative ability by the arrogant and dominating spirit of the management. The men who continue to sacrifice their individuality to the whim or the arbitrary rule of their superiors, in time lose their ambition and initiative; and the organization declines to a level of

routine, mechanical efficiency only one remove from dry-rot.

Conservation and development of individuality in workers may be made an important factor in creating loyalty as well as in directly increasing efficiency. Great retail stores put many department heads into business for themselves, giving them space, light, buying facilities, clerks and purchasing and advertising credit as a basis of their merchandising; then requiring a certain percentage of profit on the amount allowed them. The more successful of Marshall Field's lieutenants were taken into partnership, and, as in the case of Andrew Carnegie and his "cabinet of young geniuses," were given substantial shares of the wealth they helped to create.

Some industries and stores carry this practice to the point of making specialized departments entirely independent of the general buying, production and selling organizations whenever these fall short of the service offered outside. While the principle of stock distribution or other forms of profit-sharing has been adopted by so many companies that it has come to be a recognized method of promoting loyalty.

Regard for the employee's personality must be carried down in an unbroken chain through all the ranks. It may be broken at any step in the descent by an executive or foreman who has not himself learned the lesson that loyalty to the house includes loyalty to the men under him.

It is not uncommon, in some American houses, to find three generations of workers—grandfather, father and apprentice son—rendering faithful and friendly service; or to discover a score of bosses and men who have spent thirty or forty years—their entire productive lives—in the one organization. Where such a bond exists between employer and employees, it becomes an active, unending force in the development of loyalty, not only among the veterans, but also

among the newest recruits for whom it realizes an illustration of what true co-operation means.

This double loyalty—to the chief and to the organization—is not a plant of slow growth. Few mine accidents or industrial disasters occur without bringing to merited, but fleeting, fame some heroic superintendent or lesser boss who has risked his own life to save his men or preserve the company's property. The same sense of responsibility extends to every grade. Give a man the least touch of authority and he seems to take on added moral stature. The engineer who clings to his throttle with collision imminent has his counterparts in the "handy man" who braves injury to slip a belt and save another workman or a costly machine, and in the elevator conductor who drives his car up and down through flames and smoke to rescue his fellows. Such efficiency and organization spirit is the result of individual growth, as well as the impression of the employer's personality upon his machine.

On the other hand, lack of loyalty on the part of employers towards their men is almost as common as failing devotion on the part of workers. Too many assume that the mere providing of work and the payment of wages give them the right to absolute fidelity even when they take advantage of their men. The sales manager concerned in the following incident refused to believe that his attitude towards his men had anything to do with the lack of enthusiasm and low efficiency in his force.

An experienced salesman who had lost his position because of the San Francisco fire applied to the sales manager for a position. He was informed that there were fifteen applicants for the Ohio territory, but that the place would be given to him because of his better record. The manager laid out an initial territory in one corner and ordered the salesman to work it first. Working this territory the salesman secured substantial orders, but refrained from "over-sell-

ing" any customer, gave considerable time to missionary work and to cultivating the acquaintance of buyers. His campaign was planned less for immediate results than for the future and for the effect on the larger field of the state. Having no instructions as to pushing his wider campaign, in about sixty days he asked for instructions. In answer he was ordered home and discharged on the ground that business was dull and that he had been a loss to the house. During the sixty days he had been working on a losing commission basis with the expectation of taking his profits later. Investigation disclosed that he was but one of five salesmen to whom the Ohio territory had been assigned simultaneously. Of the five, one other also had made good and had been retained because he could be secured for less money.

This multiple try-out policy is entirely fair when the applicants know the conditions. But to lead each applicant to believe that he has been engaged subject only to his ability to make good is manifestly unjust. The facts are bound to come out sooner or later and create distrust among all employees of the house. Loyalty is strictly reciprocal. If an employee feels that he has no assurance of fair treatment, his attitude towards the firm is sure to be negative. Even the man who secures the position will recognize the firm's lack of candor and will never give his employers the full measure of co-operation which produces top efficiency.

The "square deal," indeed, is the indisputable basis of loyalty and efficiency in an organization. The spirit as well as the letter of the bargain must be observed, else the workmen will contrive to even up matters by loafing, by slighted work or by the minimum production, which means loss of potential larger earnings. On the other hand, employees never fail to recognize and in time respect the executive who holds the balance of loyalty and justice level between them and the business.

Fair wages, reasonable hours, working quarters and conditions of average comfort and healthfulness, ordinary precautions against accidents, and continuous employment are all now regarded as primary requirements and are not sufficient to create loyalty in the men. More than this must be done.

The chief executive should create such a spirit that his officers would turn to him for help when in perplexity or difficulty. The superintendent and officers or bosses should sustain this same sympathetic relationship toward their men that the executive has toward his officers. A reputation for taking care of his men is a thing to be sought in a chief executive and also in all under-officers.

Personal relationships should be cultivated. In some large organizations the chief executive may secure this personal touch with individuals through an agent or through a department known as a department of "promotion and discharge," "employment," or "labor." In others, occasional meetings on a level of equality may be brought about through house picnics, entertainments, vacation camps and so on, where employer and employee encounter each other outside their usual business environment.

It is not worth while to attempt to develop loyalty to the house until there has been developed a loyalty to the personalities representing the house. Loyalty in business is in the main a reciprocal relationship. The way to begin it is for the chief to be loyal to his subordinates and to see to it that all officers are loyal to their inferiors. When loyalty from above has been secured loyalty from the ranks may readily be developed.

The personality of the worker must be respected by the employer. "Giving a man a chance" to develop himself, allowing him to express his individuality is the surest way of enlisting the interest and loyalty of a creative man.

To identify the interests of employees with the interests of the house, various plans of profit-sharing, sale of stock to employees, pensions, insurance against sickness and accident, and so on have been successfully applied by many companies.

So far as possible, responsibility for the success of the house should be assumed by all employees. In some way the workmen should feel that they are in partnership with the executives. We easily develop loyalty for the cause for which we have taken responsibility or rendered a service.

A perpetual campaign of publicity should be maintained for the benefit

of every man in the employ of the house. In this there should be a truthful but emphatic presentation of acts of loyalty on the part of either employers or workmen. Everything connected with the firm which has human interest should be included in this history. This educational campaign should change the loyalty to the men in the firm into loyalty to the firm itself. It should be an attempt to give the firm a personality and one of such a noble character that it would win the loyalty of the men. This could be accomplished at little expense and with great profit.

## The "Touch of the Shoulder"

By A. St. P. Reynolds

THE science of war develops curious traits among men, and none more curious than the "touch of the shoulder."

A battle cry, full-throated and awful in its meaning, such as "Remember the Maine," "Remember the Alamo," and other deep, vengeful slogans, the shrill bugle call urging men on when the cries of the officers are lost amid the din of the battle, are all of them but fleeting, passing inspiration when compared with the solid, comforting, resolute, firm pressure of a comrade's shoulder against your own. It has won more battles than any other factor and it helps men to put up more stubborn defence against tremendous odds than any other thing that can be done.

The brilliant, flashing charge against the enemy is like the lightning of genius, spectacular and uncertain of success, but the old reliable, plodding advance, shoulder to shoulder,

with elbows touching is the manoeuvre that bears the brunt and wins the day in time of strife, and it is these same tactics which "bring home the bacon" in these piping times of peace.

It is "co-operation," this "touch of the shoulder," co-operation, the knowledge that there are others beside, before and behind you to see you through, to pick you up when you fall, and to bear the brunt of the load if you get down.

It is the secret of organization-success. In the ranks of any institution this practical sentiment thrives like a green bay tree, and welds the scattering units into one stout whole.

It is like a pile of fine steel filings, useless and impotent in their divided condition, yet strong enough to drive a giant steam engine, or a great ocean liner when welded into a solid shaft, and each part made to co-operate, or to touch the shoulder of each other part.

## Worrying All Night

MANY people lie down to sleep as the camels lie down in the desert, with their packs still on their backs. They do not seem to know how to lay down their burdens and their minds go on working a large part of the night. If you are inclined to worry during the night, to keep your mental faculties on the strain, wait, it will be a good plan for you to keep a bow in your bedroom and unstring it every night as a reminder that you should so unstring your mind that it will not lose its springing power. The Indian knows enough to unstring his bow just as soon as he uses it, so it will not lose its resilience. If a man who works hard all day, works his brain a large part of the night, doing his work over and over again, he goes to his work in the morning weary, jaded. Instead of a clear, vigorous brain capable of powerfully focusing his mind, he approaches his work with all his standards down, and with about as much chance of winning as would a race horse who has been driven all night before the contest.

It is of the utmost importance to stop the grinding, rasping processes in the brain at night and to keep from wearing life away and wasting one's precious vitality.

The imagination is particularly active at night. All unpleasant, disagreeable things seem a great deal worse then than in the day, because the imagination magnifies everything in the silence and darkness.

I know people who have a dread of retiring at night because they go through so much mental suffering during the torturing wakeful hours. They toss about and long for the daylight.

It is fundamental to sound health to make it a rule never to discuss business troubles and things that vex

and irritate one at night, especially just before retiring, for whatever is dominant in the mind when one falls asleep confines its influence on the nervous structure long into the night. This is why so many people age so rapidly during the night. They grow older instead of younger, as they would under the influence of sound, refreshing sleep.

I know people whose lives have been completely revolutionized by this experiment of putting themselves in tune before going to sleep. Formerly they were in the habit of retiring in a bad mood; tired, discouraged over anticipated evils and all sorts of worries and anxieties. They had a habit of thinking over the bad things about their business, the unfortunate conditions in their affairs, and their mistakes. They discussed their misfortunes at night with their wives. The result was that their minds were in an upset condition when they fell asleep, and these melancholy, black, ugly, hideous pictures, so exaggerated in awful vividness in the stillness, became etched deeper and deeper into their minds, and the consequence was that they awoke in the morning weary and exhausted, instead of rising, as every one should, feeling like a newly-made creature with fresh ambition and invigorated determination.

Business men ought to know how to turn off brain power when not using it. They would not think of leaving or closing their factories at night without turning off the machinery power. Why should they themselves attempt to go to sleep without turning off their mental power? It is infinitely important to one's health to turn off mental power when not actually using it to produce something—*Success Magazine*.

---

## The Vice of Too Much Work

By The Business Philosopher

WHAT this country needs is more vacation. Our idolatrous worship of work is an abomination. Work is good in its place, for its worthy end. Work for its own sake is a vice that hardens the heart, narrows the mind, stifles the spirit. Work is a poor religion. There grows up in it a peculiar immorality. It develops greed and selfishness. It makes for all uncharitableness. We don't get to be really kindly until and unless we get more or less away from work.

There is work to be done, of course, but there are other things, too, and an excessive devotion to work tends to drive those other things, beautiful things, mostly, out of our lives. That this lesson needs persistent preaching there are many signs.

The work-mad husband is one of the influences that tends to disrupt the American family. He is estranged from his wife. He neglects his children in ways that are not atoned for by the generosity with which he indulges them, to their own hurt.

Ellen Glasgow makes this vice of work a theme of her latest novel, "The Romance of a Plain Man," and a most delightful novel it is. Her hero is a man who resolves to be not "common." He will do a great work in the world to make himself worthy of the aristocratic little girl who said he was "common." How he does this is most charmingly told.

Ben Starr remains, to a degree, "common" until the end of the book, when he makes the discovery that to save his wife's love and life he must

forego the place to which he had aspired all his days. He remained "common" because the only way in which he conceived he could demonstrate his worth and his love to "succeed," pile up money, to give her all the luxuries she might crave.

And all the while that wasn't what she wanted at all.

What she wanted was the man himself.

Ben Starr is a type of the average man of to-day. What he did other men by the hundreds of thousands are doing as insanely, as insensately. They work and work and work, originally, of course, to benefit those they love, but gradually those they love become subordinate to the work itself.

They become perverted in their objects.

They miss the real values in work.

They become victims of the fixed idea, and, therefore, as truly insane as if they thought themselves fried eggs who couldn't set down except upon a piece of toast. Their devotion to work becomes a vice just as prudence becomes avarice and material success dismal failure. Their dread is to be poor. They place poverty at a figure which to the poor is wealth.

*They forget that not failure, but low aims is crime.*

When will the American man learn the truth that was laid down by Aristotle of old, the "end of labor is to gain leisure?" And leisure is only good when used to the development of idealty.

## Buried Treasure

The Story of an Old Miser's Queer Joke

By Annie S. Swan

JOE GARRETT, whipped up the old grey mare and left the marketplace of Seaminster where he had brought what he considered a very satisfactory bit of business to a successful conclusion. He had sold a bit of his land—a small and unproductive waste piece about half a mile from Garrett's Mill, set like a wedge at the awkward junction of two fields. This waste ground had long been a thorn in his flesh. He had tried several crops on it without success and had thereafter, in a passion of resentment, left it wholly neglected, not even troubling to cut down the nettles and the other noxious weeds which choked the ground. At one corner of the wedge there was the remnant of an old wall regarding which there was some superstition in the neighborhood. The very old inhabitants remembered a house, or at least rumors of a house, that had stood there—a house of evil omen and repute. There had been murder done in it, they said—an old man had been killed in his bed for the sake of gold he was supposed to have, but which had never been discovered. He was not a Garrett, though he might have been, since the outstanding characteristic of the Garrett family was their miserliness. Joe himself was, as the neighbors expressed it, "not just with greed." He was chuckling now, because he imagined he had got the better of the man to whom he had sold the land, a quarter of an acre for sixty pounds. Now, good land in the vicinity of Seamin-

ster could only command a hundred pounds an acre, and was then considered dear.

Joe did not wish particularly to sell the land, but was tempted by the offer, and thought the man a fool who had made it. What the newcomer was going to do with it he had not asked, though now that he was on the way home and had time to consider it, he began to wonder.

"Ge up, Molly, lass; that's it, go it strong, old gel. It deserves a glass, only you an' me don't drink. Ay, ay, it's money makes the mare to go."

He kept humming the refrain of the old song as he jogged along the white highway towards his home, which was about five miles from Seaminster. Presently the grin broadened on his face as he came near the Slat, which was the inexplicable title that had been given to the land in question, and which had now passed from the hands of Joe Garrett into those of Peter Clodd.

"Easy, Molly; you and me'll stop 'ere and hev a look at Peter's bargain. Daug, if I kin see what he wants wi' it, an' he warn't drunk neither. T' man's a fool, no doubt about it."

He jerked Molly up sharp at the corner of the road, which turned up to the mill, and upon which the Slat jutted oddly, like a wedge with the piece of tumble-down dyke at the one corner. It was the month of July and all vegetation after a warm and moist summer had grown rank and strong. Some of the great nettles were nearly

five feet high; they almost overtopped the wall at its lower end, and the wind swept through the long grass with a sigh as if it could tell a secret but refrained.

The Slat was an ugly blot on Joe Garrett's snug little estate, the only unproductive breadth it possessed. It was as if a blight or a curse had passed over it, ordaining that nothing but poisonous and noxious weeds should grow thereon. It was damp and marshy, too; and at night the hoarse croak of the frogs was sometimes mistaken by the passers-by for the evil sounds of a haunted spot.

"Sixty pounds of good money; yes, lass, it's more money than sense Peter's got. You an' me has the best of the bargain. Wonder what the missus'll say."

Joe Garrett was a very ugly man. There are plain faces that are pleasant to look upon, by reason of their kindly expression, by the goodwill and loving-kindness that shine from them; but Joe's was not one of these. He was a very large, loose-built man. His features were harsh and his eyes shifty and cruel. Selfishness, greed, and general malice had set their seal on his unlovely countenance, which was one from which strangers and children naturally shrank. He had no children of his own, but his wife's niece had been adopted by them, and had been kept in strict subjection. Of money she had none, not even a penny for her pocket, and the girl, naturally sweet-natured and wholesome, had grown up reserved, timid, miserable, only longing for the day which should release her from the bitter bondage of Garrett's Mill.

She was giving the chickens their afternoon feed of corn when the rumble of wheels smote her ear, and the rickety old trap trundled into the yard. Her aunt, sitting on the bench by the kitchen door, knitting busily, looked up with interest. She, too, had been destined for better things than to be moulded by Joe Garrett into a pattern approved by him. She was very comely yet, and had grown stout and mat-

ronly on a diet that ought to have kept her the reverse. Her eyes were a mother's eyes, and nobody except Mary Garrett herself knew how keen and bitter was her heartache over her childless state. She loved her brother's daughter, the winsome Peggy, and did what she could to ameliorate her hard lot. But she could not do very much, for Joe absolutely ruled the place, and ordered human destinies as he would order the outgoings and incomings of the beasts of the field. Even now he gave a great shout to the girl, to be less lavish with her scattering of the corn. She flushed painfully, withdrew hastily to the barn with the half-emptied measure in her hands, while her aunt rose and walked forward to meet her lord and master.

"Had a good day, Joe?" she asked, as she stroked Molly's rather emaciated sides, feeling sorry to see the poor old thing so spent with the heat and the exertion of pulling the heavy trap over the hilly road.

"Prime day, lass. Got something to tell you, something that'll tickle you to death. Now where has that minx got to? She must hear it, too. It concerns a friend o' her's, Mister Peter Clodd."

"What's he been doing? asking you again for Peggy?" asked Mrs. Garrett, eagerly.

Joe's lips parted in a slow and not attractive grin.

"No, he knows better. I gave him my mind too free last time. She shan't marry a Clodd if I can help it, nor while she's stoppin' in this house. An' ef she elects to leave it, why then we washes our hands of her, old gel, see? But though Peg's a fool, she ain't a silly fool. She's been too well brought up far that. Hi, Peg, come 'ere. I've got a bit o' news for ye."

The girl did not hasten. There were moments when she hated her uncle intensely, and when the strength and bitterness of her feelings made her shrink from herself. She was just twenty-one, a winsome maiden, and naturally craved for the sweetness of

life which such as she are entitled to by every right. Most of all, she wanted love, and it had come to her only to be banned. She loved Peter Clodd, and he loved her, but they had been forbidden to meet. They had met, however, and would meet again, for when did love do aught save laugh at the ban that is placed upon it?

"Come 'ere, lass. I san the young spark t'-day, an' a silly fule he be, to be sure. Got a legacy, they tell'd me, fra his Grandier Bowen, a hunder pounds. Does 'e put it in the bank, like a sensible lad, worth a woman's while to look at, to make a nest egg for the day to come? No; what d'ye think he does wi' it?"

Peggy shook her head. The color was high in her cheek, and her eyes somewhat downcast. Yet she seemed to smile.

"He gies sixty good pounds of it to me, lass. See, there be the silly fule's cheque."

He took out his shabby old leather pocket-book, and showed her the pink slip of paper bearing Peter's name and his.

"An' what for, lass, think ye? For the Slat—no less, aha the Slat!" he cried, and, slapping his leg with his hand, went off into a fit of uncontrolled laughter. "A fine crop o' nettles an' were-weed there be ther, to be sure, so tha can go help him to harvest 'em."

"Mercy me, Joe, whatever has come to Peter Clodd? and whatever did you take his money for?" asked Mary with real concern. "Seems like as if he weren't quite right in his head."

"It seems like it, and I believe that's what has happened the lad," replied Joe more soberly. "Anyways, I've got the money and it's got the Slat, and it's easy I am what he makes of it. Maybe, it's buried treasure he's after, but if it's that, as I told him, better men nor him as been over the ground more'n a dozen times."

All this time Peggy never spoke, and presently when her uncle address-

ed no more words to her, she stole away. Her aunt looked after her with a somewhat wistful expression in her eyes.

"She'll take on about Peter. I wish the chap had a bit o' money, Joe. I dew believe they're fond o' one another."

"If she marries Peter Clodd, Mary, out she goes empty as she came. I've told Peter that not a penny he gets wi' her; whereas," he said, with a large gulp of self-importance—"if she lets 'erself be guided, and encourages a decent man like Farmer Brainerd, for instance, it might be a different tale. We canna take the brass wi' us, Mary, more's the pity, but no Clodd that ever stepped in boots shall have a penny of mine. Sixty pounds for the Slat! The whole market was agog wi' it the day, and Peter was fair roasted oaten it!"

Mary faintly smiled, but was inwardly perplexed. She liked young Clodd, and, moreover, knew him to be no fool. What could he mean by spending more than the half of his legacy on a piece of waste ground? Either he was not quite right in his head, or he had very good reasons for his strange action.

"Oh, Peggy," she said to her niece, when they went out at milking time together, "do you know anything about why Peter has bought the Slat? It seems like a fule's doin', and your uncle's fair chuckling over it."

"I don't know anything, aunt," replied the girl dully; "and I'm sorry Uncle Joe took Peter's money. It was mean and horrid, and I very nearly told him so."

But Mary was loyal to her husband. "Your uncle had something to sell that Peter Clodd wanted, and the money changed hands, lass; that's honest business, so mind what you say."

After dark that evening Mrs. Garrett missed Peggy from the house, but made no remark.

She was not actively hostile to the love affair between her niece and Peter

Codd, though she did not think him a good match. But she did not say a word as to her suspicions to her husband, who would have made a great noise had he dreamed that Peggy, in full face of his prohibitions, had gone out to keep a clandestine appointment with Codd.

Across the dusky fields sped Peggy, with a little wrap about her shoulders, and none at all on her head. And presently at the trysting place at the corner of Boreham Wood she saw her young lover waiting, a comely enough figure in his tweed suit and gaiters, his cap pushed far back on his head, showing up his honest, good looking face.

"I'm sorry to be late, Peter," she murmured, her color flaming at the ardor of his glance, "I'm afraid you've been waiting a long time, but I thought supper would never come to an end."

"Waiting! what's waiting when you come at the end of it, Peggy?" said Peter, and took her in his arms.

"Oh, Peter, what's all this about the Slat? Is it really true that you've bought that horrible little piece of waste land, where the frogs croak, from Uncle Joe for sixty pounds? Far better you had given me the money to keep for you safe at the very bottom of my box."

"It's true, darling, and I have my reasons," replied Peter with dignity. "Tell me where is that sweet sweetmen, your Uncle Joe, to-night? Is he by any chance likely to be wandering about the fields?"

"Oh, no, his boots are off and he's settled for the evening. He was up at four o'clock this morning to put in three hours' work before breakfast on account of its being market day. So more than likely he's asleep by now."

"Good! then we'll go to the Slat, my new estate, Peggy, and take an inventory of its dimensions."

Peggy lifted her head from her lover's shoulder, and eyed him with a sudden ruefulness.

"You are quite right in your head, aren't you, Peter? I could see very

well that both Uncle Joe and Aunt Mary thought you had gone off, and upon my word I hardly know what to believe myself."

Peter Codd laughed loud and long. It was a good laugh, a clean, healthy, merry sound, which never could fall from the lips of a man not to be trusted. It reassured Peggy even more than his words.

"There's one thing you can be sure enough of, anyway, Peggy, and that's what I feel for you. I'll have you in spite of all the Garretts in Christendom. Come, give me another kiss, and tell me you'll be true, my lady of the Slat."

They both laughed then, and, like children who had got something fresh to amuse them, turned through the dewy fields towards the farm road which led from the turnpike up to Garrett's Mill. The field path would bring them out almost opposite the piece of ground that was such a bone of contention.

"Now, as you've been such a good girl, and your Uncle Joe, bless him, has gone to sleep, I'll tell you the meaning of my bargain in the market to-day."

"Yes, Peter," said Peggy, a little breathlessly, full of pride in her lover, yet acutely anxious regarding the incident of the day.

"You remember when I told you about Grandfather Bowen's legacy, I told you there was a clause in the will which left it to me that I was chary of accepting."

"Yes, what is it?"

"I'm coming to it, dear, Honestly I would have preferred the hundred clear. It would just have paid our passages to Canada, Peggy, where I would have made a fortune for you. But I've just kept enough to pay my passage out, and if the Slat doesn't turn up trumps, why, then, you'll have to content yourself a year or two at the Mill till I get the lie of the land out there, and the little homestead built."

Peggy's lip quivered.

"Oh, Peter, you'll never go to Canada without me," she said with a broken note in her voice which instantly needed comforting.

"Well, you see, it'll be the only way, if, as I say, the Slat don't turn up trumps. But I'm in great hopes, for Grandfather Bowen knew all about it. There isn't a foot of fenny soil he didn't know in those parts, nor an old story he hadn't sifted to the bottom."

"But I don't see what the Slat has to do with it. Nasty, horrid place. When I have to go by it of a night, I always run and throw my apron over my head."

"Poor little lass, much good that would do you," said Peter absently. "Well, now, let me explain. My Grandfather Bowen left a letter to be given with the legacy, and what do you think was in it?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say."

"Well, it said that I was to have a hundred pounds only on condition that I offered your Uncle Joe fifty pounds for the Slat. I was to increase it to sixty if he didn't seem inclined to sell."

"What a strange thing! Perhaps your grandfather was a very old man, not quite right in his head."

"That's what some might think," assented Peter; "but hear the rest. I was to make the bargain tight. Get a proper deed of sale, signed and sealed and delivered, so that there could be no drawing back on Joe's part. It's fresh ground, every foot of it, you see, Peggy, and nobody can interfere with Joe. He's absolutely master of the soil."

"Yes, but why buy the horrid place? That's what seems so foolish," persisted Peggy.

"You know the old story of the Slat, about the house and old Lemuel Pearse, the miser, that lived in it about a hundred years ago. Well, you know how they said he had buried all his treasure there."

"I've heard, but you may be quite sure that Uncle Joe, if not his father before him, turned out every bit of

the ground. Indeed, Uncle Joe said so. He's just laughing at you for your pains."

"Let them laugh that win," remarked Peter equably. "Grandfather says positively in his letter that the money is there. He says it's under the foundations of the old wall that is under the gable."

"There isn't any wall," said Peggy quickly. "Just the old gable standing on the mound of grass."

"But the wall's below the mound, little girl," said Peter patiently, as one might explain to a child. "Very deep, too. It seems that the whole face of the ground has changed. I know the mound has been dug up. I've heard all about it and asked a good many questions since I began to be interested in this thing. Of course, I never mentioned to a soul what my grandfather said in his letter. That would have been to give the whole show away."

"Of course. Then what are you going to do now? Knock down the ruin and dig the mound?"

"Precisely."

"How they'll laugh at you, Peter! for I don't believe that you'll find anything."

"Don't you, sweetheart? Then you ought to, because it'll mean such a lot to you and me."

"If it had been anybody's land but Uncle Joe's," she said ruefully. "You know how hard he is, and how hard all the Garretts have been. I've heard that every one of them has had a shy at the Slat, and I'm quite sure that if old Lemuel had ever hidden any money there a Garrett would have found it. They're as keen on money as a fox on the scent. I can't be very hopeful, Peter, and I shall hate beyond everything having everybody laugh at you, and listening to Uncle Joe going on about it all the time."

Peter merely laughed again. The prospect did not appal him in the least.

"Here we are, then, sweetheart, and there's the moon just coming up behind the Squire's Wood. It'll help

us so see. What are you trembling for? Are you afraid of the Slat, little girl?"

"It's a horrid place, and listen to the frogs now. They're all at it, millions of them," she said, shivering and holding tight to her lover's arm. He reassured her, and they crossed the farm road, and stood at the padlocked gate which gave admission to the field. Joe Garrett had put a high fence of barbed wire and a formidable gate on the place to keep out the tramps who had been very fond of using it as a shelter from the storm.

Indeed, even yet they made use of it, dragging down the wire fence, to the extreme ire of Joe, who sometimes threatened them with his own stout horse-whip, seeing the authorities were so slack in punishing trespassers.

"I'm going to begin to-morrow, Peggy. I'll start with the rain first and knock every bit of it down. I'll sift every brick as I move it, and if there's a coin among the rubbish it shan't slip through my fingers."

Peggy was silent a moment.

"What are you thinking, little girl?" he asked tenderly.

"You won't be angry if I tell you," she said, rubbing her cheek against his coat sleeve.

"Angry? Could I be angry with you, Peggy, whatever you did?"

"Well, I don't think it's right to dig up for an old miser's money like that. I'd rather even you went to Canada and worked for me. I'd be happier here, waiting, than living on Lemuel Pearse's money. I don't want it, Peter, so there."

Peter laughed, not taking her seriously, and said that as he had paid the sixty pounds for the right to probe the secrets of the Slat he might as well have a shyness at it.

They parted for the night a few moments later at the gate of the Mill House, and Peggy slipped quietly up to her room. She felt bitter at her Uncle Joe, judging that he had led the young man on to put his slender legacy to such foolish use. She felt

it more keenly still when, soon after breakfast, Joe looked in with a sour grin on his face, to tell her to come out and watch her lover beginning the siege. She did not go out then, but later in the day, and for many days after, she could see him slowly demolishing the ruin. She had to listen, too, to all the neighbors' comments, most of them facetious, regarding Peter's search for Lemuel Pearse's gold.

But at last, after three weeks' hard labor, Peter seemed to come to the end of his operations. The ground was leveled up again, the gate locked, and he quietly disappeared without saying a word to anybody. He did not even come to say good-bye to Peggy, but somehow she did not feel very hurt or sad about it. Something told her that he would come, and that things would turn out all right for them both yet. Her anxious, watchful look, however, touched her aunt's heart so much that she absolutely forbade her husband to mention the Slat or Peter Clodd to her, and for once he obeyed. One morning Peggy received a letter addressed in Peter's handwriting, delivered in the ordinary way, through the post. There was very little in it, simply a request that she would meet him that evening at the corner of Boreham Wood, as he had something of supreme importance to say to her. He did not hint that it was good-bye.

She was happier all day for that letter, and looked it. At milking-time a sudden womanly desire to confide in her aunt overtook her, and as they passed into the dairy she gave it voice.

"I heard from Peter this morning, auntie. I'm going out to see him to-night. I expect that it'll be to say good-bye. I've been feeling all the week that he's going away, quite far away, likely to Canada."

Mrs. Garrett set down her pail, and wiped her hands on the corner of her apron, at the same time looking with real kindness into the girl's face.

"Do you mind much, Peggy? Are you set on Peter Clodd?"

"Yes, I like him, auntie, but it's

all going to come right, I don't know how, only I know God's like that. He lets us poor women know things sometimes when He thinks we've had enough."

The mystery and the strange presumption of this speech, albeit it was so quietly delivered, laid an odd hush on Mary Garrett's spirit, and on her tongue. She simply turned away without speaking a word. Peggy had led such an isolated life, communing so much with nature that she had got very near to the heart of things. Sometimes even Mary herself, a religious woman, according to her lights, felt that her niece was familiar with a world she knew nothing of. She took care that nothing hindered Peggy's outgoing that evening, and that nobody questioned her. Peter was waiting at the trying-place, and Peggy noted, womanlike, that he had a new overcoat on, quite long, reaching to his knees, and that he looked very handsome and fit.

"My own girl, it seems ages and ages since I had you here!" he cried as he took her in his arms.

"It is a long time," admitted Peggy, though she refrained from adding that it was entirely his own fault.

"I've felt so beastly about all this ghastly business, Peggy, and having everybody jeering at me I simply couldn't bear to come near the place. Of course, you knew I didn't find anything."

"I never expected you would, Peter, nor anybody else," she answered quietly.

He laughed a trifle bitterly. "But I did find something, after all," he said, with a curious note in his voice. "Lemuel Pearse must have been a bit of a humorist in his way. He liked the idea of getting the better of the fools that might come after. Grandier Bowen was right after all. The treasure was actually hidden in the wall under the mound. Here it is. I've brought it for you to keep safe for me, and to bring with you, when you come out to me in Canada next year."

He stepped back to the hedge, and took a box from under it—a tin box, rusty and battered, but otherwise in good preservation.

He lit a small lantern he had brought with him, and, lifting the lid, took out a book, a small square book, with leather covers and brass clasps, quite intact, only smelling a little moldy after its years in the bowels of the earth.

"Why, whatever is it, Peter?" asked Peggy interestedly; "it looks like a Bible."

"Exactly what it is, my girl," replied Peter, a trifle grimly. Then, dropping the tin box, he opened the book at the fly leaf, and drew out a small slip of paper, yellow with age, on which some words were written in a crabbed, almost illegible hand. Peggy, peering over his arm, managed to make it out.

"See Matthew, Chap. sixth, verses 19 and 20."

"I know them," said Peggy when Peter with the same somewhat sardonic grin on his face would have turned over the pages.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

"A bit of a humorist, old Lemuel must have been," reiterated Peter as he closed the book and would have thrown it on the ground, only Peggy caught it and clasped it rather tenderly in her hands. "But don't let us talk any more about Lemuel and his accursed money, and don't you tell anybody what I've found. I've come to say good-bye, Peggy. I wonder, did you guess?"

"Yes, of course," the girl answered very quickly. "You're going to Canada. I've known it all day. I woke up in the morning knowing it. When do you sail?"

"On Saturday, but I'm leaving Seamster to-morrow, for my mother's sister lives at Birkenhead, and I've promised to stop the night with her before I sail. What I've been wondering all day, Peggy, is whether I



have the right to ask you to wait for me, seeing the particular kind of fool I've been, and that if I hadn't been led away by the idea of that miserable old shank's buried treasure, I might have had the money to take you with me." Here he would have kicked the tin box, only Peggy drew him gently back.

"I'll wait, Peter," she answered softly, "and never think the days long till you send for me, because I know you'll be true to me."

"So help me, God, I will, and work like a Trojan too! I've had my lesson, Peggy. The money that comes over the seas to bring you to me will be clean money, earned by the work of an honest pair of hands. But it's hard leaving you, darling; by God, it's hard!"

There were tears in his young eyes, and they did no dishonor to his manhood. Peggy kept hers back. There would be plenty of time to shed them when the loneliness of the one who is left behind was hers, meanwhile she must play the woman's part, to cheer, to comfort, to uplift. And she did it with such tenderness, such power, that poor Peter Clodd, a very ordinary young man, a little weak in parts, felt himself capable of any achievement. And Peggy had no idea of the greatness of the work she was accomplishing in helping Peter Clodd to rise to the full height of his manhood. Only at the last she broke down, and that was well. For the memory of Peggy's tears, and her clinging arms, went with Peter across the seas, a last poignant memory pushing him on towards the home of his heart.

"I want the tin box, too, Peter," she said, smiling, at last when they turned to go. "This book will be a comfort to me. I'll read it in every day, because I want you to read in mine. I brought it with me, Peter. It's only a poor cheap little Bible, but it's got my name and all my marks in it."

Peter took it reverently, put it to his lips, and laid it in his breast pocket,

where it would lie, he told himself and her, until they met again. So they parted, poor young things, a little weebegone and sick at heart, yet sustained by the hope of the brighter days to come.

Mary Garrett lying awake by her anoring husband's side heard the girl enter softly, and slip up to her room, and a little later she thought she heard her sobbing. But she did not disturb her even with an offer of sympathy, realizing that it was better for her to be alone.

Next day she had recovered her quiet cheerfulness, and for one year and eight months she continued at Garrett's Mill until Peter Clodd sent the money to bring her out to the home he had made in the far land across the sea.

It was an exquisite evening in the early summer when Peggy arrived at the little wayside station in the middle of the great prairie which was now to be her home. She was not alone, for Peter had met her at the port of landing, and they were now husband and wife.

"How big it is, Peter!" she said with a little wistful flutter of the lids as they drove across the level stretches, green with wheat, and variegated with the bloom of the early prairie flowers. "Don't you feel sometimes as if you were lost, or rather as if you were very near to heaven?"

"It's a grand country, Peggy. I hope you won't be disappointed in our little shack. It's very small, not bigger than the dairy at Garrett's Mill. But some days when we get on a bit, I'll build you a bigger and a better house, but I want to buy the land first. I owe two hundred pounds on it yet, and the mortgage is heavy. When we've paid that off we'll begin to live."

She smiled a little tremulously, and slipped her hand in his under the linen cover of the buggy, and so they rode on into the land of hope and promise, as happy as two children. It was a very small house and very crude and bare, but it was her very own. Here love could work out its miracles,

and the woman's heart be wholly at rest.

In the late evening, after the sun had gone down, as they sat on the little platform which Peter laughingly alluded to as the verandah, Peggy suddenly got up and went into the house. When she came out she had in her hand a small bag she had used on the train, and which contained her few personal belongings. From it she took out the brass-bound book which Lemuel Pearse so long ago had buried among the ruins of the Slat.

"You've taken care of it, Peggy, but why bring it out now, little girl? I'm not particularly needing to be reminded of that old folly of mine which has often made me gnash my teeth."

She turned over the pages lovingly, with a curious look on her sweet face.

"Listen, Peter, it's such a wonderful story. I began to read it every day after you left, and one day, inside its pages I came on something thin and fine like a piece of parchment. When I looked at it, I was afraid because it was a Bank of England note for a hundred pounds. I found other five like that, all good and clean and crisp. I hid them away for quite a long time, afraid to say a word to anybody, for if Uncle Joe had known about them he would have taken them away from me, I am sure."

After a while I went to see Mr. Woodburn, the lawyer at Seaminster, and I told him everything from the very beginning—all about you paying sixty pounds to Uncle Joe for the right to

dig up the Slat, and asked him what I should do, who the money really belonged to, and what was the law and the right to it. He was so kind and helpful, he told me exactly what to do. He said the money was absolutely yours, and that nobody could interfere with it or take a penny from you. And he advised me to keep it safe—indeed, he kept it for me until you should send for me, then I could take it out to you, and here it is! So now you'll be able to buy the farm, and build a little bit on to the house."

The moon rose up, and the stars peeped out, and grew brighter in the wonderful crystalline sky. Not a sound broke the stillness but the far cry of the coyote, for it was a land of songless birds.

"It's wonderful, Peggy," said Peter Clodd at last, and his young, eager voice shook. "But it's all yours, Peggy, every penny of it. But for you I should have thrown that old book in to the Minster. It was what I wanted to do, I was so mad that night when I found it. So you've given me everything, my dear, from yourself downwards; and you are the most wonderful and most precious gift of all. Keep the money. Do what you like with it. I don't care for anything now I've got you."

The tears in Peggy's eyes were tears of joy, because now she knew beyond all doubt that her young husband's heart was purged of the greed of gold, and that she held it in the hollow of her hand.

## Take Time to Live

By Arnold Bennett

More time is one of a very few things that nobody can get. You can neither buy, beg, nor lose your quota of time. No matter how shamefully you misuse one hour, another undeviatingly follows. The thing to do,

then, is to cease wishing for the impossible, and to realize that if you work, let us say, eight hours, sleep seven or eight, you still have eight or nine hours a day in which to live, with mind as well as body.

# At Work with the Business Doctor

## Curing Sick Industries

By James H. Collins

A FOUNDRY in the States had been so busy for two years that, despite overtime work, it was constantly from a month to six weeks behind orders. Conservative advance estimates of the business that was being done placed the volume at \$500,000 easily, and when the next annual accounting was made the gross output exceeded that amount. Yet it was learned that the profits for twelve months had been less than \$200,000. This discrepancy was so surprising that the concern called in a firm of production engineers to make a study of the business and find out where the profits had gone. Investigation showed that most of the loss came from congestion in the molding shop, where castings were turned out.

This foundry makes a wide assortment of machine parts for other manufacturers. Its business was secured chiefly on bids. The latter were based upon rough estimates. With no accurate cost system for following each order through the plant, it was necessary to use averages calculated from last year's general cost of labor, materials, and so forth. The prices at which work was secured usually afforded a fair margin of profit. But that margin was frittered away in the processes, and for lack of a cost system which would show actual expense on each job it was impossible to locate the leakage. As each job came in it was numbered and sent through the plant in the order of its number. Thus, a lot of small cast-

ings would be followed by some very heavy ones, and those in turn by a dozen miscellaneous parts intended for a certain machine, all handled together under the same job number. As a result, the molders worked on a hodge-podge of stuff, big and little being cast side by side, and there was loss through confusion.

The production engineers laid out a system by which orders for several days were classified according to size. That made it possible to work the men on about the same size castings each day, giving the facility that comes in handling uniform work, simplifying the handling of flasks, pouring molten metal, and so forth. This immediately relieved the congestion that had put the foundry behind its orders. Overtime work became unnecessary. Quality of output improved. Most important of all, it was possible to keep accurate cost records on each job, giving a surer basis for bidding.

For several weeks after this system was installed the engineers supervised its workings. The first definite information it yielded sent them to the management with suggestions about a certain kind of castings.

"You are losing money on them; raise your prices."

"Oh, we wouldn't dare ask higher prices for those," was the reply. "Our competitors crowd us too closely. It would put us out of business."

"Well, then, go out of business," said the engineers. "This work will

put you into bankruptcy eventually, for you are losing money on all you turn out."

Investigation in the sales department demonstrated that contracts during the past two or three years had been made below actual cost of production, a condition brought about by lack of knowledge of true costs, coupled with intimacy in the sales end. By sharp tactics customers had scared salesmen into meeting purely fictitious bids alleged to have been received from competitors. When prices on these castings were eventually raised little business was lost, showing that the competition had been largely imaginary, as a good deal of competition always is. At the end of a year this foundry was turning out \$650,000 worth of work. The machinery had not been increased, nor was overtime labor necessary. Yet profits under the new system had been brought up to more than \$200,000 a year.

Some months after the system was running smoothly the production engineers were called in again. The foundry's percentage of defective castings had suddenly begun to assume alarming proportions. In the finishing-rooms many flaws were revealed, despite most careful inspection of work turned out in the molding department, while some of the costly machine parts sold to customers under guarantees of quality were coming back almost daily, showing failures. For two weeks the engineers studied the establishment's whole routine, yet did not find anything that seemed to be out of the ordinary. The character of the work was just as good as ever—better, in fact. Inspection of raw castings was very thorough, every piece that revealed the slightest defect being set aside as soon as it left the flask.

The engineers were puzzled. Finally a young fellow on their staff, who had just left college, was told to stay at this foundry until he ran the trouble down, and he made it a point not only to work with the men in various departments, but to come down an

hour or so before the whistle blew in the morning. One day he asked the superintendent a question:

"Mr. Walker, why did that molder over there take some castings from his pile before he started work and place them on that pile?"

"Did he do that?" asked the superintendent, surprised.

"Yes—and other men did the same thing."

The trouble was cleared up immediately. Several molders, coming in early, had adopted the trick of lifting rejected castings off piles set out to be weighed and deducted from their day's work, reducing the defective pieces charged against their wages. Those defective castings had gone into piles of work inspected and passed, and a number had been shipped to customers. This is a typical instance of the production engineer's work in simplifying routine and saving profits.

The "business doctor" has long been familiar to the general public as a man called in when something is obviously wrong in a factory or mercantile house. Very often his service went no further than clearing up some specific trouble. Usually his chief interest was in accounting methods, and he departed after installing a card system of book-keeping. But the production engineer takes the whole business as his province. He tests flue gases and coal, installs systems in the boiler-room and saves cost. In the engine-room he saves on lubricating oil. In the factory he tests materials, synchronizes processes, ferrets out costs, trains employees to better methods. At the executive end he takes routine work off the shoulders of the management, and at the same time gives them more facts about their business from day to day.

The old-fashioned business doctor might be compared to the physician who is called in a hurry once or twice a year when some member of the family is sick, whereas the production engineer is like the Herr Doctor, common in Germany, who visits the fam-

ily at least once a month, spends part of the evening chatting with its various members, and makes quiet studies that enable him to keep the family in pretty good health.

One of the best-known production engineers in America began applying card systems to business years ago, when cards were hardly known outside of libraries. At the outset he adapted his cards chiefly to accounting. But soon he became interested in extending their usefulness. Making card-system pay-rolls, for instance, led naturally to recording miscellaneous data about labor and its costs on cards with different colors. That led, in turn, to gathering information about materials, processes, and so forth. By and by he woke up to the realization that the thing most needed in business is information—facts about men and management, materials and methods. Ninety per cent. of the concerns he investigated were operating on guesswork. So he began gathering business facts for others, interpreting them, carrying out improvements indicated by them. To-day he has a large organization.

In a certain Government department recently an inquiry or other bit of routine business was referred to so many persons, who had offices so arranged in a large building, that before the business was finally disposed of it had traveled, perhaps, several miles, criss-crossing back and forth in a most confusing fashion. Production engineers studied those operations exactly as though they were factory processes, planning the routes taken by business, moving some departments nearer together and cutting others out of certain routine work. When they finished, the detail had been amazingly simplified and shortened.

This same Government department kept the records of each of their district offices in a set of twenty-one different books, weighing upward of a hundred pounds. When the production engineer finished with that detail, each office kept all its records in a single loose-leaf volume, so that there

were only a hundred and four books, as compared with nearly twenty-two hundred. These engineers are factory experts, and after making a typical factory study of the Government department in question, treating its business largely as a product, they made suggestions by which its operating expenses will eventually be cut down not less than \$500,000 yearly.

A prosperous company in the States, making fine store fixtures, had developed its business along quality lines. When a merchant wanted a store fitted up men were sent to make careful measurements, and the fixtures were built to original designs, like a fine residence. Costly woods and ornamental metal-work were employed, and very often a handsome installation would never be duplicated elsewhere. This high character paid—the company's reputation had been built up on it.

When production engineers studied that business, however, they saved the management hundreds of pounds yearly by drawing up standards for doors, drawers, panes of glass, handles, knobs, screws and other parts. No matter what these might carry in the way of ornament or of what materials they were made, they conformed to a standard table of dimensions, saving cost of manufacture and also enabling the merchant who bought fixtures to order repairs without trouble.

An old pottery, established more than half a century, had hundreds of designs in finished goods stored in its warehouse. An order for one hundred dozen pieces of a certain design was received, and the shipping clerks hunted it up in the warehouse. Maybe they found only half enough goods to fill the order, so it had to wait while the machinery turned out the other half. At the same time, perhaps, five hundred dozen extra pieces of this particular design would be made up for stock and stored in the warehouse in readiness for future orders. After several months, however, the shipping department, searching for that design again, would fail to find these

extra goods, and another order was delayed while the machinery made still more of them.

This situation was put up to production engineers as a genuine puzzle, and they solved it very simply by installing a modern record of stock which facilitated orders by making it possible to make up goods before they ran short, and reduced the amount of stock on hand by showing the frequency of orders for all designs. One very important item of saving was that effected by discarding designs that had not been ordered for years.

In locating a disappearing margin of profit in a large foundry, it was found that all castings turned out were figured by weight, and bids made on that basis. Weight is no guide to cost in such products, for two different castings containing just the same quantity of metal may be of such dissimilar character that the labor-cost of one may have actually been twice that of the other. This foundry was operating under a cost system that made it dangerous to raise the quality of its products, for its high-grade castings were being turned out below cost, and sufficient increase in the sort of patronage that should have been most desirable would have sent it into bankruptcy. The difficulty was overcome with a simple cost system that kept time, wage, and material records on each job. In a few months the old margin of profit was not only restored, but increased, for the foundry secured more profitable contracts by being able to bid with absolute knowledge of costs, and thus had decided advantages over competitors.

These are typical accomplishments of the production engineer. Yet they are merely details. His study of a business extends to every department and function, and his conclusions are embodied in a complete report, usually a large, typewritten book with blue prints, forms, and diagrams, each department having its separate chapter, with suggestions for economies.

In another case the production engineers went through a large mill,

making their report, and when it was submitted they called the managing director's attention to a little detail of counting-house reform, the profit and loss account.

"In two or three months you are going to be very much interested in this account," said they, and the managing director found it true.

Up to that time his plant had been operated wholly on information derived from an annual inventory. This mill turns out several different kinds of goods. Going in the dark from one year's end to another, the management might be under the impression that they were making more money than last year, only to find that they had made less. Even if they gained in profits it was never definitely known which kinds of goods had earned the extra money, while if a loss were shown they could not certainly put their finger on the item that caused it.

The year is too large a unit upon which to transact business in these times—there are only twenty or thirty of such units in the average business man's life at most. When the production engineers gave the manager of the mills referred to a profit and loss account, he had definite knowledge of each class of goods from day to day. Reports came from every quarter of the mill, were tabulated, and he could compare a given day's output with that of any other day, not merely in quantity, but from the standpoints of labor, raw materials, time consumed in processes, and so forth. If he wished, this information could be presented to him in such ways that he alone understood the whole story.

At the outset this system was regarded with suspicion by foremen. Those exact reports, calling for detailed statements of each minute of time, every ounce of materials and every item of completed work, seemed a sort of spy system. But when results began to come in to the chief and go back to the foremen in the shape of orders and suggestions, the

latter became as interested in the profit and loss account as himself.

In the old days, after an annual inventory, if there were a gain in profits the chief would, perhaps, increase each foreman's salary, going largely by the number of years Tom and John and Bill had been with the mill. If there were a loss he called them all together and gave them a lecture on the importance of economy, diligence, and other abstract virtues, and sent them back to work to find the cause of trouble and correct it. They had no means of finding it, naturally—he couldn't find it himself.

But the profit and loss account changed all that. It showed definitely that on this batch of goods, made last week, the cost of manufacture had been three-half-pence per hundred higher than the cost of identically the same quantity and kind a month before. The foreman responsible for those goods could be called in and given a chance to explain matters.

"Why, Mr. Smith, that low cost last month was on account of the way our enamel worked. We never had such a fine lot of enamel. Everything seemed to run like clock-work. But this month we're having trouble. The last job didn't go through as smooth."

"Well, now, suppose you experiment a little with your enamel. Send down to Biggs' laboratories and get a chemical analysis. If we can get that kind of enamelling right, it will mean a good deal to us in the way of contracts."

This gave the foreman something definite to work upon. Under the old inventory system there were a thousand or more rat-holes down which that three-half-pence a hundred might have disappeared and nobody have been able to locate it. But the profit and loss account showed precisely the rat-hole to be investigated, and usually the foreman succeeded in plugging it up and trapping the rat. If he set a standard of quality or economy he was held to it. But the chief knew how great an advance such new standards

meant, and knew who was entitled to credit. Soon there was a different spirit on that staff, because the men knew they were now working on accurate information, and that credit for good work or blame for bad would fall exactly where they belonged. The engineers had planned a profit and loss account, but what developed when it was put into operation was a broad human principle that facilitated management from top to bottom.

The capable production engineer is far more than a systematizer.

Nine times in ten, after making his study and drawing up a scheme of administration, he stays with the latter until it is installed and running smoothly. If the new-fangled routine were all drawn up on paper and handed to Bill Jones in the boiler-room, with the statement that by following that method the company could save three per cent. of its fuel costs, Bill Jones might not think the matter important. But when there is somebody right on the job to insist that about \$40 a week is being wasted up the chimney, Bill Jones is interested.

He may also be called upon to take charge of business enterprises on behalf of creditors or heirs, to lay out large firms where capital is creating them from the ground up, to apportion different kinds of manufacturing among a number of firms following a large consolidation, to advise as to increase of capital, or find the valuation of property in disputes or settlements.

So he is more than an expert in accounting, costs, industrial chemistry, systems, or any other restricted specialty. In the course of the year he employs many such experts, and supplements their work with broad administrative experience drawn from manufacturing, trading, banking, Government business. For in dealing with production he is dealing with pretty much all industry.

—The Organizer.

## Mr. Sterling's Sister

A Simple Tale of a Woman's Devotion

By Thomas Cobb

MR. HAMILTON STERLING was a man of the world. He flattered himself that there was not any nonsense about him. His opinions were formed by the light of common sense, and he had a horror of anything which resembled "sentimentality." At the age of thirty-six he had met with considerable success at the bar, and now at the beginning of the Long Vacation, he was on the point of going abroad for some weeks.

Before leaving England, however, he thought that he must see how Eleanor was getting along at Broadwater. His father had been vicar of the parish for several years, and since his death eighteen months ago, she had stayed on in the village.

Eleanor Sterling was Hamilton's only sister, twelve years younger than himself. To do him justice, he had offered to give up his comfortable bachelor's rooms and take a house for her benefit, but he had felt immensely relieved when she declined the self-denying proposal. She had been born at Broadwater, and spent her whole life there; no doubt she was deeply attached to the place, as well as being a little slow and old-fashioned. A pity, because even a brother must admit that, in her way, she was a remarkably attractive girl; too diminutive, perhaps, too unassuming, but yet with a better dressmaker and more experience of society, quite capable of doing Hamilton credit. However, for his own sake, it was just as well she should prefer to stay amongst the folk she knew so well in the country.

The vicarage, of course, was occupied by the Reverend Alfred Sterling's successor, a married man with a large family, but Eleanor had found comfortable quarters with Mrs. Churchill, a widow, who let lodgings to such visitors as might be attracted every summer by the beauty of the surrounding scenery. Fortunately, Mr. Sterling had been able to leave her an income of five hundred pounds a year.

Having dressed with his usual care in his somewhat formal way, Hamilton set forth soon after breakfast, reaching Broadwater Station at a quarter to twelve. A few minutes' walk past the vicarage, where his boyhood had been spent, brought him to Mrs. Churchill's picturesque house, with its shingle roof and front of beams and plaster. To his disappointment, Eleanor was not at home; she had gone out for a walk and might not return until just before luncheon at half-past one. Some men might have filled in the time by a visit to the churchyard, as Mr. and Mrs. Sterling both lay there, but after all, what was the good? Hamilton having found the sun hot, elected to sit down and wait in Eleanor's sitting room on the ground floor; a light, pleasant room, containing several articles of furniture which had been brought from the vicarage; familiar to Hamilton as long as he could remember. There was his mother's old eskinore between the two windows!

What arrested his attention, however, was something aggressively new;

nothing but a typewriter, in its metal case, which stood on the oak sideboard. Now, what in the world could Eleanor want with a typewriter? It was of a well-known make, and must have cost her twenty guineas at the least. It could not be that she wrote many letters, or that she found it necessary, living her secluded life, to add to her income. Surely, it was not a case of *cocottes scribendi*! Eleanor could not be developing into an authoress; why on earth should she have invested in a typewriter?

On a small table Hamilton discovered some written sheets, which showed that she had attained a certain proficiency. No doubt she had been copying leading articles for practice from the daily papers. Rather uncoventional work, one would think.

Having been told of her brother's presence by Mrs. Churchill, she entered the room at one o'clock, with both hands outstretched, and holding them for a moment, Hamilton stooped to bestow a kiss on her cheek. In her white straw hat and light cotton frock, she looked prettier than ever, but after the first greeting, when she had asked how he was and told him that she was perfectly well and contented with her surroundings, he fancied that she glanced a little apprehensively at the typewriter, as if she were not very pleased that he should see it.

Although their tastes and temperaments were uncongenial, and she would not for the world have lived with Hamilton, she was unfeignedly glad of his visit, while she knew that Mrs. Churchill would do the best in the short time at her disposal to provide a meal suitable for a man who thought a great deal about his food.

"What," asked Hamilton, when she returned from taking off her hat, "is the meaning of this?"

"Oh!—my typewriter," answered Eleanor, with a blush.

"Yes, I see it's a typewriter," said her brother. "But why in the name of Goodness did you buy it?"

"I thought I should rather like to learn to use one," she murmured.

"I hope," exclaimed Hamilton, "you have not taken any absurd idea into your head."

"Oh, dear no!" she returned, and then the youthful maid entered to prepare the table. Hamilton confessed that the luncheon was excellent in its way. The chicken was cooked to a turn; the tart was delicious; the cream almost enough to reconcile one to a country life, and the ale which Mrs. Churchill sent up was clear as a bell!

"Upon my word," cried Hamilton, "you might be in worse quarters."

"Suppose you stay for a day or two," suggested Eleanor.

"Is there a room to be had?" he asked.

"Anyhow, there's Mr. Elliott's—"

"Who is Mr. Elliott?" demanded Hamilton quickly. Eleanor always thought she should hate being cross-examined by her brother.

"Oh, well! he has lived here the last three or four months."

"Good heavens, what can a man find to do?"

"You see, Mr. Elliott writes," she explained.

"What does he write?"

"All manner of things—at least he used to do when he lived in London; short stories, sensational novels—he was a journalist, Hamilton."

"You seem," was the answer, "to know all about him."

"Why, yes," said Eleanor with the shadow of a smile. "He began by howling when we met in the hall; then he bade me 'Good morning'; two persons can't live in the same house without speaking."

"Bless my soul!" cried Hamilton, "I have lived in the same house for years with men and never taken the slightest notice of them. Is this man young?"

"Oh, yes, quite young; about five or six and twenty. I think he is fairly well known—"

"Then why should he bury himself here?" asked Hamilton.

"I think the reason is rather interesting," she returned. "He began his career as a journalist when he was eighteen."

"Not a 'Varsity man'?"

"No; you understand he had his own way to make, and a good deal of difficulty in making it for some years. Then he began to get along, until one day, he says, he seemed to grow sick of it all."

"My dear girl," said Hamilton, "a man doesn't grow sick of success."

"There are different kinds of success, Hamilton."

"Oh, nonsense. I call the man successful who earns a good income."

"David Elliott doesn't. He was earning a good income, but by means of work which he felt wasn't the best he could do."

"I can never swallow that kind of rot," said Hamilton, taking out his cigar case, as the maid came to remove the cloth. "The fact is," he continued when his cigar was lighted, and he was alone with Eleanor again, "you ought to be careful whom you associate with, though one would think you were safe at Broadwater."

"Anyhow," she answered, "David Elliott made up his mind to devote a year to doing the best that was in him; to turn out just one book to please himself without an eye on the British public. He worked harder than ever, lived frugally and saved enough money to enable him with a good deal of pinching to exist in some quiet country place for twelve months."

"The man must be a rank sentimentalist!" cried Hamilton.

"You wouldn't say that if you could see him?" said Eleanor.

"As well if I could, perhaps!"

"Unfortunately, it's impossible. Mr. Elliott met with an accident five or six weeks ago."

Hamilton smoked his cigar with his forehead wrinkled and his eyes on his sister's face. He felt that he was on

the way to account for the possession of the typewriter, although he had not actually found the clue as yet.

"What sort of accident?" he demanded.

"Oh, it was terrible," she explained, an expression of pain crossing her face. "Mr. Elliott works every morning and evening, and the rest of his day is spent roaming about the country. One afternoon, about three miles from here, he was in a wood with a railway line running through it. There was a level crossing, and the gate was open. Two tiny mites of children from one of the keeper's cottages were playing on the line, and David saw a train coming towards them. One child ran off when he shouted, but the younger of the two—a girl—seemed paralysed with fear. She stood still between the rails and must have been killed if David hadn't run forward and just succeeded in thrusting her on to the six-foot way in time. But," added Eleanor, with tears in her eyes, "he was too late to save himself. The engine knocked him down; it went over his right arm. He was picked up by the keeper and taken to the cottage hospital at Warchester."

"A case for amputation!" suggested Hamilton, gazing intently at the tip of his cigar.

"Two inches below the shoulder." "You—you haven't seen Elliott since?" asked her brother.

"N—no," she returned. "Of course, I have inquired at the hospital—I went this morning, and I send flowers and grapes. He has had the most dreadful time, but still, he is much better," she added. "I hope he will soon be out again."

"Devilish unfortunate for a man," Hamilton, half-reluctantly, admitted.

"You see," she continued, "the worst of it is, that his book is not much more than half written. There are about a hundred and twenty pages not begun, and, of course, what's finished is useless without the end. If it had been the last arm—"

"Look here, Eleanor," said Hamilton, "no doubt it's all very sad and

that sort of thing, but I don't want to see my sister make a fool of herself."

"Shall I tell Mrs. Churchill you will sleep here to-night?" asked Eleanor.

"Now," her brother exclaimed, "why did you say that typewriter?"

"I should be immensely pleased if you would stay," said Eleanor.

"You haven't answered my question," he persisted, biting hard on his cigar.

"Well," she retorted, with a smile, "I have no intention to answer it."

"You tempt me to think you have something to be ashamed of!"

"Nothing in the world—as far as that goes," she said. "But there are things one doesn't care to talk about, and—and if I can persuade you to stay, I ought to tell Mrs. Churchill!"

On the whole, Hamilton came to the conclusion that he would return to London in time to dine at his club, but not before he had bestowed much sound advice on Eleanor. She had, he reminded her, seen little or nothing of the world. She was scarcely more experienced than many a modern child; fortunately, her income was strictly tied up, but still Hamilton trusted she would exercise a little common sense. David Elliott must be little better than a fool; Hamilton knew the type of man thoroughly; he was one who spelled art with a capital "A"!

Eleanor saw her brother off by the London train, then walked slowly back to Mrs. Churchill's, where her life ran on very smooth lines. After dinner that evening she uncovered the typewriter and spent an hour tapping out words—much more accurately and rapidly than she would have believed possible six weeks ago. Several hours a day she practised, and one afternoon, about a week after Hamilton's visit, she was sitting before the machine at the oblong dining table, copying a page out of the *Fortnightly Review*, completely engrossed by her

occupation, when suddenly her fingers ceased their movement and she half rose from her chair.

She had scarcely noticed the ringing of the front-door bell, but it was impossible to mistake David Elliott's voice in the hall. The next moment Mrs. Churchill entered the room. Poor Mr. Elliott had just come home and might he speak to Miss Sterling for a few minutes?

"Oh, yes; please bring Mr. Elliott here," she answered, and snatching the newspaper from a chair and hastily unfolding it, Eleanor threw it over the typewriter.

She had last seen David seven weeks ago on the afternoon of his accident. Eleanor had gone after luncheon to the front garden and was standing at the gate, when David approached it. They had stayed some time talking in low voices before he set out on one of his long tramps across country.

He had fallen into the habit of talking, with an egotism she could easily pardon, about his uncompleted work, but this afternoon he seemed preoccupied. He hinted, not for the first time, at throwing it up and going back to his former life in London. The game was not worth the candle; already, no doubt, he had dropped out of things, and, perhaps, the sooner he devoted himself to the task of earning a decent livelihood again, the better. Because, he could not feel confident that his book would achieve a financial success:

"But I understand," suggested Eleanor, "that nothing for the present was farther from your mind."

"Ah, yes," said David, "that is true—at least, it used to be true. But a change has come over the spirit of my dream since I told you that."

Eleanor saw that he was restraining himself from saying more, and indeed she had a perfect understanding. The world seemed that afternoon seven weeks ago a more contrarious sphere than she had hitherto realized. She knew that David had voluntarily renounced an income



Drawn by Fred Rogers

BUT YOU MUST LET ME HELP YOU TO FINISH THE BOOK

which might have justified his marriage, and she would not on any account wish him to relinquish his ambition "just for a handful of silver."

Had their positions been reversed; had he possessed a fair income and she nothing, he might nevertheless have invited her to share it; but as things were, Eleanor felt that her tongue was tied, whilst he could not declare the love (about which she now felt certain) without either returning to what he regarded as his too common task of achieving a new success.

She had stood at the gate looking after him as he strode along High Street: a tall, broad-shouldered man, with fair hair and a cleanly shaven face; frank and handsome. He seemed always to wear the same blue serge suit, well made, yet a little out of shape. After he passed out of her sight round the curve of the road, she had never seen him since, but now he was on the point of crossing the threshold of her room. He entered with his left hand out, a brave smile on his face, and Eleanor, although almost broken down when her eyes fell on his empty sleeve, strove to meet him with a calmness which even Hamilton would have commended.

"I hope I haven't done wrong," he began, retaining her hand for a moment. "But anyway I felt bound to thank you for all those flowers, and—well, there won't be many more opportunities."

"You are not going away!" faltered Eleanor, as they stood side by side, close to the oblong table.

"I'm afraid," David gravely answered. "I mustn't stay now." He glanced down at his empty sleeve.

"But—surely—until you have finished your book," she suggested.

"How in the world," he exclaimed, "can I finish it?"

"Never?" she asked.

"Oh, well, never's a long day, you know. Later on, perhaps. It can

scarcely be for some time to come, and meantime I shall find all my work to make ends meet."

"Don't you feel capable of beginning again just yet?" she inquired.

"My head's all right, if that's what you mean," said David, "although when I lay in a fever at the hospital I wondered whether it ever would be."

"Wouldn't you soon get used to dictating?" asked Eleanor, nervously. The fingers of her right hand were resting on the newspaper which hid the typewriter.

"Oh, yes. I've no doubt I should soon get into the way of it," he answered. "But, frankly, it's out of the question. As things were at the best I reckoned I should only be able to get through with the skin of my teeth. You see I couldn't afford an amanuensis day after day."

"Then, what," cried Eleanor anxiously, "do you think of doing?"

"Doesn't it seem that the most obvious thing is to learn to write with my left hand?" he said, with a smile which wrung her heart. Her eyes grew dim, and for a few seconds there was silence between them. Eleanor's face turned crimson, and then it grew paler than David had ever beheld it; there was a suspicious quaver in her voice when next she spoke.

"Oh, by the by," she murmured, with a great deal of embarrassment, "I have something to show you." Taking the newspaper between her finger and thumb, she drew it shyly away from the typewriter.

"Whom does that belong to?" he asked.

"Why, it's mine," answered Eleanor. "I have already become quite skilful. I scarcely ever make a mistake, and my speed is increasing day by day."

She broke off abruptly, lowering her eyes, as she felt his upon her face, but as he did not speak, she raised them again, and they looked long at each other. At the first, David had

not succeeded in grasping her meaning, but suddenly it flashed upon him, and he drew in a deep breath:

"Eleanor," he exclaimed, "I meant to hold my tongue, but upon my soul, you've made it impossible. I was going away simply because I couldn't tantalize myself by living near you unless there was a prospect of your becoming my wife. I saw I ought to wait until I had pulled things round a bit, but if you can see your way, my darling, if you will take the risk—"

"I will not admit there is any," she answered.

"Eleanor, will you marry me at once—as soon as I can arrange things?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," she replied, and David's arm was around her body, and it was quite a long time before she could whisper, with her lips very close to his face: "But you must let me help you to finish the book!"

It was true that David Elliott left Broadwater the same evening, but he returned shortly to take her to the church, in which her father had ministered so many years. The letter which explained matters to Mr. Hamilton Sterling was signed:

"Your affectionate sister,

"ELEANOR ELLIOTT."

She thought there was an agreeable alliteration in the name.

## Take the Next Step

DO not be too anxious to see all the way ahead of you. It may not be best for you. The man who carries a lantern on a dark night can see perfectly to take the next step. He does not need to see all the steps, for he can take only one at a time, and when he takes that step the light moves forward for the next one.

The trouble with most of us is that we want to see too far ahead. We want to be sure that we are going to do some great thing. Then we will not be afraid to make a great effort.

But keep "pegging away," as Lincoln did. Keep your trust in the Great Unseen Power which somehow brings things out infinitely better than you expected.

How many times in our past lives the way has seemed so dark that we could not see a gleam of light? How many times failure has seemed abso-

lutely inevitable and yet we kept hoping, working, doing our best, and the Unseen Power, which makes things good for those who do their level best, came to our rescue and brought us our heart's desire?

Never mind if you can not at once obtain the thing you long for. No matter how far away or how impossible it may seem to you, just keep your mind, your purpose, fixed on it. There is magnetic power in focusing the mind on the thing we long for. Ways we never dreamed of before will open up in a marvellous manner.

Just keep trying, keep pushing, keep thinking—thinking hard all along the line of your ambition, and doing your level best to attain your desire, and you will be surprised to find how the way will open of itself as you advance.

—Success Magazine.



MR. EDMUND BURKE

## A Canadian's Success in Grand Opera

The Career of Mr. Edmund Burke

By Jean Milne

IN the British musical world, which has its centre in London, and of which the High Temple may be said to be the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, nothing is more remarkable in recent years than the change in the taste of the music-loving public. Perhaps the former fashion was set by the late Queen Victoria and the entourage of her somewhat old-fashioned court, but up till recent years it was extremely difficult for a singer of British birth in any part of the Empire to obtain a footing on the operatic stage. Italians, French, Germans and others had a monopoly of grand opera presentations to British audiences. Now, that is all changed, largely owing to the influence extended by the late King Edward and his court and continued by his son, George V.

Readers will easily recall the names of many of the famous singers of the day who were born in the British Isles, or within the British Empire. Of these the most widely-known is Madame Melba, who, as Miss Nellie Mitchell, was born and brought up in Victoria, and takes her stage name of Melba from Melbourne, the capital of that Australian state. A Canadian singer who has achieved great success of recent years is Madame Donalds, who was born and brought up in Montreal, and took her stage name of Donalds from the first name of Donald Smith, now Lord Strath-

cona, and veteran High Commissioner of Canada in London. It is generally understood that Lord Strathcona, as a patron of Canadian art, has taken no inconsiderable part in assisting Madame Donalds to her present high position in the operatic world.

Although our present King, with great thoughtfulness, decreed that the theatres should only be closed for the respect due, and willingly tendered, to the memory of a great and well-beloved King, the only place of pleasure that had its usual good season amidst the general mourning was the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in London, England. Musical comedy seemed too flippant—even the players, who are ever ready to overlook for the moment an entirely personal sorrow, were unable to rise above a national one, and seemed to have lost their power of making merry—while the more realistic plays were impossible to sit through at such a time. Therefore, the beautiful music of grand opera soothed, uplifted and cheered a sorrowing people. And the fact that the audience did not present the usual brilliant kaleidoscope of color made it very apparent how greatly the opera season is appreciated, apart from the fact that it is enjoyed as and considered representative of society with a capital S.

This season London welcomed enthusiastically a Canadian bass-bari-





MR. BURKE AS SCARPIA IN "LA TOSCA"



MR. BURKE AS MEPHISTOPHELES IN "FAUST"

tone in the person of Mr. Edmund Burke, who seems likely to make his name as famous in the musical world as did his namesake in the world of politics. Mr. Burke's career, although short in the operatic sphere, is noteworthy for hard work and full of interest and achievement in that in four short years he has reached that singers' El Dorado, Covent Garden, and not only reached it, but made an unqualified success of his debut, which was in the role of the High Priest in "Samson et Dalila." His fine presence, allied to a voice of rare timbre and extended range, which is even and beautiful throughout, made his "High Priest" a thing to be remembered. Mr. Burke was the first British subject to sing Mephistopheles in Gounod's "Faust," and he was also heard to advantage as the Count in "La Sonnambula," as Nilakantha in "Lakme," and as the Count in "Gil Ugnotti."

Mr. Burke's career will be watched with great interest by all Canadians, and by Torontonians especially. He is identified closely with Canada by birth, education, and family connections. Born in Toronto thirty-two years ago, he is a type of the finest Canadian—very tall, broad, lean and virile, combining a kindly, courtly manner with very evident power, energy and determination to "get there."

A story is told, illustrative of his "get there" propensity. It happened in the south of France, where he has sung a great deal. He was due to sing in opera at a neighboring town and arrived at the station, from which he was traveling, just in time to see the train ready to start, and an aggressive official bolting the wicked gate as if it were the portal of Doom. But Mr. Burke had to keep his engagement with the public, and, unfortunately for the conscientious official, he got into the train as it was steaming out of the station, while the St. Peter at the gate fell over a trunk when pushed gently out of the way. Mr. Burke had to catch the train, and he "got there."

Mr. Burke is a grandson of the late Thomas Maclean, who edited the Canadian "Scotsman," and the Canadian "Irishman," some fifty years ago in Toronto, and is a son of David Burke, who was for twenty-five years general manager of the New York Life Insurance Company for Canada, and whose brother was manager of the same company for twenty years previously. Thus it seems that Mr. Burke gets his energy, determination and character from his paternal antecedents. His artistic temperament and musical talent he derives from the maternal side of his family. He speaks with pride of his mother's beautiful voice, and her sisters all sang well. Of the present generation two cousins are singing professionally, the most noteworthy being Harold Jarvis, now of Detroit, and formerly of Toronto. As boys, Mr. Burke and his brother used to sing in a choir and headed the procession into church, gradually changing places as they grew older, until they finished up at the end of the procession—to use Mr. Burke's own words—they "ran down the scale from high soprano to low bass." His brother is still closely connected with church music and is organist to a leading church in Montreal, in the choir of which two other brothers also sing.

Originally intended for the bar—which profession, to all appearances, has lost a distinguished and upright judge, Mr. Burke was educated at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, and subsequently graduated at the McGill University, Montreal, where he spent six years. Three years were given to the arts course and three to law, from which he graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law.

While at the university Mr. Burke conducted the chorus, which comprised some twelve hundred voices. It was after singing with unparalleled success in "Elijah" at Montreal that he decided to turn his natural talent to professional account, and on his graduation went to Europe. In 1902 he studied under Signor Visetti, at the

Royal College of Music, London, and later for operatic work, became a pupil of Lherrie, Fumetti, Le Pierre, and the celebrated Davenney, in Paris, and made his debut publicly at Montpellier in 1906, as principal bass, after which he sang at Algiers and other places, finally gaining laurels and most of his stage experience by playing many parts in royal opera at The Hague, where he was for three years. No young singer has more quickly gained appreciation and the hall-mark of Covent Garden recognition, and Mr. Burke is now enjoying a much-needed rest after the strenuousness of an operatic season, but

Londoners are looking forward to hearing him in "Elijah" at the Albert Hall early in November.

Upon the "don'ts" that do hedge a great singer Mr. Burke posted the sign—"moderation"—therefore, he eats, drinks and is merry in moderation, but his maxim is, "Avoid over-fatigue." "You've got to work and you've got to take care of yourself if you are to do any good as a singer," is Mr. Burke's opinion, and this advice may be commended to his strenuous working, strenuous playing, brother Canadians, in every walk of life, if they wish to "get there."

## Dependable People

By

Henry Lee

THE world depends upon dependable persons. They create a feeling of great security and confidence. All their undertakings, whether in business or social life, are honestly and faithfully performed. They possess great force of character, are useful and influential members of the community, and make those good citizens who can do so much towards the ennobling of civil life.

They are a treasure, the value of which we can scarcely estimate; and to find such people is to strike a gold mine. They are not confined to any particular class or sphere of society, but are to be met with in most unexpected places, and under many circumstances. They also have a magnetic influence and power, which invokes wonder and delight.

The dependable man has no compunctions of conscience for duties neglected or deeds of wrong done. He is punctual as to his promise, trustworthy as to his work, true in detail, and has a great reputation for being reliable, which is the key note to most of life's success. It is a great thing to be trusted, but it is far greater to be worthy of trust.

It is not easy to be reliable and dependable. It is work!—hard work!—and requires much self-denial and self-control, for it means the fashioning of other people's lapses, the picking up and straightening out of many a tangled skein, the sticking to a post which others have left in indifference or despair, the being ever ready at the call of emergency, and the supporting and inspiring of that vast band of non-dependable ones.



"I LOOKED UP IN SURPRISE TO SEE A TALL, GOOD-LOOKING CHAP, LEANING AGAINST THE FENCE."

## "Macgregor"

By  
W. Hastings Webbing

### CHAPTER I.

ELLISON is a most erratic chap; you are never quite sure of him. In fact, he is never quite sure of himself. Therefore, I was not altogether surprised to hear his genial voice over the 'phone explaining with evident embarrassment his inability to play me that morning in consequence of a sudden call out of town. Of course, it could not be helped, but I must admit these "sudden calls out of town," experienced by Ellison and some of the other fellows, are most annoying.

"Of course," they sometimes remark with a certain amount of sarcasm, "they have to work for their living," but that is no reason why they should let their enthusiasm run away with their sense the night before, hurry me out to the links early next morning, all primed up for a match,

and then get one of those "sudden calls out of town" excuses, or "an important client is expected," etc., leaving me to knock around alone, or wait an hour or so for some of the other fellows to turn up. I don't like it.

On this particular day I was much disappointed, and started out for a "lonsome" in rather a bad state of mind. However, after trying a few punts, I played up to number four, which is a blind hole, corner of the meadow, close by the Blair Road. I loathed a nice approach and, climbing the hill, found my ball well on the corner of the green. I tried for the putt, and had the inexpressible satisfaction of watching it win all the way, and take to the hole like a rabbit.

"Pretty work, sir—pretty work, indeed!" exclaimed an enthusiastic voice. I looked up in surprise, to see a tall, good-looking chap, leaning

against the fence, and watching me with evident interest.

He was dressed in a light grey suit, showing the dust of travel. His face, well bronzed by the sun, beamed with great good nature, and his eyes of honest blue attracted instant confidence and regard.

I acknowledged his friendly remark with that affected air of unconcern which one usually adopts after a particularly lucky shot.

"A rare canny putt," he continued pleasantly; "cleverly judged—there is no doubt about that!"

"Not bad," I admitted, carelessly. "Do you play the game?" I inquired, much interested in the stranger's manner and appearance.

"Eh, I have played a bit in my time," and I noticed he spoke with a slight Scottish burr, "but it's a while back since I handled a club."

"How would you like to try a few holes now?" I asked him, eager for an opponent. "I have enough extra clubs with me to fix you up."

"I would be glad to give you a game," he replied with alacrity, whereupon, lightly vaulting the fence, he joined me and we cordially shook hands.

"My name is Macgregor," he said, "and I might tell you I was born not much more than a stone's throw from Thistlemuir, one of the finest links in Scotland, as you may well know."

"I have heard of them often," I replied, "and I am glad to meet you, Mr. Macgregor. My name is Bamford, Stanley Bamford. Shall I drive first? There is some rough ground to the right, so I advise you to keep a little bit to the left, if anything, but I will give you the line."

### CHAPTER II.

Macgregor was a powerful man with a wonderful swing and great style. It did not take me long to discover this fact.

He was on the sixth green (about 450 yards) with his second shot, and again at the "eighth" he drove the

bunker, which is easily 175 yards, and made the hole in 3, one under bogey.

Yet there was nothing "chesty" about Macgregor; you couldn't wish for a better opponent; courteous, modest, and very keen on the game.

Once or twice he stopped and threw back his broad shoulders, inhaling with unaffected delight the glorious pine-scented air, for which our links are far famed.

"Man!" he cried with enthusiasm, "this is simply grand! You are giving me a great treat, Mr. Bamford, and you have a course of which any golfer might well be proud. The turf is good, the holes are sporty, and the scenery—well! it's a wee bit like Paradise. And mind you, Mr. Bamford, I would not think overmuch of Paradise if they have not marked out a bit of turf there, so that a man can keep up his golf."

"Now what might the distance be to you green?" he asked, pointing to the "tenth."

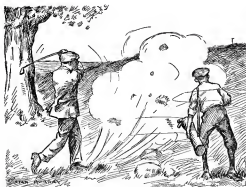
"It's about 200 yards, and a bad settee," I replied, "for the 'tenth' is surrounded by all sorts and conditions of trouble, and is generally known as the 'graveyard'—so many fine scores and noble ambitions lie buried there."

My companion gave it one swift glance, then taking an iron, he landed a beautiful ball, dead on the green, within easy putting distance of the hole.

"Well, that settles it," I exclaimed in astonishment. "You had better let me caddie for you, Macgregor; I am not in your class! By Jove! I would like to match you against Fluffy Thomas; he's our best man, you know. I bet you could give him half a stroke a hole, and beat him at that."

Already visions of insurmountable balls won in honest wager floated before my eyes. Then, what a jar it would be to the invincible Fluffy—Jove! how he would beat!

Considering his lack of practice, and the fact that he was playing with strange clubs, and in ordinary walking shoes, Macgregor was a star of the first rank, and you can well



"WITH ONE PRODIGIOUS SWING HE CARRIED BALL, TURF STONES AND EVERYTHING BEFORE HIM."

imagine that I was deucedly curious to know something of his personal history. But he volunteered no information on that point, and, of course, I could not suggest the subject.

So we played on with increasing interest to me until we reached the "fourteenth." Here, Macgregor got a good drive, and used a brassie on his second with fine effect, but, striking the branch of a distant tree, his ball dropped dead, and we found it in an almost unplayable position.

Do you think that phased Macgregor—not much! He considered the proposition for a moment, and then borrowed my niblick. With one prodigious swing he carried ball, turf stones, and everything before him, cleared the bunker, and after the clouds of flying debris had cleared away there was the ball safely reposing on the green. A stroke undoubtedly worthy the great Braid himself.

I simply gasped; but Macgregor roared: "Man, but that's a bonnie club of yours; I like it well! Never part with it, laddie." And I never mean to.

He finished the round by playing a perfect running-up approach at the "home" and holed out in "3."

I grasped my new-found prodigy by the hand and tried to express what I really felt, but words failed me. It had been, under the circumstances, one of the finest exhibitions of golf I had ever seen, and I have watched a few good ones, you bet!

### CHAPTER III.

After a welcome shower we made ourselves comfortable on the cool verandah, and I ordered the drinks and smokes. Very pleasantly did the time pass, chatting over our morning's play, in good old golfing manner. Macgregor was evidently conversant with most of the "Old Country" links and many of the best players. He was most interesting, but he spoke little of himself. Our conversation by chance veered round after a while to flying machines, and their latest development—the press being full of it at that time. I don't remember who introduced this topic, but think it was

I. Anyway, no sooner had the subject been broached than my companion's manner changed, and, casting a furtive glance around, he drew his chair closer, and said in a low, tense voice: "Are you interested in aerial navigation?"

"You bet I am," I replied, "and I hope it won't be long before we can take a flying trip to St. Andrews, for a week-end visit—what do you think?"

"Mr. Bamford," he said mysteriously, "you have given me a glorious day and treated me like a prince. I am going to tell you a secret that will appeal to you. I, Ross Macgregor, have invented a machine that has solved the problem of aerial navigation."

"You don't say," I exclaimed, with growing interest.

"It's truth I'm telling you, Mr. Bamford. I have perfected an aeroplane that can fly over a hundred miles an hour for a week, without pressing—what do you think of that?"

I looked at Macgregor, attracted not only by his words, but by the

strange glitter of his eyes, fevered with intense excitement.

"Is the secret known?" I asked, after a wondering pause.

"They know I have succeeded where the Wright Brothers, Graham Bell, Edison, and the rest have failed; but they don't know yet the fundamental basis of my achievement. It's condensed electricity," he whispered in my ear.

"Why! you will revolutionize transportation and make millions!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, I shall make millions," he replied indifferently, "and I'll let you in on that; I won't forget you, be sure of that! But it is not for the mere money I have studied, struggled, and worked these many weary years—it is not for the money—it's for the power! To fly like an eagle on the wing, to strike off the trammels of earth, to soar through space, to roam the world at my own will and pleasure, discover regions unknown to mortal ken, and maybe"—here his voice seemed to soften, "to find someone who



"I HEARD APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS AND TURNED TO SEE A DICKIFIED LITTLE MAN COMING TOWARDS US."

is far, far away. Oh, I tell you the possibilities will be unlimited, and the secret is mine!—the power is mine!"

Macgregor had risen, and was now pacing up and down the verandah, while I watched him in bewildered amazement, trying my best to follow his voluble description of how he first discovered, developed, and finally perfected his marvellous creation.

Presently I noticed with surprise that he stopped suddenly in his nervous perambulation; his ruddy face turned pale, and his whole appearance seemed to change from one of power triumphant to almost childish helplessness.

It was then I heard approaching footsteps, and turned to see a dignified little man, in black frock coat, coming towards us—eyes fixed on the face of my erstwhile friend, with strange concentration.

"Ah, here you are at last, Macgregor," he exclaimed crisply. "You have led us a merry chase, but thought we should discover you somewhere near a golf course, eh?"

"Pardon my intrusion," the newcomer said, turning with a bow to myself. "I am Dr. Wyman Brown, of the Wyman Brown Sanitarium. Mr. Macgregor is one of my most interesting patients."

Here the Doctor beckoned to two burly attendants, who were evidently waiting his instructions, and between them poor Macgregor was silently escorted to an automobile standing at the club gates.

I was naturally much upset, but managed to collect my scattered senses, and asked the Doctor if I might offer him any refreshments, at the same time introducing myself.

## Time and Energy

Success is strictly a thing of energy and hours. Enough energy and enough hours and you may shake hands with success. You've got to

"Thank you, no, Mr. Bamford, but I will take a cigar if you don't mind—thanks, very much."

"Sad case, indeed!" he continued, lighting the cigar I had given him. "Poor fellow, to lose his bride in a railway accident, and his money in a bank failure about the same time, was too much for him; besides which, I understand, there is a certain hereditary weakness. However, I have hopes—I have hopes!"

"He is a great golfer," I said regretfully, "one of the best, and he has got them all licked to a frazzle round here."

"Ah, yes," rejoined Dr. Wyman Brown; "I have heard our poor friend was what they call 'plus four' man at Thistlemair, which, I understand, is a very enviable position on those famous links. But, of course, you know more about that than I do. Unfortunately, I have always been too busy to acquaint myself with the attractions of your splendid game."

"Well, I must return to my duties," said the Doctor, drawing on his gloves, "and again apologize for my intrusion, and thank you for your courtesy. Good day, Mr. Bamford, good day!"

Presently the honk, honk, of the horn told of the Doctor's departure, but I had no heart to watch them go, for it was impossible to shake off the sad sensation of my morning's experience, and I felt mighty blue.

Refusing all inducements for any further golf that day, I wended my way sorrowfully back to town.

"Poor Macgregor!" I muttered to myself, "plus four" at Thistlemair, and "bunkered" at Wyman Brown's! That's what I call an inexcusable fumble on the part of Providence!"

keep at both to reach her. You've got to keep at both to keep her. You've got to work harder to keep her than to reach her.—Lee Shubert



THE HOMER PIGEON  
SHOWING THE FOOTWEAR WHICH ENABLE THESE BIRDS TO  
TRAVEL TWO MILES A MINUTE

## The Modern Noah's Dove

The Marvellous Achievements of Homing Pigeons in Sport and in Business

By C. Lintern Sibley

AMONG the working-class districts of many Canadian cities—and particularly of Montreal and Toronto—the sport of pigeon-flying is coming to be much in favor. Indeed, if it continues to make the headway it is doing at present, the time may not be far distant when special trains will be run to convey racing pigeons to the starting points, just as is done in Europe.

The sport was first brought into prominence in Canada by Major-General Cameron. He offered many en-

couragements to the breeding of successful racers, and brought about a few remarkable demonstrations of the powers of these birds. But after he retired, and went to live in England, the sport rather dropped out of public notice. Now it is being re-introduced, not only in Montreal and Toronto, but in various towns and cities right across Canada, by English immigrants. So great is the interest shown that there is some talk of forming a National Carrier Pigeon Association, for the registration of birds,

and the encouragement of long-distance racing.

All the natural conditions of Canada pre-eminently fit this country for the homing pigeon fancy. Moreover, it is not one of those fancies which is confined to country houses; city dwellers and country people, poor and rich alike, can indulge in it on equal terms. The reason why Canada affords such a field for this fascinating hobby is because of its vast territory. Extraordinary as it may sound, England is not big enough to test fully the homing powers of pigeons. Pigeons can fly with ease from one end of England to the other, and to send them further afield is attended by much risk, for the birds do not care to face hundreds of miles of open water. To get them to fly across the English Channel is a feat that has caused the loss of many good birds of late years. On this side of the Atlantic, however, there is a whole continent to experiment upon, and breeders south of the border line have many birds that will fly 1,000 miles. Indeed, there is a well-authenticated record of a bird having flown from Denver, Colorado, to Pittsburg, Pa., a distance of 1,325 miles.

The homing instinct of these birds has been made use of by mankind for thousands of years. The dove which returned to Noah's ark is the first instance on record, and there are many allusions in the classics to the services these little messengers have rendered their owners in carrying the news of the death of a king or the approach of an enemy. Some of these references, it is true, are obviously fables, for some poetic writers have been under the delusion that a messenger pigeon is a pigeon that can be sent on errands. The truth is that pigeons cannot be sent anywhere, except in a cage. All they can do is to return to their home when liberated, and this they will do with a speed and a certainty which no other creature can approach.

So passionate is their love of home that a well-trained homer will never

voluntarily stay away from his loft. Every fancier knows of instances where such pigeons have been captured on a journey, and kept in captivity for years, and yet the first time they have been liberated, have gone straight back to the loft in which they were hatched. Thus it is useless ever to expect to buy homer pigeons and start at a bound into the sport of racing. The fancier has to buy old birds, breed from them in captivity, and train up the young ones from his own loft. The only other alternative is to buy squabs that have never been flown.

The old ones he can never hope to keep if he liberates them, but the young ones will never willingly leave him. It is this that makes the achievements of the birds a matter of such intense personal interest and pride. Money cannot buy great racers, for the simple reason that they will not stay with new owners. The birds a man breeds are his very own, passionately and devotedly his, and no inducements will keep them away from his loft as long as life lasts.

The vogue which pigeon racing has in England, and in Europe generally, is astonishing. Races are everyday events, and this is how they are conducted. The birds within the scope of some association are sent to headquarters and duly entered, each bird being identified by means of a registered steel ring put on its leg soon after it is hatched, and impossible to remove.

The competing birds are then put into crates and despatched by rail to some distant railway station, with a label asking the station-master to release the birds on arrival (supposing it is daylight, of course), enter up on an attached form the time of release and the weather conditions, and return the empty crates on the next passenger train. When the birds are released they will fly around in ever-widening, and ever-higher circles until they have located themselves. Then suddenly they will shoot off in some direction at tremendous speed, each bound for his own particular loft and

determined to get there in the shortest possible time. As each pigeon arrives home, the owner rushes off with it to the association's headquarters and registers the time of arrival, allowance being made in each instance for the distance between the individual loft and the racing headquarters. So numerous are the pigeons entered in some of these races that in one competition in England last season there were so many entries that five special trains,

ing loft at Sandringham, with not a few champion birds in it.

In Belgium, pigeon-racing is a national sport, and to the Belgians is due the chief honor for the wonderful development of this bird during the past half-century. One Belgian in every five is an ardent fancier, and one Belgian province alone sends into France every year for liberation over a million birds.

But it is not only for sport that the



THE KING'S AVIARY AT SANDRINGHAM  
WITH A VIEW OF THE TAP IN WHICH THE PIGEONS ARE CAGED  
OF RETURNING FROM THEIR FLIGHTS.

consisting of eighty cars, containing nothing but crates of pigeons, were required to carry the birds to the starting point.

Statistics prepared by various pigeon clubs show that there are close upon 100,000 pigeon fliers in the British Isles. The National Flying Union—the Jockey Club of the pigeon-flying world—has this year no fewer than 20,000 members. King George himself is president. He has a hom-

pigeons are used. They have their practical uses, as is shown by the fact that until recently the British navy maintained pigeon services at all their principal naval stations—and still do at Malta. The birds were used for bringing messages from warships at sea. For this purpose they have now been largely superseded by wireless telegraphic. The governments of France, Germany and Belgium still maintain large lofts of these birds,



THE TRUE TYPE OF BACER  
CAPABLE METHOD OF HOLDING THE BACER

which are now used for military purposes. Official record is kept of every bird in these countries, and outside birds sent in for liberation are allowed to enter only when the authorities have assured themselves that there is no likelihood of their being kept in the country and used by a possible enemy in time of war. The use to which such pigeons may be put, supposing they are kept in the country, has an historic illustration in the pigeons that let the outside world know how Paris was faring during the Prussian siege. Pigeons have now been found to be an invaluable adjunct of ballooning parties making reconnaissances for military purposes, while the German military authorities can take successful photographs of an enemy's country by means of tiny, automatic cameras carried by homing pigeons.

Outside of military purposes, the most practical use to which pigeons are put is in taking messages home to newspapers. Some of the larger American newspapers use pigeons for this purpose. Indeed, the Toledo Blade, of Toledo, Ohio, has not only used them for taking home messages,

but also for bringing back to the office photographs of important events at a distance, taken by a midjet camera, and afterwards enlarged in the office. In this way, for instance, it only has the Toledo Blade been able to get detailed reports of yacht races for printing in the same evening's paper; but it has been able to reproduce photographs of the different msnouvers in the same issue.

In England much greater use has been made of pigeons for newspaper purposes than on this continent. The Evening Argus, at Brighton, on the staff of which the writer was engaged had a loft of over 100 highly-trained homer pigeons, that were in constant use for bringing messages back to the office. As the Argus had editions coming out every hour from eleven o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night, every day in the year, except Sundays and holidays, it was highly important that news events should be brought in with all possible speed, to provide material for each successive edition. In this work nothing could equal pigeons—not even the telegraph itself—and nothing, by the way, was



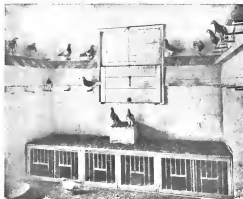
THE MESSAGE ATTACHED  
SHOWING HOW THE MESSAGE IS FASTENED  
TO THE TAIL FEATHERS.

so cheap. Thanks to pigeons, the Argus was constantly enabled to "scoop" all rivals in all events occurring within a fifty-mile radius, for rivals lost much precious time in taking news to the telegraph offices. Of course, in the city itself pigeons were not required, but for all outside events, whether on sea or on land, the reporters always had to take pigeons with them.

For events not of outstanding importance, two pigeons were usually

ing. Birds have flown one thousand miles in two days, ten hours. They have flown seven hundred miles in a single day, but five hundred miles a day is considered excellent work. On distances up to two hundred miles or so, good birds will travel at the rate of a mile a minute, while on shorter flights up to fifty miles, they will travel at the terrific speed of two miles a minute.

This statement may seem incredible, but it can be readily proved. On one



THE KING'S BACER  
BIRMINGHAM OF ONE OF KING GEORGE'S PIGEON LOFTS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SHOWING SOME OF THE BEST RACING BIRDS IN ENGLAND

sufficient, and these were carried by the reporter in a neat, little, partitioned basket. If more than two pigeons were ordered by the editor, then a boy was sent with them, to accompany the reporter. Sometimes as many as twenty pigeons would be sent, to bring back reports of important events by instalments.

The speed of pigeons is astounding.

On one occasion a reporter was sent from Brighton to Worthing, a distance of ten miles, to report some aquatic events. He despatched a pigeon fifteen minutes before each edition, allowing five minutes for the ten-mile flight to the office, and ten minutes for the news to be set in type, cast into the plates, and put on the machines. In each instance the bird brought the

news back in time for the edition it was intended for.

To accomplish such results the birds have to be kept in good training. If they are sent into a strange locality it will take them longer to find their way home. The young birds are trained by easy stages for long flights, and in the Argus office there was a man whose duty it was to look after the pigeons loft, and to see to the training of the birds.

Then, of course, the birds vary a good deal. The best bird in the Argus loft was a little, under-sized, mean-looking creature. Wherever he was sent, this bird was always in first. No matter from what direction he was despatched, his arrival back at the office could be timed with the certainty of an express train.

The other birds could not be absolutely depended upon. Now and again they would take hours to accomplish a journey that ought to be done in as many minutes, and less frequently they would stay away for a day or two at a time. To guard against loss of copy by this means, all pigeon despatches were written in duplicate, the second copy to be forwarded by another pigeon, or by wire or train, in case a message from the office announced that any portion of a running report sent by pigeons was missing.

On a fine day, a bird would sometimes take a day's outing, and come home in the evening. Sometimes, again, it would come back to the office, but instead of coming into the loft, would stand on the roof for hours preening its feathers. No greater torture was ever invented for an editor than to see such a bird, which he knows has brought important news, idling on the roof, and refusing to deliver up its important message.

In newspaper work, the copy is written on very thin, oiled tissue paper, and rolled up into a parcel about two inches long and the size of the stem of a clay pipe. This is tied with waxed thread on the underside of one of the strongest of the tail feathers.

When the bird arrives back at the office, it enters the loft by a trap door, which, falling behind it, holds it a prisoner in a small cage. Its weight on the floor rings an electric bell in the office of the editor, who at once sends a boy to the loft to get the news and release the bird. The birds are perfectly well acquainted with these proceedings, and not the least bit frightened.

The greatest interest is always manifested in the despatch of these birds. The writer has even known a judge to stop the trial of a case in order that he might watch the reporters in court bring a despatch on a pigeon, and when this was done, leave the bench to go to the door and see the bird released. And always the question was: "Do you think he will find his way from a place like this?" or, "Is it possible he will find the office among all the maze of buildings when he gets back to the city?"

Such questions make the pigeon fancier smile.

Many instances could be given of the astonishing sagacity and tremendous physical powers of these birds, but enough has been said to show how fascinating is the sport of pigeon-flying, which is now growing up amongst us, and how useful it may become for military purposes, and for carrying messages in Canada from places where no other means of communication is possible.

## Success

Some men act upon the principle that in order to be successful in busi-

ness it is always necessary to compel other people to wait in the ante-room.

## By Special License

### The Story of a Woman's Love and of a Man Who Played the Game

By L. G. Moberly

SHE looked at him silently, into her sweet eyes there came a sudden wistfulness.

"You know," she said, "you know—the best of me isn't here—any longer."

"I know," he answered, his voice very gentle, his head bent a little towards her. "I don't expect you to give me what you gave—the dear old fellow—but I want to try and give you all the happiness I can—and I want you so, Nancy."

It was the sudden break in his voice, the sudden boyish appeal of those last words that made her put out her hands to him impulsively.

"I can't bear not to do what you ask me," she said, "and you have done me such an honor in asking it—and if you are sure you can get up with the second best—I will try to bring you happiness."

They stood together in the little library facing the garden. Through the open window there drifted up to them on the warm June air the fragrance of roses, and the mingled sweetness from the great border that ran along one side of the lawn. The summer night was only dim and shadowy—not dark, and a faint luminousness seemed to fill the atmosphere, overhead in the clear sky the stars twinkled out one by one. Down in the park, where the shadows lay thickest among the trees, the song of the nightingale thrilled out upon the stillness. The

girl's hand went out and gripped at the mantelpiece close beside her. That thrilling voice shook her pulses, it made her remember—just as the sweet, warm scent of the roses made her remember—another night in June, when she had stood out there with Nigel, when Nigel had laid his first kiss on her lips—when she had promised to be Nigel's wife. And now—Nigel was lying far away in that great, dark Africa which had seized him in her ruthlessly cruel arms, and devoured his manhood and strength. And she, Nigel Martley's promised wife, was still alive in the fragrant summer world where he walked no longer; and—another man—Nigel's friend and hers—was asking her to give him happiness. The cold marble hurt her fingers with its curved surface as she gripped it, but its touch helped her to rally her forces. She drew her thoughts away from the shadowy woods where the nightingales sang, and lifted her eyes once again to Giles Denmaway's face.

"I wish—you had cared for a woman who could give—all—that I cannot give you," she said impulsively: "it seems so unfair that you who are so good, so unselfish, should not have the very best—instead of—"

"Instead of what I must want in all the world," he answered gently, though his voice was shaken. "Give me—what you can—little Nancy—I only ask for that."



"It isn't fair," she repeated, looking still into his downcast face, whose expression was one of overmastering tenderness for her. "Fate—plays such cruel tricks. Why should you be put off with a woman's second best when—nothing is really too good for you?"

He laughed gently, the kindly, tender laugh which seemed to mean so much, and his hand rested caressingly on her shoulder.

"I am not really anything much of a chap," he said; "the dear old fellow always rated me far too highly. I'm afraid you are taking your view of me from his."

"Perhaps I have my own view of you too," she answered, "Nigel and I have said, often and often, that you were the best person we knew—the very best, and I think," her voice shook a little, "I think he would be glad that I am going to try and make you happy." She put out her hands to him as she said the words, and Giles took them both into his strong and tender grasp, and drew her into his arms very gently, stooping to kiss—not her lips, but her forehead just where the soft tendrils of her hair strayed in little wayward curls.

"Poor little girl!"—so ran his loving thought of her—"I mustn't frighten her by kissing her lips—yet. Some day, when time has healed the old sore, and when Nigel is only a loving memory—some day she will learn to be used to me. And, please God, I will be very good to her."

"You are so strong," she said wistfully. "You will take care of me."

"I will do my best," he answered. "Little Nancy; I will do my best. I wonder if you will ever begin to know how much I love you?"

She looked at him with troubled eyes—sweet eyes that seemed to reflect the blueness of the June sky, and as the wind ruffled the soft gold of her hair, Giles touched it caressingly with his hand.

"Don't look at me so sadly, dear," he said. "Remember, I mean it when I say I will be content with very little. Just to have the joy of taking care of

you and making you happier will be enough for me. And if some day I can see your eyes less sad, I shall have my reward." She let him kiss her again, she even put up her face to kiss his. She had a very grateful soul this little Nancy Brereton, who had won the love of two good men. She knew the sterling worth of the man who was offering her everything now, and asking so little in return, and her heart overflowed with gratitude to him. And there, in the dim twilight, she made up her mind to show him how grateful she was by giving him all that was in her to give—all that was left from her great and abiding love for Nigel.

"I won't even think of Nigel any more," she said to herself that night, when, alone in her own room, she looked out at the velvet darkness of the woods, and heard the nightingales sing. "I shall only remember him as my dear friend, who is dead and I will just live for Giles, who was his friend, and who is so inestimably good to me. I will do my very utmost to give him happiness."

"I can't bear the thought of rushing you, dear; but—some muddle in the post delayed my receiving the orders that should have reached me some days ago. Our wedding will have to be at once. I sail on Saturday. It is a case of special license—or postponement?"

Giles Donnaway stood in the drawingroom of Nancy's house, and looked down at the girl with deprecating eyes.

"I—want to take you with me," he said. "You will like India, Nancy—and the change; the life there, everything, will do you good. But—I know it is asking a great deal of you to suggest that our wedding should be the day after to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow?" Nancy's voice shook.

"Yes, the day after to-morrow, instead of an indefinite three months hence. I never dreamt of being sent out like this, and there would not



"I THINK HE WOULD BE GLAD THAT I AM GOING TO TRY AND MAKE YOU HAPPY."

have been such a rush if my orders had reached me as they should have done. They were delayed, as I say, and now—it must be the day after to-morrow—or postponement, Nancy!"

The quiver in his voice as he pronounced her name turned the scales in his favor. Nancy could not bear to hear that quiver—Nancy, who hated to hurt any living creature, would not give a moment of extra pain to the man she had promised to marry.

"I made up my mind to do my best to make him happy," she thought, "and I will keep my promise—even if it hurts."

Her eyes were very brave, very bright, as she lifted them to him. She resolutely thrust from her the sense of shrinking dismay that swept over her. She put from her the vision of Nigel that rose before her with almost startling vividness, and putting her hand into Giles's hand, she said gently, but very firmly:

"We won't postpone it, Giles. I will be ready for you the day after to-morrow."

The man who loved her with such a great love looked deep into her eyes, and, reading the truth there, knew that though she was giving herself to him, the best of her heart was still with his dead friend, and knowing it, went away from her with an ache to his own heart.

"And yet—I believe I am doing what is happiest for her in making her my wife," his thoughts ran, as the train bore him back to London. "Some day I shall give her happiness; some day, perhaps, she will learn to love me, and—until then, patience."

Until then, patience. The words echoed in his mind again as he mounted the stairs to his sitting-room, but with those words there seemed to mingle a little song of thankfulness, because, after all, Nancy would be his. The day after to-morrow he and she would be man and wife, with nothing to come between them any more; and patience would be easier to practice when Nancy was his own.

To-morrow he must arrange about the special license; and then—then—

The glad thought stopped suddenly, as though snapped off at its root. Giles stopped on the threshold of his room, the door he had just opened still held in his hand; his eyes stared fixedly at a figure that stood beside the window—a figure that turned sharply at his entrance; his lips moved, but for a moment no words came from them. And the figure by the window moved across the room and came swiftly to his side.

"Why, Giles, old man," a voice said gaily, "you look scared out of your wits. Did you think I was a ghost? It's all right. I'm—I'm—myself—Nigel Martley."

The dimness cleared suddenly from Donnaway's eyes—the room steadied itself again. For a moment it had seemed to him as though the floor rocked, as though everything about him was whirling round in a dizzy hideous dance. Now it all grew steady once more, and out of the haze that had crept over his senses, he saw Nigel's face—thin, worn, lined—but unmistakably the face of Nigel Martley, his old friend. The brown eyes were there, eager and bright; the smile that held such infinite charm hovered over the lips whose slight moultache scarcely hid their mobile sweetness; the wave of hair that had always had a trick of falling over his forehead lay there now. It was the old Nigel—with the same cheery voice, the same firm hand clasp, the same loving friendliness of look and touch; the same Nigel—come back from the dead.

And he—Nigel's friend—was going to marry Nancy—the day after to-morrow!

The hands of the two men grasped each other firmly. Giles's confused thoughts ran on in a bewildering undercurrent, whilst he listened to his friend's explanations of all that had happened. He dimly understood what Nigel said; dimly realized that though he had not been killed by the savage tribe by whom he had been captured,

Nigel had been their prisoner for months and months—suffering torture, starvation, and unspeakable misery. And then his escape had been possible—and Nigel had made his way home at last, coming straight, as had always been his wont, to Giles Donnaway, his old and faithful friend.

"And I am going to marry Nancy the day after to-morrow," the thought went dully through Giles's brain, whilst still he listened to Nigel's story.

"Nancy is going to marry you the day after to-morrow—but Nancy loves Nigel—and—Nigel has come home!" Backwards and forwards in his mind ran those persistent words, and though he heard and even answered what his friend was saying, the image of Nancy rose before him, and loomed out Nigel's thin eager face.

Nancy—as she had looked that day in the room overlooking the terrace when he asked her to be his wife—he could see every line of her slim young form, could see the dainty features with the bristly rose tints that came and went so softly whilst he urged his suit; could see the eyes, speedwell blue like the wee flower in summer meadows—and the rippling loveliness of her hair shining like a halo about her shapely head. The little wistful smile on her lips, the wistful sweetness of her eyes—these came between him and Nigel's face, and again that whisper floated across his brain:

"She is to marry me the day after to-morrow!"

Her name, spoken in Nigel's voice, broke into the train of his thoughts, and he forced himself to put aside her haunting image, to listen to what his friend was saying.

"I can't get down to Rotherley to-morrow. I have no end of reporting myself, and worrying round generally to do; but on Thursday I shall go to Nancy, I thought I would take her by surprise. She is at home—in the old place—isn't she?"

"Yes—she is at home, in the old place." Giles said the words mechanically, his throat felt parched, his

mouth dry, he articulated with difficulty. "Then you have not let her know yet that you are in England?"

"I wanted to go down myself to break the news to her. Was it foolish of me?" Nigel spoke with boyish impetuosity. "I wondered if I should find her on the terrace. It was just there that I asked her to be my wife—and—I expect you think me a sentimental idiot, old chap; but I had a sort of fancy for meeting her there again."

"I don't think you a sentimental idiot," Donnaway answered mechanically. "The roses are out on the terrace now, and there are lilies on the lawn below the library windows."

Nigel's eyes brightened; he did not notice the level monotony of the other man's speech; he was too absorbed in his own happy reminiscences to realize what a sudden look of suffering had leapt into his friend's eyes.

"I know," he said. "I know—those lilies smell like nothing else in the world. I thought of them when we were camping among some of those pestilential swamps that smell of every conceivable horror. I used to see the lilies standing white and tall in the moonlight, and it seemed as if their very fragrance came to me across the sickening stench of the swamps. And sometimes I could almost declare I heard the nightingales sing—just as they sang in the woods beyond the garden."

"Yes—they still sing in the woods beyond the garden," Giles answered slowly, and in his heart he cried out fiercely:

"Nancy is to marry me the day after to-morrow—whatever you say. Nancy is to marry me!"

"I'm glad I got back in June," Nigel's voice went on. "There is nothing for us to wait for. We can be married straight away—and Nancy and I—". His sentence broke off abruptly, but Giles's thoughts ran on.

"Nancy and I are to be married the day after to-morrow by special license. You have come back too late—too late! She is to be mine—now—mine—the day after to-morrow!"

"You'll come down, too, old man?" Nigel began again. "You've always been our best friend, Nancy's and mine. Come with me to Rotherley—and wish me luck!"

Giles laughed, a strange, low laugh that brought Nigel's glance sharply to his face.

"Why do you laugh like that?" his visitor questioned. "You—you will be glad to come down with me, and see Nancy? We can't do without you, old man. We have always said you are our best friend—Nancy's and mine. You will come?"

"Yes." Giles curbed his desire to break into laughter again. "Yes, I will come down to Rotherley—the day after to-morrow—and—"

"I knew you would," Nigel interrupted, putting both hands on the other's shoulders, and looking affectionately into his face. "You were never the fellow to fail a pal. You've always helped me through tight places. Now I want you to see me through the happiest bit of my life. There's no one like you, Giles, old man—you always play the game!"

"You always play the game." After Nigel had left him, Giles Donnaway stood by the window looking out across the chimney tops to the blue sky beyond, those words ringing in his ears. "You always play the game."

And the day after to-morrow he was going to marry the girl who loved Nigel, whom Nigel loved!—the girl, who as yet did not even know that her lover was alive. Who would not know it until—the day after to-morrow—when the knowledge would come too late.

"You always play the game." Well! He had played it. He had done what seemed best for Nancy, when he thought Nigel was dead; and now—now it was too late for Nigel to reassert any claims. Nancy was pledged to him, Giles Donnaway. She could not go back on her word to him—and he—

"You always play the game!" The

words sounded so clearly in his ears, it was almost as if he actually heard Nigel speaking them in his eager, boyish voice; he could almost see the light in Nigel's brown eyes, the light of affectionate admiration that never failed to leap into them when they looked at him. He turned away from the window abruptly, trying to turn his thoughts into other channels. But as an accompaniment to all his packing, to all his letter writing, to all the multifarious things which had to be done—ran those double lines of thought—the memory of Nigel's face and Nigel's words—the remembrance of Nancy as she looked when she stood on the terrace amongst the roses, and promised to be his wife.

"To-morrow I shall get the special license," he said aloud at last, when the thronging thoughts became too persistent. "And the day after to-morrow—Nancy and I will be married!"

\* \* \* \* \*

She stood on the terrace, a slim young figure in trailing draperies, white as the tall lilies that stood in stately rows along the grass plot below. Over the parapet roses grew in a delicious tangle of color and their petals, crimson and pink and orange, fell at her feet—and some dropped softly—vivid patches of color—upon the whiteness of her gown. Her face was white, too, very white and very still; and in her eyes was a look of wistful sadness, from the heart of which looked out a great fear. The sun lit her golden hair into a crown of light; she looked out across the shadowy woods beyond the garden—and her hands suddenly wrung themselves together, because she remembered the nightingales' song.

"I can't do it," she whispered under her breath. "Oh! Nigel—I can't do it, yet I must! Giles was your friend; he has been such a good friend to me—and I can give him happiness, and he wants me so. I—will try to be good to Giles for your sake. But

—oh! It is so hard to do it—so very hard!"

She leaned against the parapet, the roses brushing against her gown, and her hands gripped at the parapet and the touch seemed to help and brace her. She was waiting for Giles—waiting for him to come with that special license, which was to hasten their marriage. When he came, they would go to the little church across the park together—she and Giles—and her father—and she and Giles would be made man and wife. And though Nigel lay far away in the darkness of that terrible land which had slain him—surely, he would be glad that she was making this great sacrifice for his friend—that she was going to try and bring happiness to Giles!

Nigel's face looked at her from across the tall white lilies. Nigel's brown eyes looked into hers from amongst the roses; Nigel's voice, tender and gay, seemed to ring in her ears; and she turned away with a resolute step, determined to bury the past for ever; to think only of the future.

"Behind her on the gravel came the sound of a quick footstep—a footstep that seemed to make her heart stop beating for an instant, and then send it on again at racing speed; and she stopped with a breathless feeling that she must be asleep and dreaming.

"Nancy!"

The voice, tender, gay, eager, was not a dream voice, it rang with life and vitality; and she looked round to see the man who was filling her thoughts coming towards her along the terrace. The color flowed over her face in a crimson tide, but she neither moved nor spoke. What a great joy seemed to shake her very pulses, she was smitten by a paralyzing sense that she must be in a nightmare if this was Nigel, and she belonged to another man! Nigel? It could not be Nigel, who lay dead in that far, dark land. It could not be Nigel, when she was waiting here

to pledge herself for life to Nigel's friend.

"Nancy!"

Again his voice fell on her ears, ringing with passionate gladness, and by now he was at her side, his hands stretched out to her, his brown eyes alight with love, looking into the depths of her eyes, that shrank under his gaze.

"Nancy—sweet—has it been too big a shock? It is I—your own Nigel—come back to you. Nancy—my dear—my dear!"

She tried to draw her hands from his, but they only clasped her closer; and before she could answer his eager words he had gathered her to him in a vehement embrace from which she had neither the will nor, indeed, the power to free herself—whilst his lips rained kisses upon her face.

"Nigel," she whispered breathlessly, "you mustn't—I—oh! try to understand."

"I can only understand that I am here again, on the terrace amongst the roses—with you," he answered. "I can only understand that you are in my arms again—my Nancy—my sweet—and—everything else you must tell me about later. I have no room in my heart for anything but the happiness of this hour—with you and the roses and the lilies."

"But, Nigel!" She made another attempt to free herself, but he only drew her closer with masterful touch, saying gently:

"I—thought I should have brought Giles with me to-day. But at the last moment he sent me a letter—"

"A letter?" She started, and looked up at him.

"Yes—a letter—with a sealed enclosure which he says I am to give—to you. I cannot understand the letter, but he says you will explain it to me."

"Show it to me," she answered shakily, as he drew from his pocket

and put into her hand a thick packet. She read Giles' letter first. It was very short:

"DEAR OLD NIGEL,—Go down to the terrace amongst the roses to-day—and find your heart's desire. I am obliged to start earlier than I thought. I leave England to-night. Give Nancy the enclosed. She will explain it to you. May it bring you both all your happiness. Yours ever,

"GILES DONNAWAY."

With hands that shook, Nancy opened the sealed envelope, and from it drew a special license—made out in

the names of Nigel Mantley and Nancy Hererton!

"I don't understand," Nigel said slowly, whilst Nancy looked from the printed sheet to his face with tear-filled eyes. "I can't understand."

But when, with faltering voice, Nancy told him of all that had come and gone in the past few weeks, his own eyes grew misty, looking across the lilies to the shadowy woods, and with a voice not wholly steady, he said very softly:

"Bless the dear old fellow—bless him! bless him! Was there ever a chap like Giles Donnaway? He has played the game."

## Half-Doing Things

By

O S Marden

THOUSANDS of people are huddled back all their lives and obliged to accept inferior positions because they cannot entirely overcome the handicap of slipshod habits formed early in life, habits of inaccuracy, of slovenliness, of skipping difficult problems in school, of slurring their work, skirting, or half doing it.

These skipped points in business or in life, the half-finished jobs, the problems passed over in school, because they were too hard, are sure to return later in life and give endless trouble and mortification.

Half doing things, "just for now," expecting to finish them later, has ruined many a bright prospect, because it has led to the habit of slighting one's work. "Oh, that's good enough, what's the use of being so

awfully particular?" has been the beginning of a lifelong handicap in many a career.

I was much impressed by this motto, which I saw recently in a great institution, "*Where Only the Best is Good Enough*." What a life motto this would be! How it would revolutionize civilization if every one were to adopt it and use it; to resolve that, whatever they did only the best they could do would be good enough, would satisfy them!

Adopt it as yours. Hang it up in your bedroom, in your office, or place of business, put it into your pocket-book, weave it into the texture of everything you do, that your life-work may be what every one's should be—a masterpiece.

—*Success Magazine*.

## Looking at and Seeing

By The Silent Partner.

ON the day that young James Watt became so interested in the bobbing lid of his mother's kettle, there were probably a million other kettles boiling in England.

Probably young Watt was day-dreaming of something and a little gust of steam blew into his face. At any rate, though millions of people had seen kettle lids bob before, the fact had made no impression on any mind until young Watt began to ponder over it.

So, too, millions of people had seen apples and other things drop, but until an apple fell into the meditations of Sir Isaac Newton nobody ever thought it worth while to ask why they fell down instead of up.

Doubtless, if anybody had asked the average man of that day why down and not up, the man would have said that they fell earthward so people could get them and eat them.

The point is simply that the oftener a thing happens the less attention it gets.

Thousands of people had seen the hanging lamps swinging in the churches, but nobody saw that the oscillations were accomplished in equal times until Galileo watched them swing.

Yet upon that little observation depends all modern time-keeping.

Any man who has ever called in a business doctor will tell you that the outsider picked out things right under the eyes of the owner, superintendent and employees—things that everyone had seen hundreds of times without really seeing.

In fact, the things pointed out seem so obvious that men dislike to pay the bill sometimes.

Though there are dozens, maybe scores, of men who are making good livings by showing other men

faults in their businesses, these experts are no brainier than the average run of good business men who engage them.

They see things that the other men cannot see, simply because the impressions they get are comparatively unfamiliar and therefore are not automatically shunted out of the way by the mind.

For the mind, having so many thousands of sense impulses to take cognizance of, gets into the habit of switching the ones it recognizes, and paying attention to new or unfamiliar ones.

There is good reason why it should. The mind gains knowledge by storing varied impressions and comparing them. But if it is to hold fast to all the new ones, familiar ones must be side-tracked.

So we form the habit of switching all familiar impressions, though the chances are that we have never at any time given the impression thorough examination in the past.

Though this habit is necessary, nearly all human beings allow it such great exercise that they lose the power to inhibit or forbid it at will.

Some few people by training are able to suspend the shunting process, and we say of these people that they have keen faculties for observation. Children have not formed the shunting habit and that is why they are invariably curious. Savages having fewer impressions, and depending for existence on most of those they do have, are always better observers than civilized men.

But while habit of not attending to impressions springs up without effort, effort will enable us to form the habit of attending when we will.

Everybody can cultivate the observation in some degree and it pays to do so.

In every store and shop and factory there are many things that could be changed for the better, but which remain as they are, though hundreds see them daily.

Almost every invention or improvement is based on facts or circumstances familiar to hundreds of people—yet these facts were so familiar that they had no significance to the people who saw them.

In a big glass concern they had been making glass according to certain formulae for years, yet nobody ever thought to ask why this ingredient and that. One day a young member decided that a little science would do no harm, so he called in a chemist. The chemist did not assume anything. He simply left out one thing in one batch and another ingredient in another, to see what would happen. He found that nothing happened when soda, costing \$75 a day, was omitted from one formula. The glass was just as good and cost far less.

A certain hook with eyes, used on women's clothes, had a little hump that made a spring catch and prevented the parting of the hook and the eye. It was a fine thing for the plaquets of ladies' skirts—it gave a feeling of security that was especially gratifying to the woman in front. Hundreds of clerks throughout the country explained the advantages of the new-style hook and started out by saying, "See that hump," but only one man out of the hundreds who said it recognized that there was a trade-mark phrase worth exploring.

Hundreds of successes in business have had no other foundation than this—that the man behind them saw the true significance of facts and circumstances familiar to hundreds of others, but which the others saw without seeing.

It has been observed that people in the sorting rooms of various industries will, after handling a large number of exactly similar things, overlook the slightly different article they are supposed to cull out, and even when their attention is called to the fact will stare at the different article without seeing that it is different.

With regard to a great many things most human beings are like the sorters mentioned. They see without thinking so much that when they should see and think they do neither.

It is a hard habit to break, but it can be broken, and its breaking will be the most profitable thing ever accomplished by the individual, in almost every case.

# Important Articles of the Month

## The Egoism of John Burns.

A BREEZY sketch of the Rt. Hon. John Burns appeared in a recent magazine section of the *New York Evening Post*. The author believes that Mr. Burns is the closest analogue to Mr. Roosevelt, in the British Cabinet.

His physical energy seems inexhaustible. Politics to him are a huge romp, which he enjoys as naively as a child. Academic politicians are his natural enemies. Although he loves to give a literary air to his speeches, he is essentially an out-of-doors man. He lives the strenuous and the simple life. He does no hear or hog hunting, but hardly a day passes without his performing some scrutiny of physical energy, walking in the country, playing on the cricket ground in Battersea Park, boxing in the gymnasium with Burns, jr., or running along the bank of the Thames, keeping pace with the crews practicing for the boat race. He seldom takes a holiday. At this season of the year, when other Cabinet ministers are scattered on the grassy moors or at German spas, when London is deserted, save for some 5,000,000 of ordinary people, Mr. John Burns is almost invariably to be found in his native city, popping in at the Local Government Board before the charwomen, riding outlying hospitals and workhouses, hailing old schoolfellows in the slums, rendering first aid to the wounded in street accidents, and doing amateur salvage work with the fire brigade.

This year, however, Mr. Burns is taking a short holiday away from London, and he is taking it characteristically in the form of a cycle tour through France. It is safe to say that during this little tour many things will happen to him

which will find their way into the newspapers. Things have an extraordinary way of happening in his immediate vicinity. London fires seem to wait for his proximity before they break out, and the insurance companies might be excused if they raised their premiums in his neighborhood. These things began to happen even when he was as suchin. He could not run after and capture an old man's hat on the Chelsea Embankment without the old man revealing himself as Thomas Carlyle and patting his shoulder. He had hardly entered the chapel at Windsor, on the occasion of King Edward's funeral, when the representative of one of the Australian colonies fainted beside him, and had to be carried out by the ministerial handymen.

Egoism is a distinguishing characteristic of John Burns' conversation.

He is the hero of his own drama. He sings his own *Odyssey*, and he is a sincere hero-worshiper. Fastidious people are often repelled by these evidences of conceit, or, as some do not hesitate to call it, "swelled head," and certainly Mr. Burns is at no pains to propitiate them by any affectation of modesty. After some critic on the Labor benches in the House of Commons had made what was intended to be a scathing attack upon the conduct of the president of the Local Government Board, that minister rose in his place and said that his sole reply would be "Modesty is meant for the plain." As he walked down Whitehall with a friend a flower girl pressed him to buy a bunch of violets. "No! No! my dear," said Mr. Burns, "the granite column needs no adornment."

Such things stick in the gizzards of priests and of people whose knowledge of



BT HOY JOHN BURNS SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Mr. Burns is only superficial. But on closer acquaintance the very frankness and childlike nature of his egoism discloses criticism. His hero is really a very wonderful person. His "conceit" is no more than the confidence of a man of profound capacity who is sure of himself. His judgment and his native shrewdness are not to be flayed by flattery as many who are now his bitterest critics have found. No successful politician ever suffered less from "swelled head" than John Burns.

The article concludes with a number of anecdotes about Mr. Burns which bear repeating.

It was after the Trafalgar Square riot in 1883, when, as "The man with the red flag," he had led the mob, that John Burns had his experience of prison life. A commissioner of the recent general election looks back to the same episode.

"Shortly after taking office I addressed a meeting of my constituents in Battersea. At the end of my speech a disreputable socialist, one of the Seagreen Incurable sort, got up to ask questions and to give me the dress-down that the Social Democratic Federation had promised themselves I should have at my first meeting.

"'Do you mean to accept a salary of £3,000 a year?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I said, 'it is the Trade Union Rate of pay for Cabinet Ministers. Not being a Minister like you I could not accept less.'

"'What do you mean to do with it?' he demanded.

"'Hail it over to my wife as I need to do with my week's pay,' I said.

"'Is it true,' he continued, with a wink to his friends, 'that you are going to wear court dress when you go to Windsor?'

"'Certainly I will,' I answered. 'It will not be the first time I have worn the King's uniform.'

"He simply tumbled into it. 'When did you ever wear the King's uniform?' he asked.

"'I wore it in Pentonville prison when you occupied the post cell,' I replied. You would have thought every man in the room had received an electric shock. That was the last of the Seagreen Incurable.

Nothing delights Mr. Burns more than his chance encounters in the street with old school fellows, not too proud to slap a Liberal minister on the back, with an old employer for whom he used as a boy to run errands; with strangers who discuss him unwittingly in his presence. His anecdotes of such encounters are unending. I have room for one only.

"Some years ago my wife and I were going to a garden party at Sir John McAlister's. We were got up for the occasion. I went attempt to describe Mrs. Burns to you. The more I see of her, the more I wonder how she ever took up with a man like me. Solomon is all his glory was not accorded like my misfit. And, as for me, humble though my attire was, I flatter myself that I looked fairly respectable.

"At one stopping place a poor dragged woman with two children got off the

car. She had a black eye and the other one seemed just to be recovering from a previous blow. She was in rage and looked as miserable and dispirited as a woman could look. Two young chaps, probably bank clerks, were sitting opposite, and as the woman got off one remarked to the other: "There, now, I shouldn't wonder if that were John Burns' wife and children. And they put a man like that into the Cabinet! I've heard that she's quite a decent woman, too. Fanny here tried to a drunken ruffian like that." You should have seen

the conductor's face, for he, and most of the passengers, knew me quite well. "Allow me," I said, tapping him on the knee, "to introduce you to Mrs. Burns and to Mr. John Burns, with regard to whose habits you seem to be under some misapprehension. Now, look here, I continued, "why does a fellow like you behave like that? Do you know that I am a life-long teetotaler? Do you know anything more about my policy than you know about myself? They left the train without waiting for the next stopping place."

any one could tell him whether he really had started out with a snow-plow or not.

With a volunteer searching-party in the cab, Dad started up the Hill again in quest of the lost plow. Near the west portal of the tunnel a voice was heard. Tommy Col was discovered floundering laboriously up the Hill, heaving his bare feet with many a picturesque adjective. The snow-plow, he reported, was lying at the river's edge three hundred feet below. When it had left the rails he had been thrown out of the cupola window on to a rock, from which he tumbled on to another, from which he went bounding down the Hill in a series of graceful parabolas with the snow-plow in hot pursuit. Until both landed in a deep drift from which he had great difficulty in escaping. None of the crew was hurt, he said, but they would all be much obliged to any one who would kindly dig them out.

Just how that snow-plow came to leave the track, and how it managed to disappear without attracting the attention of the engineer or fireman on the locomotive behind it is a mystery that no one on the Canadian Pacific has ever been able to solve.

More frequently the down-trip was the exciting one, in spite of innumerable precautions. Three or four safety-switches were set in the main line, which were never opened until the engineer signaled that he was coming in good order at a speed less than eight miles an hour. By these switches a train exceeding the limit was barred on to short lines up the mountain side, where wrecks could take place without hindering traffic, but the circumstances of their operation were not always foreseen.

One day in January, 1898, for instance, an engine coming down the Hill with only a caboose put beyond control just below the first safety-switch. As soon as he realized that his engine was running away, the engineer decided to get off and walk passing long enough to vault the throttle open as he called at his fireman, he let himself fall out of his window. The engine was already reversing in order to use the water-brake! When steam was admitted to the cylinders the drivers began to spin, and the engine was driven backward, against its holding power as the engine shot down the mountain at a speed which

increased every instant. The conductor and brakeman lost no time in following the example of the engineer and fireman by jumping out with more creeds than dignity. As everything had been done that could be done, it would have been folly not to jump.

A runaway on a 4.5 per cent grade can cover nine-tenths of a mile, the distance between safety-switches, in a very short time. The switch-tender, seeing the train at tearing down the mountain with the drivers encircled by halos of fire, leapt over the bank and fled toward the river.

The engine broke away from the caboose just above the switch. Being light and having its brakes set to the limit of effectiveness, the caboose slowed down the instant it was released from the heavy locomotive. The engine ran up on the spur to the very end. The forward trucks even went off the rails a distance of six feet before the runaway came to a standstill. All this time the driving-wheels were turning backward to the accompaniment of a violent spatter from the exhaust. When the engine came to a standstill, the great wheels had their first chance to get a good grip on the rusty rails. After a pause that seemed hardly perceptible to the spectators at a construction-camp just below, the engine pulled its trucks back on the rails, then under the full head of steam, rushed backward down the steep incline toward the caboose which was loitering at the switch.

There was a crash as one hundred and fifty-four tons of steel leapt upon the caboose, and the caboose was crushed enough of the caboose left to provide seats for the crew. As for the engine, it contrived to derail a tender-truck and so to bring the incident to a close with a minimum delay to traffic.

To Engineer Jimmy Fidler belongs the doubtful credit of having ridden a runaway engine the length of the Hill. The railroad officials evidently thought the credit wasn't Jimmy's.

Jimmy started down the Big Hill one summer day a dozen years ago with a light engine. He let the engine get away from him and found himself approaching the first safety-switch at much more than the eight miles an hour prescribed by the time-table for light engines. The runaway was already reversed to use the water-brake, so all that was left to do was to attempt an emergency application of the air-brake and give it sand. Having done

## Runaway Trains on "The Big Hill."

When Dr. James Hector was exploring the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia, he happened to pass too near to the heels of an ill-tempered cayuse. The animal, probably not realizing the future significance of his action, kicked the explorer with such vehemence as to break three of his ribs and apparently kill him. So convinced were the Indian guides of Doctor Hector's demise that they dug a grave near a mountain torrent and were proceeding to bury him when he recovered enough to protest against any undue haste. When at last Doctor Hector was able to travel, he investigated the course of the stream near which his premature grave had been dug, and found the pass to the west for which he had sought earlier in vain. After him the Hudson Bay Company put a trail through, which was followed years later by the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Doctor Hector's experience with the cayuse was, however, only a preliminary to incidents of which "The Big Hill," as railroad engineers know it, was the scene. The grade here varied between 3.5 and 4.5 per cent, for an eight-mile stretch. Four engines were required to haul a train up, and on the way down the trainmen walked alongside, to be sure that the brakes were not "heating" or wheels slipping. The very first train down, writes C. F. Carter in The

*World's Work*, ran away, climbed a curve, and plunged into the river below, and "it was counted a dull day when something as original as it was startling did not happen."

It was here that Engineer Dad Ames achieved the truly remarkable feat of losing a snow-plow. Any one who has ever seen a wing-plow will concede that something akin to genius would be required to lose such an unwieldy piece of property, for it weighs about forty tons, is about the size of a box-car, and has wings that cut a swath sixteen feet wide through the snow-drifts.

Dad started up the Hill with Tommy Col Conger as lookout in the cupola of the snow-plow and the usual crew inside to work the wings and the drag. He howled along at the usual speed for a couple of miles, with the usual clouds of snow flung back against the cab windows and obscuring the view. He knew by instinct when he reached the end of two miles and a quarter from Field, and there he eased up on the throttle and the out-off. When he emerged from the tunnel he "dropped her down and opened the throttle for the encounter with the drifts to be expected there; but things did not seem to be going right, so he opened the window and looked out."

The snow-plow was gone. Dad stopped, eye down, and walked up to the pilot and felt of the draw-bar before he could convince himself of this incredible fact. Then he started back slowly, he and the fireman keeping a sharp lookout on both sides. He reached up the way to Field without finding any trace of the lost plow or its crew. It was so astounding that Dad went into the telegraph office and asked if

this without producing any visible effect, Jimmy turned to the fireman with a sly grin and shouted:

"Here goes for Field!"

He reached for the whistle lever and sounded four impetuous yelps to inform the switch-tender that he wanted the main-line. Fearing that the signal might not be taken seriously, Jimmy repeated it and then gave it a third and a fourth time. The switch-tender saw that the approaching engine was unmistakably coming away, and the rules warned him in six black-faced type that under such circumstances he was to leave the switch set for the spur to trap the runaway. But here was a man clearly going to destruction who wanted to meet his fate on the main-line. As between obeying the rules and burying a dying man, the switch-tender allowed Jimmy to tear down the main-line, sending a continuous succession of signals to the next switch-tender.

Such flippant reiteration was not to be derisive. Number two switch-tender obeyed the command, then number three did the same. The three geographically stationed switch-tenders stood open-mouthed after a trail of smoke disappearing in the distance. The sound of a whistle came faintly up from the direction of the smoke, for Jimmy seemed to have formed the habit.

The fireman's first impulse had been to jump, but the rocks under him and Jimmy's grin caused him to hesitate until he had become too terrified to act. The engine took the sharp curve

with a violence that called for the fireman's undivided attention to keep from being thrown against the boiler head and having his brains knocked out. As for Jimmy, the grin had frozen upon his face. He sat upon his seat-box staring straight ahead, working the whistle-lever like an automaton.

Two miles and a quarter from Field is a tunnel which marks the bottom of the steep grade. On emerging from this tunnel the runaway began to respond to the effects that had been made to stop it. Turn the two men recovered their self-possession and looked out upon the bright world in pleased surprise at finding themselves still in it.

When they reached Field the fireman, with an eagle-eyed keenness of conviction, assured the excited group awaiting them that they had come down the Hill at the rate of 480 miles an hour. The rail-entomological records, however, showed that the actual time consumed in covering the eight miles from Hester to Field, including a stop below the tunnel, was seventeen minutes. Even this seemed to Jimmy Fidler a feat to be vaunted, for no engine had ever made the descent of the Hie Hill in such fast time; and, it may be added, none has ever done it since, for the average engineer is thankful for the time allowance of forty-two minutes for light engines.

The company, though, did not reciprocate Jimmy's sentiments. Instead of being dismissed in the usual way, Jimmy was discharged by wire; and as if that action were not quite enough, the message was marked "rush."

## A Century of Savings-Banks.

The story of how the first savings bank was started is told in the *Scrap Book*, by Arthur B. Reeve. It was just one hundred years ago in May that in the little village of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, the parish minister, Rev. Henry Dueran, established the first bank. In the first year its deposits amounted to seven hundred and fifty-five dollars.

Henry Dueran, though scarcely heard of to-day, was one of the great men of his time. He came of a long line of clerical ancestry, and was born at Loch-

ruten in 1774. His father gave him an excellent education, and at the age of fourteen he entered St. Andrew's University, where he was a hard-working but not brilliant student.

After he graduated the young man was undecided what to do, but finally entered the banking office of the Haywards, of Liverpool, and in three years learned all the details of the business. This training came in well twenty years later. His banking did not suit his literary tastes, and for several years he studied philosophy and theology at Edinburgh and Glasgow, entering the Presbyterian ministry and being ordained at Ruthwell in 1799.



A MODERN DEVELOPMENT OF THE SAVINGS-BANK.

STREET SCENE OF WORK IN THE PRINCE ALBERT, WHICH IS TODAY ESTABLISHED IN MANY PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

There were very different in those days from what they are to-day, even in the most degraded parts of the country. It was the dark period following the French Revolution, when English credit was low. Even the great Bank of England had suspended cash payments.

Food was at famine prices. Money was scarce, and it took over one hundred dollars to open a regular account at a bank. If a man was fortunate enough to have less than that in a lump, it was usually squandered. Ruthwell was a hard parish, one of the hardest in Scotland, with few well-to-do people and no profitable industries. Moreover, it was disgraced, for the country folk lived in constant terror of the presbyter. Rumour was widespread. Never was the country at a lower ebb.

So the young minister set out to find a remedy that would be as good as spiritual. In 1805 a Parents' Society for men had been started at Ruthwell, and another for women later. These societies had been successful up all over. They were good so far as they went in caring for accident, sickness and death, but they were not as yet on

a businesslike basis. They taught industry, not thrift.

There had, however, been banks of deposit and savings of a kind before in England, but none had yet been placed on a permanent, scientific, self-sustaining basis. DeFoe has proposed a sort of "savings bank," Jeremy Bentham had suggested "frugality banks," and even the pessimistic Malthus had seen the only ray of hope for the working classes in somewhat the same idea.

In 1797 Rev. Joseph Smith, of Wendover, had offered to take care of savings during the summer and repay them at Christmas with a bounty of one-third added, and Mrs. Penelope Wakefield, at Tottenham High Cross, had tried a savings scheme in connection with a friendly society. In Germany the idea was taking root in the sparkassen, and in France in the caisses d'épargne. Still, historians do not dispute the claim that Dueran was really the first to succeed with a truly modern savings-bank.

Dueran stands out, therefore, as the founder of finance in the origin and organization of self-supporting savings-banks—the real father of the institution. He had already started and was editing



the *Dumfries Courier*, and in his paper he explained and explicated his idea of a savings-bank. Finally, the bank was founded in 1810, and during the first four years deposits slowly increased from \$755 to \$269, to \$1,205 and \$4,619. In the last year, 1815, largely by Dumfries' efforts, the Edinburgh Savings Bank, now one of the largest and most thriving of these banks, was founded. In 1816, the London Savings Bank was opened, and by 1817 savings-banks had become so numerous as to be the subject of legislation and regulation by Parliament.

In 1816, also, the idea was transplanted to America, and the first savings-banks were opened in Boston and Philadelphia. Their progress had been continuous since then. The little bank of Rutwell has become world-wide in its power. In some respects it may be said truly that Rutwell did more to change the world's history than the great Napoleon, whom his parishioners so feared.

The first savings-bank at Rutwell had some curious rates. It received for deposit anything over six pence—probably the origin of the "sixpenny savings-bank" idea. No sum of less than a

pound drew interest, and if less than four shillings were added per year a penalty of one shilling was exacted.

Interest was given at five per cent., though it was only four if withdrawals became too large. A week's notice was necessary to make a withdrawal, and if the depositors did not attend the annual meeting in July they were fined sixpence.

The bank was a success from the start, and so numerous were the inquiries as to its methods that only at great sacrifice of time and money could Dr. Duncan keep up with his correspondence. He used his newspaper to spread his views, and after his idea was established he devoted himself to making his money a model farm, which is still shown. He wrote many books and was a keen curler and author of a great Scotch curling song. Later he was moderator of the General Assembly and, when the split in the church came, resigned his seat with the Free Church. He died suddenly in 1844 while conducting a prayer-meeting. Carlyle paid him the highest praise when he wrote: "The kindest and amiablest of men, in those young years the one cultivated man whom I could feel myself permitted to call friend as well."

## The Strength of Our Weaknesses

Pride, vanity and conceit are all conceded weaknesses of character, and yet they give an outward appearance of strength to a man. Moralists condemn them, but they serve us at times for our own good. To illustrate this, a writer in *Harper's Weekly* refers to the experience of Ponce de Leon, the famous Spanish general of the middle ages.

De Leon was commander of an important fortress on the border-line between Christian and Moor. One night, after a heavy rain, the foundation gave way, and a part of the outer battlement suddenly crumbled and fell. When the startled soldiers and their gallant captain took account of the mishap it was grave indeed, though not, as at first supposed, either an earthquake or a fence onslaught by the Moors. But how prevent these vigilant and eager fol-

low from discovering the defenseless plight of the garrison? De Leon, fertile in contrivance as he was, was invincible in the field, so that thought of a device by which to deceive the enemy. He had a piece of cloth painted to represent a wall, and then ordered it to be stretched across the yawning chasm, through which, he thought, he knew the Moors might easily have entered. The workmen, steady as hammers, toiled day and night to repair the breach. Meanwhile De Leon, at the head of his command, with flying banners and sounding trumpets and drums, marched and counter-marched, drilled and deployed, upon the narrow esplanade just outside the make-believe wall. And the Saracen warriors, all unconscious of the victory that nature had placed within their reach, eyed from afar the military manoeuvres of the indolent captain, and kept a respectful distance between themselves and what they deemed an impregnable fortress.

Applying this idea to practical life, the author gives some examples where weaknesses of character take the place of the painted cloth and protect a man from the enemies which would bear him down in the battle of life.

One evening, in a large city, a young medical student called upon a certain publisher and bookseller. It was long after visiting-hours, and from behind his big spectacles the publisher quietly eyed the eager-faced young man. His story was a simple and not uncommon one. He had just so much money, which must be made to go so far; but there was no margin left to purchase the necessary books. Some of these might be borrowed from obliging and not too studious comrades perhaps, but others he really ought to possess. Would the bookseller advance him these desired volumes, and take a note for the sum of their value? There was a brief pause. "Perhaps you didn't notice my card, sir," said the young man handsomely, drawing himself up. "I'm one of the Authors of South Carolina." "Did you ever hear of the Authors of South Carolina?" asked the publisher's sister, when later, he told her the incident. "Never," returned her brother, smiling, "but certainly he had, and it was his truth, his honor and manhood which were in question, not my social knowledge." Hard to tell, in this instance, whether the wall was real or pretended; but the bookseller knew instinctively what to trust. It only fairly pride. And to-day, in a flourishing Southern city, Dr. Author, no longer young, stands at the head of his profession. He tells the story of that kindly loan to his struggling youth, and hardly realizes how astutely true was the quick estimate of character that prompted it. But in dealing with the young, the immature, the weak, and the easily led, it is everything to understand the paradox of weakness, and to be able to turn it to account, not only for the safety of the individual, but for the good of the community as well.

Another story follows, also bearing on the same point.

One dismal afternoon, a bank president was surprised by a knock at the door of his private office. A young assistant cashier came in, whose people and belongings the president knew. The young fellow's face was pale, and his

whole look was harassed and anxious. After a moment of awkward silence, he blurted out: "I—I'm beginning to be afraid of myself. The change is tremendous, from that small country bank, where things are so different. The responsibilities are too great, the opportunities to go astray are—greater still! I don't know what has got into me, but it's like a temptation at my elbow to—go wrong, to try, just to see how easy it would be. And—I'm telling you." The president had wheeled round upon him, and was regarding him steadily. "You're lending your life too wholly and persistently along one line," he said quietly. "It's neither a trail of you nor for you. Your mind and thoughts are too closely concentrated upon your work, and they need to be diffused over a wider area of interests in order to enable them to work well, and with ease and vigor. At just this particular juncture. But you must let me help you out. Report to me every evening, no matter how late. That will give you pause, and tide you over the day, so you take but one day at a time, and not keep looking into a far and fearful future. And—I'm going to enter you at the Country Club—that's to be between you and me—and I want you to use it. You're getting yourself on your mind."

Wasn't he wise, this president, thus at a moment to recognize the paradox of weakness, the weakness that felt itself tempted, the strength that bore itself the temptation, and openly admitted it to itself and another? And was he not doubly wise then to turn it to account? He knew there was fine material in that young man, capacity and ability both; but he sensed peculiar help at just this time of his life and work. That president's charities were many, his public spirit was unquestioned, and such opportunities for good as came in his way seemed ample to fulfil. But he also knew that to stand face to face with a soul, and aid it at its most need, is a rare privilege, and he was making that privilege good. And he took no high ground. He did not, seemingly, admit the full significance of the moment. He did not further shake the young man's will by implying that there was a great moral strain; no, he dwelt, rather, upon a painted cloth of physical and mental monotony, in order to give the young fellow time to regain breath and grip and courage. Yes, it's a brain thing to be able to shake the courage out of ourselves, and for others, the strength of our weakness, and the weakness of our strength.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AT PARIS UNTIL HIS DEPARTURE NINE YEARS

## The Achievements of Old Age

A vindication of the place of the old man in the work of the world is to be found in the September *Strand*. The author of the article fancifully assumes that he is about to establish a periodical, to be known as "The Old Man," and to it he invites famous octogenarians and nonagenarians to contribute.

It was not so long ago that we were told that a man was useless after sixty,—that he was incapable of further

great achievement, and might, for all the good he could do in the world, just as well enter the lethal chamber. "Sixty is the age limit of usefulness," said Professor Osler, "a man has done his work at sixty, and is thereafter a negligible quantity." Could anything be more fantastic than this opinion nowadays? There is more than one public man who, like Lord Strathcona, if he had died at sixty, would have been absolutely unknown to fame. Lord Strathcona may be said to have begun his imperial renouveau at seventy-five. At ninety he is at his office daily at ten

o'clock, and after working diligently all day attends on an average three public banquets or dinner-parties a week, and is as often out in bed before 11 a.m. William de Morgan was sixty-five before he thought of writing novels. Professor Morgan was the same age before he thought of his colossal scheme of finance. Mr Chamberlain was sixty-five before he suggested tariff reform. Earl Roberts was nearly seventy when he was sent out to supersede the young generals and retrieve disaster in South Africa. "Had I died at threescore years and ten," said Gladstone, "fully half my life-work would have remained undone."

There is no fact more striking than the way modern life is pushing back the period of old age. Less than a century ago a man was old at forty. You have only to pick up Jane Austen's novels to find gentlemen of thirty-five described as middle-aged. At sixty they were gabbling in their dotage. And there is Mr. Pickwick—that dear, delightful, benevolent old gentleman of forty-five!—but seven years younger than Mr. George Alexander, and five years younger than that leading juvenile, Mr. Lewis Walker!

Fifty years ago, when a man reached the age of forty-five he grew a beard under his chin, bought himself a pair of drag gaiters and a white neckcloth, and spoke with anxious concern of the rising generation, whose manner were so different from those he had known as a "young man." Nowadays the popular notion of irrepensible, irrepensible youth is illustrated by Mr. Lloyd George, who is forty-seven. In our generation forty-seven is outwardly indistinguishable from twenty-seven, save in that the former has a slightly more youthful taint in his cheek and his waistcoat.

Some further examples of the deeds of old men in various walks of life are appended.

Lord Roberts, Britain's greatest general since Wellington—after forty years' service in India, had returned to England, apparently to spend his latter days in retirement. In his sixty-eighth year there came the news that the army sent to South Africa to punish the Boers had failed; that Buller had met humiliating defeat at Colenso, and that Roberts's only son was among the slain. At this critical juncture the veteran general was summoned once more to action, and speedily reversed the situation. Within a few weeks Kimberley was relieved and Cronje captured, and a few months later Roberts had

swept irresistibly over the void, scattering the enemy before him and occupying the capitals of both the Boer Republics.

The story is told of "Bobs" that while riding in company with General Buller, on the outskirts of Pretoria, they came upon a fairly high rail fence. "What about taking that fence?" asked Roberts.

"Although seven years younger than his chief, Buller replied—

"I am too old for that, sir." Whereupon Lord Roberts, setting spurs to his horse, cleared the fence as though he were the youngest huntsman in a field at home. It is to Buller's credit that he followed.

Of statesmen who became noted in their later years one famous instance is that of Benjamin Franklin, who was in his seventy-first year when he arrived in Paris as the first American Ambassador to the Court of France. He was



LORD ROBERTS

WHO UNDERTOOK HIS GREAT WORK, THE CONQUEST OF THE BOER AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-EIGHT



VICTOR HUGO

WHO WROTE HIS GREAT NOVEL, "HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME," AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-SEVEN

seventy-seven when he began to negotiate the treaty that secured American independence; Minister at Paris until his seventy-ninth year; and after his return to his own country, serving in various public capacities. France regarded fully that a man may be of use when he is past sixty.

Since Pitt, England has had no "boy Premier." The "Iron Duke" was Prime Minister at sixty-one, and held a Cabinet portfolio at seventy-seven. Of his thirteen successors to the present day,

all but three held office beyond sixty, all but five beyond seventy, and two—Walmston and Gladstone—beyond their eightieth year. Palmerston dying in harness, two days before his eighty-first birthday, and Gladstone retiring still vigorous, at eighty-four.

Carlyle, writing of Sir Charles James Napier, said: "A grey-eyed, fiery man—nose of a hero than any modern I have seen in a long time." Napier was brave to rashness, and inspired by an energy which ill brooded control. He was sixty when he took command of the British Army in India and conquered the province of Sind. In one fierce battle he hurled his force of two thousand men upon a native army of twenty thousand, and literally hewed them down, fighting himself in the forefront of the battle; for Napier was a General of the older type, assailing the enemy sword in hand. After the war was over he served as Governor of the province for several years, quelling the hill tribes and bringing order out of chaos. At sixty-six he was sent out once more to India to put down an insurrection of the Sikhs.

At seventy-six Victor Hugo completed his "Hunchback of Notre Dame." At the age of eighty-three, when death summoned him, he was working upon a tragedy with all the energy of youth. Herbert Spencer was sixty when he resolved to write a series of books covering the whole field of philosophy, life-habit and lack of means hampered his health and did not distract him from his self-appointed task. For upwards of forty years he ably maintained it. He died just before his death, in his eighty-fourth year. The only work he left unfinished was a volume of reminiscences, undertaken as a relaxation from his more arduous labors. Tolstoy is another distinguished example of mental fertility in old age.

## Bad Teeth vs. Good Health.

A serious article on the prevalence of disease and decay in teeth, with all its attendant ills, appears in *Perrault's Magazine*, from the pen of J. J. McCarthy, M.D. It makes the reader sit up and think, and, if it serves to direct greater attention to this matter, it will be doing a good service.

The first paragraph of the article is alarming. It refers, of course, to the United States.

There are in this country eight factories devoted to the manufacture of artificial teeth. Last year the manufacturers sold over 60,000,000 of these teeth and this year they expect to sell be-

tween 75,000,000 and 80,000,000; and every one of these teeth goes to replace a natural tooth which, if given proper care and attention, should last out of one's lifetime. Lucien months ago teeth are responsible for these conditions, but it is a fact fully established that less than 8 per cent. of the American people use a tooth brush or make any effort to keep their teeth and mouths clean in order to have good teeth, we must have sound teeth, yet we are permitting our teeth to decay at a pace that is alarming, which, if unchecked, will lead to a nation of broken-down, dyspeptic men and women.

After describing the coming of the teeth on children and pointing out the dangers of allowing infants to use so-called aids to teething, Dr. McCarthy refers to the habit of bolting food.

The great American habit, the "bolting of food," is one of the most serious conditions of our modern life. Dr. Gailer has said that the American nation could be divided into the classes, bolters and chewers, with the bolters leading by a large majority. Dr. H. C. Sexton of Shelbyville, Ind., at a recent meeting of the Indiana Dental Association, delivered an interesting address in which he deplored this habit, and advised that a national movement should be organized to be known as the "Chewing Movement." He said: "The education of the average man, woman and child has been sadly neglected. They have been taught to eat, but have not been taught to use their teeth. When we bolt our food we ignore one of the most important fermentations, pyrosis, in our saliva. It has much to do in the process of digestion. But the American habit is to spit, and Americans are the greatest spitters of the world. Between meals they will spit out the available saliva; then when they eat they wash down every unchewed bolus of food with copious draughts of water, coffee, or in summer iced tea. What a foolish, disgusting habit it is and more than foolish, more than disgusting, it is killing in its harmfulness. An habitual spitter at middle age will have the broken down digestive apparatus of an old man at seventy-five. Men who bolt their food, who spit their saliva out of business, are drug shop chasers and slow variables."

Dr. Henry C. Ferris, recording secretary of the New York State Dental Society, recently presented an illuminating report showing the effects of the bolting of food. Dr. Ferris addressed a letter to one hundred and fifty of the

prominent medical men of this country in which he asked them if they considered imperfect chewing and salivating of food an etiological factor in disease, and of the stomach and intestines, and, if so, what pathological conditions resulted from such neglect? Out of the hundred and fifty replies that Dr. Ferris received 95 per cent. of these physicians said that chewing of food was an important factor toward good health and that the bolting of food frequently caused cancer, catarrh of the stomach and gastric ulcers. If food is not thoroughly chewed and is permitted to reach the stomach in large lumps or masses, there is no question that it must require the soft lining of that organ, producing many of the cases of ulcer and catarrh that need careful and consistent medical attention.

It has been stated that fully 75 per cent. of the people of this country bolt their food. This habit is usually acquired during the early years of childhood and carried on during one's whole life. In many of the homes, the early morning hours are given to preparing the children for school. Very frequently they are permitted to sleep late and in the hurry and bustle to get them to school on time, the breakfast is bolted. These same conditions of hurried meals apply to the lunch hour and supper time. From day to day this is permitted, until the habit is firmly established, carried on to manhood, and then down through old age. We have a lesson every day of the bolting of food in the breakfast rooms of the cities and see these "bulletins" at work. Look down the long row of tables, see the rapid movement of the diners, and you will liken it to a unrelenting colic. For, for which prices are offered the better they gets through first. Many of these lunch rooms advertise how quickly you may be filled from their larder and take a pride in the number that can be served in a given time. The diners of their trade comes from people who want their eating over in a hurry. The average business man almost borrows the time given to eating; it is rarely a pleasure with him especially the lunch hour. Repeat and he goes at it as vigorously as now. I call it a perfunctory, nay, and fight the food to a finish. As he walks out he seems to say, "well, that thing is over." When his stomach, as all stomachs will when given such bad treatment, rebels and he becomes a chronic sufferer from indigestion, he wonders how it all happened. The doctor knows but the advice many times is too late, and if given is often less potent.



A CAREFUL EXAMINATION OF THE TEETH OF CHILDREN IN THE DEVOTION GRAMMAR SCHOOL, BROCKTON, MASS., IS MADE AT REGULAR INTERVALS

An explanation of just what disease of the teeth is and how it affects health is given.

The common cause of all our dental troubles is decay of the teeth, known technically as dental caries. It is a disease known to have existed for centuries. In the British Museum is a skull of a mummy dated 3500 B.C., showing evidences of well marked caries. Dr. L. M. Waugh, of Buffalo, quotes from Grimm's History of Dentistry, calls attention to a collection of Egyptian writings dating back to 1550 B.C., in which are mentioned a number of remedies for this disease. Decay or caries of the teeth is largely due to neglect or failure to keep the mouth and particularly the teeth properly cleaned. If food particles lodge between the teeth and are not removed, they eventually ferment. During this fermentation process the mouth bacteria acting on the carbohydrate food-stuffs produce acid fermentation. These acids dissolve the lime salts of the teeth, exposing the dentine to the action of microbes which rapidly destroy the tooth structure. It is the general supposition that teeth always decay from the outside, as a matter of fact, the change takes place from within outward, and goes on rapidly until there is quite a large cavity. Frequently toothache or extreme sensitivity to hot or cold food or drink are the first indications that decay has taken place. Sometimes there is no

pain at all and a chance examination discloses the cavity in the tooth.

These tooth-cavities are ideal incubators for all kinds of bacteria. Many of the pathogenic bacteria require heat and moisture for their development and the unclean mouth and teeth offer all these conditions. It is not uncommon to find the pus-producing organisms, the bacillus of diphtheria and tuberculosis, in these tooth cavities. Commenting on the danger through infection from tuberculosis through angles of teeth, Dr. W. R. Woodbury, of Boston, led this to say at the recent International Congress on Tuberculosis: "There is a growing conviction that tubercular bacilli pass through the gingival wall. There is every reason to think why the teeth and mouth should be given closest attention. They are not receiving proper consideration; they have never recovered it. One-fifth of the entire population are in this way becoming cancer victims of tuberculosis." It is not uncommon to find many children, particularly those of the delicate type, afflicted with enlarged glands of the neck. These glands are in nearly every instance of tubercular origin, and it is now supposed that the infection in the beginning is due to defective teeth. The bacilli finding lodgment in decayed or ulcerated tooth work their way into the circulation and find a home in these glands. Tuberculosis is another disease that is frequently traced to unclean mouths and teeth, and many authorities are of the opinion that a number of cases of dip-

theria and measles can be traced to the same sources. It is a fact well established that diseased mouths and teeth are responsible for diseases of the digestive organs. This is easily explained. The constant swellings of pus from diseased gums and teeth have many bacteria and these frequently set up irritations in the stomach and intestines. It has been estimated by careful nursing authorities that only two in a hundred persons suffering from indigestion have sound teeth.

The unhealthy mouths and teeth of children are not only a menace to their own health, but also to the health of teachers and the children who are compelled to sit with them in overcrowded and ill-ventilated school-rooms. In this day of modern education it is the aim to secure for school-rooms a system of ventilation as nearly perfect as possible, yet in many of these sanitary school-rooms there are children with unhealthy and disgusting mouths and teeth polluting the air with their offensive breath, thus endangering the health and lives of their companions. There is also another source of danger to children who exchange pencils and other school

necessaries, which after being in unclean mouths are placed in the mouths of innocent children, thus transmitting many infections to some unsuspecting child. The cases of dental disease are legion; not only among children, but among adults. It is estimated that only 8 per cent. of the people in this country take care of their teeth. The statistics so far obtainable, especially among the school children of this country, are alarming as well as sensational. An examination of 187,000 children in the public schools of New York City, shows that defective teeth exceed all other physical disorders, 69 per cent. of them having diseased teeth. Dr. Arthur Merritt of New York City, recently examined 560 school children who came to the dental clinic of the Children's Aid Society Industrial School, and found only fourteen of that number who had sound teeth; even those needed some dental attention. While there were found 2408 unsound teeth, Dr. Merritt's examination showed that \$251 could be saved by proper dentistry. Out of this large number of children, only 25 had ever received dental attention and then only for extraction.

## Untying Hymen's Knot

Some interesting statistics on the subject of divorce have been brought together by a contributor to the *Strand Magazine*. He has worked out the divorce rate for a number of countries and gives the result of his investigation as follows:

The distinction of having the highest national divorce rate belongs to Japan, America only following at a considerable distance. Switzerland, which has the highest rate of any European country, reported last year 33 divorces per 100,000 inhabitants, being only about three-sevenths of the number occurring in the United States.

A most significant tendency is the marked persistence of the increase in the divorce rate. The movement, although occasionally checked or retarded by commercial crises, periods of business depression, or other causes, has been almost without exception upward. In only four years, 1870, 1884, 1894, and 1902, was the divorce rate in the United States as a whole lower than it

was in the preceding year, while the rate was greater than in the preceding year in twenty-nine cases. The upward movement, moreover, although varying in intensity in different sections, has been general, not merely in America, but in Europe.

The professions in which divorces are of most frequent occurrence and the crucial period in married life are next referred to.

The statistics of every country clearly demonstrate that the stage is of all callings most favorable to divorce. Actors and professional showmen are at the head of the list of divorcing couples. After these come musicians and authors of music, and then—long intervals—commercial travelers. One would expect to see authors close at hand but they are far down the list. A divorced tailor is a great rarity, almost equal to a turkey as a divo. And fewer than three farmers are divorced for every seventy-three actors, a most striking instance of the influence

of rural occupation upon the emotions. And elegiacism, as, they should be, at the very bottom of the list.

And now we come to the critical period in the matrimonial career, when the gathering clouds may suddenly burst in fatal thunder. Sir Arthur Plessie has lately called this critical period "Mid-Chance," likening matrimony to the navigation of troubled waters. Nearly twenty-five per cent. of all divorces take place before the parties have been married a twelvemonth; while thirty-eight per cent. have been married two years. But the crucial time is when couples have been married four years, for there are more chances of separation thus than at any other period. From that point onward these chances fluctuate, until at ten years married the odds are the same as at two years. After ten years they diminish annually, until a point of comparative safety is reached, although there are instances of divorce after forty and even fifty years of married life.

In the writings of foreign statisticians attention has frequently been called

to the fact that suicide is apparently more prevalent among the divorced than among the single or married. Figures would seem to prove conclusively that in certain countries (Sweden, Belgium, Denmark, Prussia, Saxony, Switzerland, and Westenburg) suicide is more prevalent among the divorced than any other class.

Suicides per 100,000 population—		
	Single	Mar'd
Denmark	—	—
Sweden	—	—
Belgium	—	—
Prussia	—	—
Saxony	—	—
Switzerland	—	—
Westenburg	—	—

Obtaining a divorce is a more normal, everyday affair in America than it is in Europe, and resorted to by a more normal element of the population. It is true that there exists a theory that divorce and suicide are associated in each other as cause and effect, but that the apparent connection between them exhibited by the figures for European countries arises because in Europe both have their source in some abnormal condition. If such is the case, as divorce becomes more usual it will be accompanied by a decrease in the suicide rate shown for the divorced classes.

## The Conservation of the Individual

That the human body manufactures energy as it is required, is the theory of Dr. Newton, who contributes to the *Forum* an interesting article on this subject. Taking Weston's famous walk from San Francisco to New York in 105 days, as his text, he asks, whether the walker is a unique person or has he done something which others might do equally well.

The answers to these questions are really fraught with the most serious meaning for all mankind. If we say that Weston is possessed of innate and extraordinary power, and that no one could expect to equal his feats of endurance, we quite clearly lay the question, because not enough persons of his age have tried such experiments with their bodies as he has tried with his to afford conclusive answers to the questions we have just proposed.

It can be safely asserted that the average man has practically no conception of the bodily or mental capacity which he might individually develop by the

proper training. He only knows, or imagines that he knows, that certain habits and indulgences seem to injure him, and certain others seem to benefit him. These practices, however, are, generally speaking, only matters of habit. That a person is under any obligation so to order his life that he may develop a high degree of efficiency in the present and retain it in years to come, and that he may by this means prolong his years, increase his usefulness, seems to be a matter about which the average man knows little and cares less.

Although it is unfortunately true that in some respects we have not as yet been able to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the man in the street a complete series of rules by which he may regulate his life habits, still some notable experiments have been carried out from which much may be learned with regard to the endurance and capacity of the human body. Mr. Weston's long walk of about 3,800 miles in 75 walking days, or an average of about 46 miles a day, stands as probably the greatest walk in history. Were it not that the

evidence is irrefutable, that he actually did accomplish all that he asserts that he did, we might well doubt the truth of his claims.

Admitting, however, that these are well founded, certain questions at once confront us, e.g., whether it is possible for other men to do with their bodies what he had done with his, and whether there is reason to suppose that he can make good his boast that he will be able to walk upon his one hundredth birthday.

I have long been convinced that the well-trained human body is a dynamo or magnet which manufactures energy according to the demand, and does not, like a storage battery, contain a fixed quantity of stored up energy or power. A little reflection upon the great adaptability of the body to many varying conditions of existence tends strongly to confirm this view. It is well known that no other animal can exist under such a variety of climates and conditions, and upon such a diversity of foods, as the human body. It is not a well known, for example, that no other animal possesses the endurance and capacity for labor which man possesses. Yet it is inconceivable that any other animal than man could have performed Mr. Weston's task in the time he accomplished it. Whenever a horse's endurance has been tried against man's, the victory has seemed to lodge with the latter.

The average man's endurance of fatigue, like his endurance of heat and cold, fasting and feasting, great exertion and absolute rest, can be almost indefinitely increased. The only satisfying explanation of this phenomenon is the preponderating influence of his spiritual nature. Man can train his body to do his bidding to a degree hitherto considered impossible, and eventually far beyond the capacity of a brute. As a test of my theory in this regard, I determined to try an experiment upon myself. To restate the theory, it is that the body, when properly trained, manufactures the energy it needs as it expends it. Our energy is not stored up within us to be drawn off as a man draws water out of a cask, nor is our so-called vitality a fixed quantity. Great bodily strength, huge muscles and a deep chest do not necessarily indicate endurance, or a capacity for long sustained exertion. These attributes merely indicate the muscular and osseous foundations upon which an athlete's powers may be developed. Man trains himself to great physical or mental efficiency by practice and care. He succeeds in endurance tests largely by will power.

Dr. Newton holds that the dynamic quality, which we call endurance or energy can be developed and increased, in varying degrees, at any age of a man's life.

Anyone may do this to an extent hitherto considered impossible, if he be willing to pay the price. The latter includes a careful consideration and adjustment of the entire method of life down to its minutest details. No one expects good work from an automobile that is not most carefully looked after, the lubricating oil and the greasing fluid must be of the best quality and must be supplied in just the requisite amounts; the machinery must be carefully inspected at frequent intervals and the adjustment and bearing of every bolt and every nut must be right. Why should the human body, which is a far more complicated machine than an automobile, not receive the same careful and painstaking attention? In a discussion of the intake and excretion of food, the physiology of digestion and assimilation, the functions of the skin and the glands, the building up and waste of the body, would be out of place in this paper. The laboratories have taught us a great deal. They have not taught us the essential and fundamental truths that the founts of origin of human efficiency is an indomitable spirit which controls the body and uses it as an instrument, that the body develops energy as it spends it, and that training of the body is preparing it by exercise and by the utmost attention to food, drink, sleep, air, sunlight and bathing, so that it will develop, when called upon, the requisite quantity of energy.

The ordinary training for physical contests is merely an improvement in mechanism brought about by exercise, diet, massage, deep breathing, etc., so that assimilation and elimination are nicely balanced and extraordinarily large intakes of food can be assimilated and converted into energy as required. Good and careful training is simply bringing the body to that state of efficiency in which there are no stoppages or hitches in its machinery, when all the food ingested is assimilated and put to good use. As Parker has said, "training is simply another name for healthy and vigorous living." Instead of being looked upon as an ordeal to be endured for a few weeks or a few months for a special purpose, as our present athlete's contests are, it should be a habit of life. Mr. Weston's recent performance has proved that this state of bodily efficiency can be produced at an advanced age. In fact, it is entirely reasonable to assume

that with the acknowledged great adaptability and elasticity of our bodily functions, we can train ourselves to endure at any age. If a man of 72 instead of lying down and dying, as is generally expected of him, can perform a feat, never hitherto accomplished by any man, young or old, why cannot the average man so train his body as to make himself far more efficient, far longer lived and far happier than he now is?

Even if the price of this efficiency does seem a little high at first, the result is worth a thousand times more than the effort. No man or woman can be said to have ever truly lived who has not developed the body and learned to control it, and who has not experienced the satisfaction of the bodily and mental uplift thereby acquired. A great many people have learned by prayer and fasting to control their passions and emotions, yet very few have learned like Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Weston so to control their bodies that they can do at a comparatively advanced age much

more than they could accomplish as younger men.

While we compare our bodies to machines, they differ from mechanical contrivances in this important particular, that they are developed and perfected by use, and the more they are used in any manifestation of skill and endurance, the more perfectly adapted they become for that special work. Every teacher of instrumental music, every gymnast, billiard player and swimmer knows that the greatest skill in those pursuits is usually only acquired by those who take up in childhood, while the nerves that control co-ordination are growing, and are especially elastic. Yet the great truth, that the endurance of the body in exercises to which it is already well accustomed, like walking, can be indefinitely increased up to and beyond seventy years of age, is as generally forgotten. This physical excellence will be accompanied by a capacity for sustained intellectual effort and by a state of mental alertness and cheerfulness, unattainable by any other means.

And with a villa on the outskirts, and a quiet, simple, daily journey to town in the £160 automobile. On the other hand, the country farmer, with a machine so subtly devised that it can carry him on a visit to a neighbor forty miles away one evening, and carry his milk to a market forty miles in the other direction on the following morning, is coming more and more into the position that he can defy the "outcrops" and meet it with equal fighting weapons. The real fury of the American demand comes from the West. In Nebraska, we read, there is already an average of one machine to every 166 of the population. In Los Angeles, in California, the average is one in forty—the highest in the United States. Of every eight or ten families, one possesses a motor. There are those still who profess no enthusiasm for this achievement of human genius, who ask where is the gain in the real things that matter. Theodore denounced the excitement over the Atlantic cable, proclaiming that the only effect of it was to put into "the broad, fugging American ear" the news that "Princess Adelaide had got the tooth-ache." But to the majority these victories over Space and Time—which, at best, are hard, brutal, earth-bound goals—mark an epoch, not of criticism, but of rejoicing. What is today being achieved in Western America will tomorrow be achievable in all the waste, lonely spaces of the world—in Asia, Australia, the South American plains, the vast Siberian steppes. It means an enormous advance in the possibility of community, human fellowship, and the creative of civilization it means, undeniably, the rebirth of the Mediterranean world—wider, at least, for any conceivable

future time—into the caverns of dead bogeys. It means also—let us hope something more important than either—a reversing of that steady, slow drift of the rural populations into the cities, which a great writer nearly a hundred years ago branded as "the graveyards of civilization; a drift which in Europe was the cause of a cosmopolitan anxiety, and in new lands like Australia had become a menace." The "railway age" has lasted somewhat near a century; the "motor age" may fill up the century to come; after which aviation will probably make our resources over the automobile themselves look ridiculous, as a man will easily race on his monoplane from his back-garden to take dinner with a friend a hundred miles away, and return comfortably by midnight.

And in addition to this demand of the "farmer," there is, as we have said above, the demand of the suburban city. Mr. H. G. Wells, after picturing in the story of the "Shelper" the nightmare vision of the future town, a covered-in, artificially lighted human hive of millions, came, in his "Anticipations," to throw over such a prophecy of desolation. The new machines, traveling freely in all directions from the city's centre, and directed, not by some incredibly maddling board of British railway directors, but by the free caprice of each individual owner, were to scatter the city far and wide over the surrounding countryside. And a kind of shopping, social, and business centre was alone to remain, serving as the connecting link of radiating strands of lesser cities, manufacturing, villages, to which easy access was to be given by the new cheap mechanical traction.

## The Motor Rage and Its Good Effects

Maurice Low compares the present rage for the possession of automobiles in the United States to the gold boom in California and the discovery of the Pennsylvania oil fields. These three have been the great sensations in America. A writer in the *Nation* takes the automobile as his text and advances some reasons why the motor mania is a good thing and is going to have a good effect on society. But first he shows how the demand for cars has grown by leaps and bounds until to-day there is a car for every 160 persons in the United States.

The demand is from the middle class and more pronounced among the cities, and from the farmers of the vast spaces of the West. The demand of the Western farmer is entirely intelligible, and the conditions here not paralleled in Western Europe. The motor-car for the first time allows these, who are still in some sense pioneers, to triumph over space, and, in triumphing over space, to be also victorious over time. The railways—about which the Pennsylvania

age broke into poetry of doubtful quality, but undoubted sincerity—are seen here to be but the first clumsy attempts of a mechanical intelligence akin to its infancy. The trains, covered along those narrow, shining slips through thousands of miles of prairie and desert, could not stir one inch to left-hand or right. Thirty, fifty, a hundred miles from their origin, you were practically cut off from the mental stimulus of civilization on the one hand, the material access to markets on the other.

And the railways, again, specifically passed into the control of some corporation, with no kindness or compassion, who lured out the farmer into the wilderness and then milked him as dry as the ground landlord of the city. In the one case the increase in industry and business was stimulated off as rent; in the other, as freight. Today, the automobile, as a kind of cost fury, may be pictured as defying the operations of those two Titans of immensity on the one hand, is the town, the struggle for the particular piece of land at the center, flung upward into enormous land value because everyone wants to live there, is being lightened by the fact that "everyone" is coming to be satis-

## The Automobile's Effect on Other Industries

William Harley Porter is a writer with a thoughtful turn. He has been considering the influence which the automobile industry has had on other industries, and has collected information for an article, which is to be found in *Harper's Weekly*. First of all, there is the rubber industry, and here conditions are growing serious.

One year ago, if you were so inclined as to remark aloud that you needed more of the sort of tires of rubber salesman would soon be on your trail.

To-day an automobile manufacturer may pass the word that he is in the market for ten thousand sets and he will not be taken in. In fact, his rubber-selling friends would avoid meeting him if they decently could do so.

The tire market is on a friendship basis to-day. The manufacturer who has good connections with the retailer will be taken care of, if possible. But the rubber manufacturer is in hot water from both sides. He sees a diminishing supply with a never-ceasing increase. American money is paying for shiploads of rubber annually, but it does not go as far, seemingly, as the much smaller imports of two or three years ago.

And so the price of rubber soars. It is worth to-day, before the factory cleans it, car-bulb weight in solid silver. If an automobile owner were to get along with only two wheels on his machine it would be cheaper for him to use silver—had it the needed characteristics—because the silver market is fairly stable, but rubber is going higher.

To-day thirty-five per cent of the world's rubber goes into automobile tires. There are about thirty-five and forty factories in the United States devoted almost exclusively to tire-making, while the total number of rubber factories in the country in 1905 (latest available United States census statistics) was two hundred and twenty-four, with a capitalization at that time of \$46,297,531. Though the proportion making tires is small, many of them are busy with articles made necessary by the coming of the automobile.

In other directions the great growth of the automobile industry is being reflected in increased business for other industries.

Of really greater importance, in point of wages earned by workmen, is the influence of the automobile in iron and brass foundries—in creating, that is, entirely new business, thereby requiring great additions to the number of men employed.

It must be understood that the percentage of automobile manufacturing in the output of the foundry is very small in comparison with those that are assembled. Strictly speaking, of course, every automobile-maker must buy some parts, otherwise he would be obliged to manufacture his lamp lenses and rubber tires, and to smelt aluminum, run a steel-mill, a brass-foundry, carpet looms, an electrical-amusement establishment, a wood-working plant, an asbestos-cement mill, steel-belt, steel-rod, and steel-plate factories, a tannery, a paper-mill, and a few other odds and ends.

As a matter of fact, the great majority of forged-steel front axles meets on the assembling floor other parts which

have had their origin in nearly every part of the Union, to say nothing of from three to seven foreign lands.

Wood-working plants are getting some of the good things, too. Carriage men who are wise enough and smart enough to make good automobile bodies are making more money than they ever did in their lives before, and paying bigger pay-rolls. Even lumber-yards, which have never done any mill work, are turning out bodies.

In Cincinnati a wagon-maker was recently amazed and delighted to have dropped in his lap an order for 3,000 commercial truck bodies—a larger plant than ever came his way before. And the auto-truck, by the way, is only an industrial baby—but it is growing very rapidly.

The leather market is almost as much demoralized as the rubber trade. The tendency to higher prices is entirely natural and to be expected. Automobile makers, however, complain bitterly of the quality of leather they are getting, their specifications, they say, go for nothing. They take what they can get.

Have you thought of the quantity of glass that has been absorbed by automobile wind-shields? A very respectable quantity it is; enough to stiffen materially prices on the grades demanded. Fortunately the glass-supply can be increased almost at will in this country. It is just a question of hiring the available labor required and paying the wages. This country can stand a lot of that.

Tin-workers are getting their share, a very generous one, too. There are forty factories in the tin and granite ware business that have put in large departments to make automobile radiators, hoods, and fenders.

Umbrella-makers have increased their plants in order to make automobile tops. An Ohio umbrella-factory which for years had a national sale of advertising-umbrellas for delivery wagons, and was not swamped with orders at that, now makes automobiles and is employing several times its old number of men. Its community, a small one, appreciates the resultant prosperity. In Jackson, Michigan, there is another concern that will turn out this year 120,000 tops, and that is going perceptibly.

Speaking of 100,000 lots, a Milwaukee establishment is making that many pressed-steel frames for automobile bodies this year. Some factories would rather use wood for their car backs, but the automobile industry has helped to

destroy the visible supply of poplar. Hickory, for automobile spokes, is going rapidly, if not already virtually gone, so far as desirable grades are concerned. It is no wonder that a special sort of raw material goes rapidly, if it can be used for any of the purposes suitable for the insatiable automobile. When entire factories are now making one single article required by it, as is the case with a Michigan wood-working

plant which has been making nothing but steering-wheels for months.

Occasionally something turns up in this wonderful business to show that the law of compensation is not adding. A Cleveland factory, that was doing only fairly in the manufacture of curbs, combs, now finds that it cannot keep up with its orders for pressed steel for the automobile manufacturers. Fairwell, Horse; thrive welcome, Automobile.

## How Newcastle Utilizes Waste.

A striking example of the utilization of waste is furnished by the City of Newcastle, in England, where so many of the big ocean liners are built and from which great quantities of coal are shipped. It is pointed out by L. Lamprey in the *Technical World Magazine*, that the power used by the firm, which built the great Trans-Atlantic liner, Mauretania, was all derived from what would otherwise have been waste matter.

One of this company's generating stations is at an iron works on the river Tyne, where a tremendous amount of live steam is used in blast furnaces. For years this steam was allowed to blow off as exhaust, even though it contained an appreciable amount of energy. In devising methods for conserving the resources of the district, the power company set about to utilize the waste steam from these blast furnaces by transforming it into electric energy. So now, when the steam has done its work in the blast furnace, it is not turned loose to shower the passer-by, but is piped across the yard into a steam turbine, where it becomes electric power, to be used perhaps fifty or sixty miles away in some Tyneside shipyard.

This new utilization is of no inconsiderable value to the iron works. In fact, it is a help, for now the steam is condensed by the power company and returned to the iron works as water, where formerly it exhausted into the air and was not recoverable in any form. The iron works, therefore, not only makes a profit on the steam, but has its water bill reduced as well, and the power company, of course, makes a profit on its own use of the waste steam. Thus, this live steam used in

making the plates and ribs for the Mauretania, has become as valuable as those plates, and ribs themselves. And, it still passes on to do other work, and achieve other results quite as profitable as, though perhaps less spectacular than, the construction of a mammoth steamship.

In other cases—at collieries, for example—the waste gases in the manufacture of coke are captured and burned under boilers, creating steam which is turned into electricity. The utilization of these gases affects in no way the value of the coke, but it extracts enough energy, which formerly went to waste, to produce hundreds of thousands of horse-power to be used in the industries of the northeast counties. There is not a single shipyard on the river Tyne to-day which is not operated by electric power generated from waste heat. Every bit of mechanical power used in the construction of the Mauretania was created by forces which, ten years ago, were permitted to escape without any effort at utilization; every rivet was hammered by a force as inextinguishable and chaste under old conditions as the English Aflites and Oseil of the Arabian Nights.

The result on social and industrial conditions in Newcastle has been remarkable.

Newcastle has become the most cosmopolitan industrial city in the world. Instead of being simply a coal town, it has chemical works, shipyards, blast furnaces, rolling mills, machine shops, a dozen minor industries and the use of power in the most varied of the day-to-day man by the skilled mechanic. A town in which electricity is the motive power does not develop, nor use, the human being of the type of the man

with the box." In short, the utilization of waste power prevents the waste of human blood and bones and muscle in the old-time brutal fashion. Further than this, it tends to prevent the rolling up of a debt for the next generation to pay, in the shape of a crop of degenerates whose fathers and mothers were so overworked and underpaid as to raise children fit only to fill work-houses, hospitals and jails.

Thus it has come about that Newcastle has become a great industrial centre, and in becoming so, is using less coal in proportion to the power produced than is used anywhere else in the world, except perhaps under some of

the great waterpowers. Newcastle's industrial supremacy today is due to its utilization of waste. Millions of tons of coke are being shipped, just as before, but before that coke is shipped it gives up great quantities of energy to turn the busy wheels of factories, shipyards, railways, and the city's thousand industries.

All this advancement has gone on without affecting the district's chief exports—coal and coke. The toll taken by Newcastle's industries does not lessen the value of the exports—it merely increases the usefulness of England's too few natural resources.

## A Labor Union that Uses the Golden Rule

An article in praise of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which he claims has done more for its members than any other labor union, is contributed by C. F. Carter to the *Century Magazine*. It seems that the Brotherhood has adopted the Golden Rule as its fundamental principle.

While there may be workmen that earn a higher rate per hour while actually employed, the annual income of the average locomotive engineer is larger than that of any other man who works with his hands, though it may not always be commensurate with the service rendered. Moreover, the locomotive engineer holds his job for life or during good behavior. He can obtain leave of absence for any length of time, and, upon returning, begin exactly where he left off. This enviable position has been accomplished by means that, judged by accepted ideas of union methods, seem revolutionary.

On January 1, 1914, the Brotherhood had a membership of 64,392, embracing ninety per cent. of all locomotive engineers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. It had contracts governing rates of wages, hours, and conditions of service with one hundred and eighty-two railroad companies, including every system of importance on the continent. Rates and conditions specified in those

contracts govern the movements of every train that turns a wheel in North America, for non-members get the benefit of all that is gained by the brotherhood. No labor-union ever before achieved so much, because no other labor-union ever had the courage to expel members who violated a contract, or to revoke the charter of an entire subdivision for the same offence. Yet that is what the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers does. A notable instance was the revocation of the charter of the subdivision in New York City, and the summary expulsion of its 303 members, for violating their contract by participating in the strike called by another labor organization on the subway and elevated lines in 1903.

Not being omnipotent, the brotherhood sometimes makes an unsatisfactory contract; but in the eyes of its officers a bargain is a bargain, even if it is a bad one, and its terms are scrupulously fulfilled. Heeding Washington's admonition to beware of enticing alliances, the brotherhood will not allow a member to belong to any other labor organization, and it never engages in "sympathetic strikes." Being thus free to attend to its own affairs in its own way, and that way being always to concede, as well as insist on, a square deal, since 1888 the brotherhood has had no strike save a few trifling affairs involving only a few men. Yet, to quote the words of its grand chief engineer, "there



THE IMMEDIATE OFFICE BUILDING IN CLEVELAND ERECTED BY THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS

are eighty-five million people in this country that don't know we are on earth."

The membership, Mr. Carter points out, is made up of exceptional men. A long apprenticeship as a fireman is necessary and even the firemen are picked men, for they must pass certain physical tests, while the test for courage is no less severe.

Every other day, on an average, an engineer is killed on duty somewhere in the United States or Canada. To be exact, 384 locomotive engineers were killed on duty in the two years ending December 31, 1908. The average age of this devoted band was thirty-nine. They died in their prime, when life was sweetest, and when they were most useful to society. Often death comes so swiftly that they scarcely have a glimpse of the cause before they are hurried into eternity, as in the case of an engineer on

a limited train which was rushing through the night at seventy miles an hour when a negligent townsman threw a cross-over switch barely a hundred feet in front of him. In other cases they have time to realize what they are doing, yet lay their lives on the altar of duty with a calm deliberation that is sublime.

As to the Brotherhood's standard of morality, this is very high.

The character of the applicant must be vouched for by three members before he can be voted upon. Once elected, he must live up to the high character given him by his sponsors, conducting himself like "an officer and a gentleman," to borrow a military phrase that fits the case, or out he goes. There is never any question about the expulsion of a member who misbehaves, for if he is not expelled, the charter of the subdivision that harbors him is revoked. So the law



provides, and the laws of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers are inexorable. In the year 1909, thirty-six members were expelled for "unbecoming conduct." More than that, the fact of their expulsion and the reasons therefor were proclaimed to all the world in the official "Journal of the Brotherhood," which goes to every member, and has a general circulation as well. It is safe to say that no other union, club, or organization of any sort applies quite such heroic treatment to undesirable citizens.

One thing that the brotherhood most strenuously insists upon is that its members shall not drink. Thirty-five members were expelled for getting drunk in 1909, and their names were publicly proclaimed in the "Journal." The treatment does not stop here, by any means. The brotherhood will not risk the lives of its members and the general public by permitting a drinking man to run an engine. When a man has been duly convicted of drinking, and punished according to the laws of the order, the facts are laid before the proper authorities on the road that employs him, and his discharge is demanded. In one notable instance the engineer of a fast train got drunk during his lay-over and disgraced himself. He was tried, convicted, and

expelled, the management was informed, and the offender's discharge requested in regular form. But as the engineer had been a good man, the railroad company demurred, saying that he had not been drunk while on duty.

"But," said the brotherhood, "there is no telling when a man who gets drunk off duty may take a notion to get drunk on duty; and we do not intend to take any chances on having a drunken man passing through the country at sixty miles an hour endangering the lives of others. It is unfair both to the employees in your service and to our passengers."

The culprit was discharged. He can never be employed on a railroad again.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers a "deadbeat" is abhorrent. When a member refuses to pay his debts, he is summarily expelled.

A man may have a giant's strength, intrepid courage, and the most exemplary character; he may fire his allotted time and get his engine, yet still be ineligible for membership in the brotherhood. The fact that the master mechanic considers him fit to run an engine has no weight with this exclusive order. The newly promoted one must run an engine for a year as a practical demonstration of his skill and intelligence before his application can be considered. A traveling-card of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, therefore, is an unequalled guarantee that the possessor is a fully qualified engineer, who is also a self-respecting, law-abiding citizen.

In view of these facts, it is not at all surprising to find railroads sending to brotherhood headquarters wherever they require more engineers than can safely be obtained by promotion; nor is it strange to find that such requests often go begging because brotherhood men all have satisfactory jobs. Also it is easy to understand why some railroads, instead of disciplining offending engineers, prefer simply to report the facts to the brotherhood and leave the culprits to the stern justice of their fellow-members.

Towards non-members a tolerant spirit is shown. Those who do not recognize the advantages of membership in the order are not subjected to

ostracism, persecution or annoyance but are shown consideration and courtesy.

The Brotherhood is a great business organization and has a surplus.

Good management enabled the Brotherhood to dedicate its own building in May, 1910. It is a fireproof structure, twelve stories high, of white glazed tile, and cost \$1,250,000, and is probably the finest office building in Cleveland. Besides the offices of the brotherhood and an auditorium, seating 1,500, there is enough space available for rental to yield a net return of one hundred thousand dollars a year, which is to be devoted to the charitable work of the order.

This building is the materialization of a young engineer's day-dream. Years ago while running a freight engine across the Iowa prairie, he became possessed of the idea that it would be a fine thing for the brotherhood to own an office building, and devote the revenues therefrom to the support of crippled engineers and to the relief of the families of those who had been killed. The idea became a hobby. No one took him seriously at first, but this did not discourage the dreamer. At last came the opportunity to lay the plan before the biennial convention. It was rejected. At the next convention the building plan was proposed a second time, only to be again rejected. But when for the third time in six years he brought up the old familiar scheme, it was accepted unanimously for by this time the whole organization knew the dreamer, and had faith in him, for he was none other than Warren S. Stone, now Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

Common sense and common fairness have wrought wonders under the guidance of the leader to whom the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers owes

much. A born leader, he looks the part; for he is six feet tall and weighs 220 pounds, and is well proportioned. His features are regular, his hair and mustache are nearly white, his expression is that of inexhaustible good nature, earnestness, and sincerity, tempered by a dry humor without which such virtues sometimes pall. His voice is musical; but the pleasure of listening to him lies less in the manner than in the matter, for all he says is illustrated with sound common sense.

"My men believe in me because I never tell them anything that is not true," said he. "I never raise false hopes by promising them impossibilities, but always show them both sides of the shield. I always advise against unjust demands and fight for what is just. I believe in fair play for foe as well as for friend."

"Most labor troubles are the result of one of two things; misrepresentation or misunderstanding. Unfortunately, negotiations are sometimes entrusted to men who were never intended by nature for their mission, since they cannot discuss a question without losing their tempers. I have known of labor-men who, when placed on a committee to adjust wages or working conditions, reminded me of the man who beat his horse; he didn't hate the horse, he only wanted to show his authority. However, by no means all such men are members of labor unions."

"For such success as I have had there are two reasons: I control the men as the constitution provides, and we carry out our contracts. It may be laid down as a fundamental principle without which no labor organization can hope to exist, that it must carry out its contracts. No employer can be expected to live up to a contract that is not regarded as binding by the men."

From India comes this message:—

"If you would walk on water as on the unyielding ground;

"As if you would fly through the air, as birds fly;

"If you would have your eyes open to see the spirits;

"If you would have your ears opened to hear the divine messages;

"If you would see clearly into the hearts of men, perceiving the false to be false and the true to be true;

"If you would command the sky and the earth and the sea,

"Live on the highest planes of thought and be much alone."



W. S. STONE  
GRAND CHIEF OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF  
LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS



## The Publishers' Page

# An Easy Chair Trip to the Fair

A Great Exhibition Pictured by Pen and Camera for the Stay-at-Homes

By G. W. Brock

AFTER reading this number of *Busy Man's*, some one may ask, "But why devote so much space to the National Exhibition, which is now a thing of the past?" In view of the possibility of such a question, it may be opportune to explain our reason for adopting this policy. While the attendance at the Great Fair was huge and while many thousands of Canadians were present in person to view the exhibits, yet after all, the number of people who did not see the Exhibition was far greater. Among them may be numbered a great many readers of this magazine. To give them an opportunity to see pictures of the more prominent exhibits and to read about these displays, *Busy Man's* has arranged to publish in this number as many reproductions and descriptions as possible. It is, therefore, for the benefit of those who were unable to come to the Exhibition that this feature has been introduced into this number.

*Busy Man's* is making special arrangements for the publication of some of the brightest short stories of the day. For the November number, among others, we shall publish a clever story by Burton E. Stevenson, whose detective tales have been so popular in the United States. "Flaherty's Promotion" is its title and it tells how a New York police captain secured advancement in an unexpected way.

The advisability of publishing a serial story in *Busy Man's* is under consideration and an important announcement in this connection may be expected before long. It has been felt that such a feature would be appreciated by our readers, giving as it does a continuity to the various numbers and maintaining interest throughout the year.

The various competitions which we are conducting for the securing of new subscribers are all being well patronized and competitors seem to experience very little difficulty in getting together sufficient numbers of new subscribers. We would urge those who feel inclined to do a little canvassing for us to examine the various propositions contained in this number. In a short time now we expect to have our prospectus ready for the New Year and this will be found of considerable assistance when making calls on prospective subscribers.

Expressions of opinion regarding the magazine are always appreciated. It is a great help to any editor to know how his work is being received, and whether or not he is hitting on the most satisfactory policy. It is quite impossible for him to visit all his readers personally and get their views. Consequently, whenever a reader can contrive to communicate his opinions to the editor, a great service is done.

TIME was, and that not so long ago, when a reference to the success and growth of what used to be known as the Toronto Fair, was received with a shrug of the shoulders and perhaps a derisive word or two. Other cities were jealous of Toronto and its overgrown country fair.

But now that the Toronto Exhibition has demonstrated its permanency and its national scope, now that Toronto has taken its place as the second city of the Dominion, a different attitude is manifested by Canadians towards the big annual show. It is not looked upon now as something belonging to Toronto. It has taken on a national significance and every Canadian begins to feel that he has a share in it and that it is only by the chance of circumstance that the exhibition grounds lie within the limits of the city, on the shores of Lake Ontario.

It is because of the national scope of the Toronto Exhibition, because it draws to it people from all over the Dominion, that no apology is necessary for making a special feature of it in a magazine circulating in all parts of Canada. As a national publication, it is surely not inappropriate to feature a national exhibition.

This year's Exhibition demonstrated its popularity in more ways than one. Despite snatches of disheartening weather, the attendance exceeded that of all previous years, beating 1909 by 85,000 and 1908 by 200,000. This, in itself, was a triumph, proving that the place of the Exhibition in the national life has become so fixed that the mere accident of rain could not keep the public away.

Then again, the national character of the exhibits was a conclusive proof of the permanence of the Exhibition. All parts of the Dominion were represented, from the fruit farms of British Columbia and the prairies of the west to the factories of Ontario and Quebec and the forests and streams of the Provinces-down-by-the-Sea.

Progress is bound up in growth. The Exhibition must be better and better every year, if it is to maintain its position. Of this fact, the directors seem to be fully aware and so long as they proceed to improve grounds and buildings, to introduce more and more new features and to give visitors something fresh to interest them each year, they will undoubtedly see the Exhibition advance to a position that perhaps few can realize as yet.

There is considerable stir just now over the proposal to celebrate in 1914, in Toronto, the hundred years of peace between Great Britain and Canada on the one hand and United States on the other, and it is suggested that the grounds and buildings of the Canadian National Exhibition be utilized as the site for a World's Fair under the supervision of an International Commission representing the countries named.

It is claimed that from an historical standpoint the suggestion is a good one. For it was on the grounds on which the National Exhibition is annually held that one of the bloodiest engagements of the war of 1812-14 was fought. At the close of that struggle the capital of Upper Canada fell into the enemy's hands, and its public buildings were burned, an act that led to the historic justice meted out in the burning of the public buildings at Washington by a British squadron. The mingled dust of British soldiers, United Empire Loyal-

ists, and stout New England Republicans who fell at the battle of York rests to this day beneath the soil over which every year hundreds of thousands of pleasure-seekers walk unheeding. It is therefore sacred soil fit to teach the highest lessons of patriotism to those who may attend the Fair of a Century of Peace.

Busy Man's Magazine, ever on the alert for the things that mean information consistent with the name of our publication, had a special man at the Toronto National Exhibition. One of the stories he told us was so worth while that we decided to tell our readers about it.

One Friday afternoon with a humid barometer and a high temperature, he was busily endeavoring to reach the Lake Shore by the South exit of the Manufacturers Building, when at a booth just in front of the doorway, and fanned by the cooling breezes of the Lake, he beheld the striking exhibit of the American Multigraph Sales Company, which was surround-

ed by a crowd of business people, exhibiting virulent enthusiasms under the demonstrations of the Multigraph and Universal Folding Machine, by P. J. F. Baker, Canadian Division Manager of the Company, who, surrounded by a corps of busy assistants, advanced the claims of the machines. Our representative saw actual typewritten letters done with typewriter type, composed at the rate of a line a minute and written at six thousand an hour, also school examination papers, price lists and various other forms of typewritten work. He also saw office forms, that an expert printer would be proud to acknowledge as his effort, printed with real printers' ink, with electrotypes at the same speed, and was informed that the users, which included some of Canada's largest and most representative concerns had installed the equipment on a demonstration of a clear, net, actual saving of no mean amount.

Mr. Baker informed us that the largest rubber company in Canada is saving several thousand dollars per year by the use of the Multigraph and that his list of several hundred users numbered amongst others, Canada's largest departmental stores and numerous mail order, wholesale and bond houses, who wished to get real typewritten letters, price lists, office forms, letterheads, etc., in quantities at a saving of around 60 per cent. The proposition looked to be worth the consideration of every firm who was a believer in personal, unique, and direct advertising or who had office printing of any amount to do.

Leaving the Multigraph he led us to a folding machine now in use by many large concerns, which would reduce a sheet of 18 inches by 12 inches, or smaller, to any desired fold and which was then folding half a million run for a large departmental store. In the Universal Folder he demonstrated a power machine occupying small space, cam actuated, and gear-driven, that every patent medicine concern, large advertisers, depart-

mental stores or printers that has forms of this size to run, would hail as an assistant of no mean value, because the equipment meant the elimination of many assistants, and therefore more dollars in the yearly profit.

Mr. Baker, Canadian Manager of the Multigraph Company, which controls the Universal Folding Machine for Canada, and the money-saving Multigraph, is located at 129 Bay St., Toronto, and he tells us his method of selling the product is to show application and a net profit over the cost of the installation of the equipment in the first year's use. His method looks good to us, and to the people whose business would suggest this equipment we think the appliances well worth the looking into.

After which the scribe sauntered down to the edge of Lake Ontario and watched the evolutions of "Dixie," a motor boat of the record-breaking type with a 38 mile record and one of the best of its type seen on Lake Ontario.

#### ANCHOR MFG. CO.

Our readers who visited the Industrial Building at the Fair will, no doubt, recollect the beautiful exhibit of the Anchor Manufacturing Company, the well-known Toronto manufacturers of brass and iron bedsteads, springs, mattresses, cribs and Davenport. The display attracted a good deal of attention, especially seeing that it was the only exhibit of all brass beds on the grounds. The well-known "Anchor" standard of quality was very much in evidence, and from the remarks dropped by the visitors, it seemed as though the combination of beautiful designs, brilliant finish and perfect workmanship met with their entire commendation.

The Anchor Manufacturing Company made a special display at this year's Exhibition of their new line of "Anchor" Davenports. Several new and patented features have been included in the construction of the Davenport, and go far towards



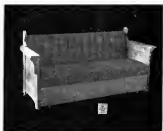
Where the Multigraph was demonstrated.

See you now the ad. in Busy Man's.

The advertiser would like to know where you saw the advertisement—tell him.

making it the best Davenport on the market to-day. For instance, the back of the Davenport is used only as a back, and it is, therefore, possible to

can be taken to pieces and set up again "just as easily as an iron bed," and just as simply. Anyone—even a child—can do this in a few minutes.



The Anchor Davenport.

keep it looking nice and neat. It stands to reason that if you use the back to lie upon, it will sooner or later get out of shape and look shabby. The Anchor Manufacturing Company

The all-important point, however, we have omitted to mention. There is absolutely no mechanism used in its construction, therefore, it cannot get out of order. You won't have to get



The Anchor Brass Bed.

have not only overcome this point, but realizing the difficulty of taking a Davenport up the stairway of a house "set up," they have so arranged the construction of the "Anchor" that it

a mechanic to adjust it when you want to use it.

There are several designs to choose from, and an ample range of coverings. One design is pictured on this page. If you are interested, drop them

It is to your advantage to mention Busy Man's.

a postal, and they will be glad to send you on a beautiful three-page catalogue, giving full descriptions of their various designs.

#### ONWARD MFG. COMPANY.

A thoroughly clean home is the pride of every woman, but the woman is deceiving herself who imagines that

It is easy to empty because the exclusive double-tank device separates and catches ninety-five per cent. of the dust in the bottom of the tank without screens, baffles, or water. It is easy to carry, being light, compact and perfectly balanced, and the screening device mentioned above makes it easy to pump.

Another article made by the Onward Mfg. Co., which came in for a considerable amount of attention, was the Onward Sliding Furniture Shoe, which is rapidly superseding the old-style wheel caster, because it does all that a caster will do without its defects. These shoes are made with glass base and Mott metal base, in all sizes and styles, suitable for all kinds of furniture and metal beds. They are easily attached, neat in appearance, move easier than a caster, perfectly noiseless, and do absolutely no damage to the most highly polished hardwood floor, nor destroy carpets.

Any readers interested in either the Vacuum Cleaner or the Onward Sliding Furniture Shoe should not fail to write to the Onward Manufacturing Company, Berlin, for booklets and prices.



Onward Sliding Shoe.

the old-style broom and duster can completely clean any carpet or piece of furniture. Brooms merely stir up the dust to settle again on every article in the house, at the same time forcing the fine dust into the fibre of your carpets and crevices of your furniture, there to remain to become alive with all kinds of vermin. Such a sweeping condemnation of old-time methods would carry but little weight where there no remedy at hand. The Onward Manufacturing Company, Berlin, Ont., who were demonstrating their Automatic Hand-power Vacuum Cleaner in the Manufacturers' Annex at the Exhibition, have certainly solved the problem of effective and rapid house-cleaning. The "Automatic" has a great air displacement, giving powerful suction and strong blow. Being built of malleable iron and steel it is very durable, yet light in weight.



Onward Vacuum Cleaner.

It is to your advantage to mention Busy Man's.

# REGAL MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

It is no easy matter from amongst the large number of excellent cars on the market at the present day to select the car that will give you the best service in smooth, continuous running, in durability, comfort and reliability. But a minute's inspection of the merits of the Regal automobile, shown in the Transportation Building by the Regal Motor Car Company, would convince even the most skeptical that here is a car which has few equals. The clearest evidence of the height of perfection which Regal construction has attained is evidenced by the fact that for two years only minor changes have been made, each successive season's outfit being a carefully revised addition of its predecessor.

The Regal "30," at \$1,450, is perhaps the most popular of this firm's cars, and has a wheel base of 110 inches, with sliding gear transmission, three-speed forward and one reverse, a cone-clutch and semi-elliptical springs.

The proprietors of the Regal car have long been convinced that the automobile has come to stay—that it is destined to play an important part and hold a permanent place in the economic life of the country—and it is on the lines of a car that will travel all roads in all weathers at a minimum cost of running and a maximum amount of comfort that the Regal cars have been built.

In manufacturing, results of the highest order are insured by up-to-date factory methods and organization, which has been infused by the thorough business ability of Mr. R. D. Aldrich, manager. All the important work is accomplished in the firm's own plant, under a most rigid system of inspection, and elaborate precautions make certain the accuracy of every part, and every manufacturing operation does its full and complete duty in the production of the easy-riding and powerful Regal "30."

The firm's plant at Walkerville is working at high pressure to meet the demand for Regals, sixty-five per cent.

of whose output has been to the farmers of the country. This speaks volumes for the Regal, for it means that the Regal has been selected because it so well withstands bad roads and hard usage.

For long distance endurance, the Regal is in a class by itself, having won more cups than any other car during the season of 1910. Regal popularity has so increased in Canada, that every Regal agent has contracted for the season 1911 three times the number of cars that he did for 1910.

In appearance the Regal car yields first place to no car on the market. The body is large and upholstered in genuine buffed leather, and its design renders it very easy, roomy and comfortable in riding.

"Accessibility," and in this respect the Regal meets every requirement.

We learn that further additions to the factory will enable the company to keep pace with the demand for Regal cars. A fully-illustrated and artistic descriptive booklet is issued by the company, and a copy will be mailed to any interested party or intending purchaser on application to the head office of the Regal Motor Car Co., Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

## TISDALE IRON STABLE FITTINGS,

Again occupying their old stand in the Process Building was the Tisdale Iron Stable Fittings Company, Limited. Their exhibit, as usual, attracted considerable notice and favorable



Interior of Sir M. M. Peirce's Stable, Toronto, fitted up by the Tisdale Iron Stable Fittings Co.

The motor is of the four-cycle, four-cylinder type, well-balanced and free from vibration at any speed.

A matter of importance to every owner, whether his car is taken care of by himself, chauffeur or garage, is

comment. The display embraced both full-sized box and open stalls, with every requisite in simplest and most carefully considered styles.

This booth has become the rendezvous of horsemen. They know that

Don't fail to mention *Busy Man's* when writing advertisers.



Exhibit of Regal Motor Car Co. of Canada, Limited.

When writing advertisers kindly mention *Busy Man's Magazine*.

here they can secure the latest ideas in stable outfitting. This year there was no diminution in the interest displayed by horsemen and lovers of the horse in inspecting the newest designs and latest ideas for the increased comfort and safety of their favorite animal.

Much of the credit for the success of the company is due to Mr. Harry G. Hammond, the general manager, whose varied and lengthy experience in the furnishing of stables has made him an authority in this line, and has caused his advice to be sought from Atlantic to Pacific by architects and private individuals who contemplate building or remodeling.

The name "Tisdale" has always been synonymous with "quality." The aim of the company is now, as it always has been, to give the highest measure of efficiency at prices that will agreeably compare with those of other standard makers. This policy has given the Tisdale Company a premier position in their line, a fact borne out by the knowledge that they have car-

ried off the exhibition prizes for some years past.

In all their designs sanitation is given first consideration. All stables are fitted out so as to carefully guard the health of the horse.

A notable feature was the large number of inquiries received from visiting Americans. The excellent Tisdale catalogue, showing model stables and giving a complete list of fittings, should be in the hands of every architect and horseman. This catalogue is a work of art and will be sent free on application to the Tisdale Iron Stable Fittings Company, 17 Temperance Street, Toronto.

#### W. D. BEATH & SON, LTD.

Every manufacturer and merchant realizes that the cost of handling goods in his factory or store amounts to a very considerable sum, but there are only a comparative few who are aware how this expense may be minimized.

In the Manufacturers' Annex the firm of W. D. Beath & Son, Ltd., had

erected a complete arrangement of their overhead carrying system and many were the enquiries made and economies passed on this wonderful labor and space saver.

The Standard carrier consists of a single overhead track, placed at any desired height above the floor, on which travel two trolleys, each having two grooved wheels. Suspended to these trolleys is the apparatus by attaching or bolting the goods to be carried, and a simple chain hoist raises the goods from the floor sufficiently to clear any desired obstacle. Especially in cases where heavy merchandise is being handled, the Beath carriers are wonderful savers. Although the goods could not be stocked by hand more than three feet above the floor, with the Beath carrier they can be placed with ease twelve feet or more high, thus giving four times the floor space before possible. The carrier can turn corners on a three-foot radius. In short, the Beath carrier will not only reduce the cost of handling goods to an extraordinary extent, but will increase the efficiency of your building in many ways. Special equipments designed to meet conditions. A very large installation has just been completed at A. Davis &

Frank H. Piew, Toronto, etc., etc., testify to the value of the carrier.

The firm also manufacture a patent steel keg, which they claim to be the ideal shipping package. It is remarkably strong, and is used by all the varnish, oil and chemical companies in Toronto, and among its users may be mentioned the Canadian Milk Products, Canadian Calcium Carbide Co., Bug Death Chemical Co., and others. One firm is taking two carloads each week.

Mention must also be made of the firm's system of concrete reinforcement, which produces a remarkably coherent, strong and fireproof building. The fact that Messrs. Beath & Son, Ltd., among other contracts, have concrete work in hand for seven schools in Toronto and four bridges in Brockville, will give some indication of how well known and appreciated is their system of reinforcement.

They will be pleased to send descriptive catalogue and full details to anyone enquiring at 193-195 Teraslay Street, Toronto, Ont.

#### DEATH & WATSON.

Of all modern business methods for obtaining publicity for merchandise,



The Beath Carrier System

Buy you saw the ad. in Busy Man's.



This electric flag, designed by Death & Watson, attracted much attention at the Fair.

Sons' tannery, Kingston, and numerous other satisfied users, including the Steel Company of Canada, Belleville,

either manufactured or handled, there are none more convincing, more lasting than the electric sign. No device

The advertiser would like to know where you saw his advertisement—tell him.

at once rivets and holds the attention and familiarizes the onlooker with the product advertised so rapidly and forcibly as the flashing and motion sign, and no firm has done more to popularize this twentieth century method of advertising than Death & Watson, of 23-25 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

An example of their work is shown on the previous page, a bright colored flag, with appropriate sign, placed above the Manufacturers' Building at this year's Exhibition. Another remarkable example was the flashing and motion publicity erected over the booth of the Toronto Electric Light Company, in the Industrial Building. The length of the frame of the flag is no less than 66 feet, and its height 36 feet, whilst the flag itself is 15 ft. by 30 ft., and the letters are 3 and 4 ft. high. No less than 115 lamps are used in producing the natural waving motion, which is extremely life-like, and reproduces the ripples noticeable in a gentle breeze with the short whipping effect at the end of the flag. It may be remarked that the flashers employed in this device were specially designed for the purpose.

The sign advertising the electric iron on the Toronto Electric Light Co.'s booth is 13 feet wide and 25 feet high, and contains about 650 lamps. The flat iron burns steadily, whilst the ellipse surrounding it revolves, the wreaths waving meanwhile. Rockets then shoot up on either side, bursting centrally into many-colored stars. The wording then appears and the rockets go out, leaving the words standing. This order is automatically repeated. This sign came in for a large amount of attention and favorable comment.

During the past six months many leading Canadian business houses have awakened to the value of the electric sign as a publicity medium, and pioneers of this industry, Death & Watson, have been simply deluged with orders.

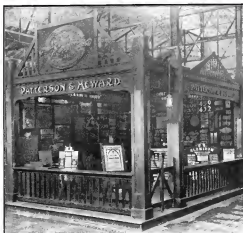
Amongst others in Toronto of recent erection may be mentioned, Wilson's Smokers' Sign, Adams Furni-

ture Co. (60 feet in length with 1,350 lamps, the largest panel sign in Canada), Pullan's Coats and Suits (20 feet high and 10 feet wide, with 630 lamps), Bredin's Bread, Ryries' (with a remarkable border effect), Fairweather's, Red Rose Tea, three for "Saturday Night," on Yonge, Adelaide and College Streets; Mogul Cigarettes, My Valet, Magic Baking Powder, and two other large signs for Sellers-Gough, in Montreal, and A. E. Rea & Co., in Ottawa. Death & Watson are open to submit suitable designs for any business and invite enquiries. Simply write their head office, 23-25 Jarvis St., Toronto, giving the line of business engaged in and they will submit, free of charge, designs which will prove profitable business-getters.

#### PATTERSON & HEWARD.

In the business world a smart, well-groomed appearance is deemed a considerable asset. The modern business man is careful that his stationery shall be of a quality to reflect his standing and stability. But the business sign—the most valuable kind of publicity obtainable—is often entirely overlooked. Nothing creates a better impression than a well-made brass sign on the entrance to your premises. Patterson & Heward, of King Street West, who were showing samples of their products in the Industrial Building at the recent Exhibition, have made a specialty of this line of work.

Patterson & Heward have manufactured a very large number of memorial brasses and monumental brasses, a style of lettering in which they are specialists. They are ready to quote for memorial or commemorative bronzes of every description. They also make wood printing stamps (brass cylinder press type), brands and embossing dies, machinery name plates, book stamps, tools and rolls, brass rule, small metal stamps for novelties, soap dies, etc. Photographic reproductions of work done, with



Display of Patterson & Heward Signs.

price, may be obtained by addressing the firm at 319 West King St., Toronto.

A new departure shown by this firm was their aluminum letters of various sizes, which fit into a holder in such a manner that any desired name can be made up very quickly. These letters have a black face, but white metal sides, black letters with white frosted ground, producing an extreme contrast that is most attractive. One of the chief recommendations of these letters is that they absolutely will not change color, and will last a lifetime.

#### THE DOMINION REGISTER COMPANY.

In these days of keen competition, the most successful business man is generally the man who has cut his expenses down to a minimum and has

eliminated loss from omissions to charge or other mistakes in his store system.

This is precisely what the McCaskey Account Register is doing for thousands of merchants. It is a perfect register of every business transaction made, and in addition it is an automatic collection, stops forgotten charges, abolishes the necessity of keeping a set of books, obviates disputes with customers, prevents errors and does away with night work.

A leading feature of the McCaskey is that every credit account is totalled and forwarded at last purchase and disputes and loss of trade are avoided because every customer has an exact copy of your charges. Every transaction is completed at the time it is made and the balance is brought forward with every purchase, showing the total to date. The greatest bene-

fit of this system is derived from the possibility of being able, at any time, and in a few minutes, to find the exact total of one's credit accounts, instead of the old-style, laborious method of balancing all accounts and taking out a trial balance.

A necessary part of the McCaskey system is the sales pads made by the firm, the favorite pad being the multiplex with which the carbon is on the back of every other sheet. The advantage of having no loose carbon sheets to handle is three-fold—time is saved, better copies are made and it is impossible not to make the necessary

times a bargain fiend or a haggling purchaser and the merchant has no hold on him. The charge customer on the other hand, simply 'phones, brings or sends his order and the whole family buy more because it is easy to do so. They remain permanent members of the business family, with the McCaskey, however, to limit their purchases and assist them to settlement with the merchant.

The McCaskey can be suited to every kind of business and will literally pay for itself in a very short time.

The Dominion Register Company, will send further particulars to any



The McCaskey Register

copy for your customer because there is no loose leaf to forget to insert. These sales slips or pads can be carried in the pocket, laid on the counter or taken out by the driver—in fact they can be used anywhere.

The great value of the McCaskey Register is that it has placed the doing of a credit business on a solid basis. Theoretically, a cash business is best for the merchant, but there are many points in favor of doing a credit trade if it can be done on the right lines. The cash buyer is some-

one interested, on application to their head office, corner of Spadina Avenue and Adelaide Street, Toronto.

#### STROMBERG-CARLSON TEL. COMPANY.

The world is not as large as it used to be. Improvements in the transportation systems and methods of communication have practically annihilated space. It is as easy to communicate to-day with a man in London as it was to reach a town one-

tenth of the distance a quarter of a century ago. The invention of the telephone put the commercial centres of the country at the finger-tips of the business man. A few years ago the telephone was considered the economical method of communication between towns or centres of population. Now, however, when time is an asset to be reckoned with, the business man realizes that a telephone system installed in his own office, in his warehouse or in his home, is an investment which yields mighty satisfactory dividends. The manager of the factory remembers well the many times he had to traverse the flat or ascend the stairs in order to get in touch with the head of a certain department. Many times the journeys were rendered useless, owing to the head of that department being in another quarter of the building. This meant a waste of time and energy.

The Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Company, Rochester, New York, whose display was to be seen in the Industrial Building, make a specialty of Inter-communicating Telephone Systems for hotels, offices, hospitals, factories, stores, public buildings and residences. Theirs is a

quality apparatus, designed to give improved, efficient service, at the same time possessing special features which make it the most economical.

With the Inter-communicating Telephone System installed, the executive has his departments at his finger-tips. Simply pressing a button establishes a connection between any two stations. A button is mounted on the set for each instrument connected with the system. Opposite each button is furnished a name-plate for designating the names or location of the instrument connected to the button. The same button is used for ringing the desired station, as well as making the connection. As long as you are pressing the button you are ringing the other instrument. Releasing the pressure restores the button to the talking position. This does away with necessity of an operator. There is no operating expense. The line is never "busy" and the entire equipment is available for use at all hours of day or night. The Inter-Communicating Telephone is so simple that anyone whether accustomed to using a telephone or not can operate it.

The telephone may be equipped for



Display of Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.

See you over the ad. in Day Man's.



local service only or additional apparatus can be supplied which will provide for outside telephone connection with the nearest independent operating exchange.

The improved form of the Stromberg-Carlson Inter-Communication Telephone System has made the work of installing a telephone system easy and economical. It is possible to design a telephone for Inter-Communication Systems that can be instantly connected to a circuit without having to remove or re-arrange any of the instrument's parts.

It is a recognized fact that in Inter-Communicating Telephone System is an essential in every business house, factory, and warehouse. The large number of leading houses which have installed the Stromberg-Carlson System is a mighty strong recommendation in its favor.

The number of hospitals, public buildings and private residences making use of the System testify to its value.

By sending a floor plan drawing of factory, office or residence showing the locations of the various stations and the approximate distance between them, the head office of the Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Company, Rochester, N.Y., will give you detailed estimate of what the entire equipment will cost. They will also give you convincing proof of the economies effected by their system.

George J. Beattie, 109 Victoria St., Toronto, is the Canadian representative of the Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Company.

#### NORTHERN ELECTRIC.

Among the many marvellous inventions of the last century, a Canadian holds the pride of place for having invented the telephone, the instrument which has done so much to advance the business of the country and to make the lives of pioneers and farmers more congenial. The utility

of the telephone is unquestioned, but the average man does not realize at what little cost he can have an efficient telephone service. When a special circumstance arises that something is wanted in a hurry, he does not have to go into town himself for it. Over the phone he can describe just what is wanted, make sure his dealer has it and send a boy for it. He has produce or stock of any kind to sell, he always stands to lose unless he is acquainted with the latest market stands and sell his goods at top prices.

Just think what the phone means when sickness arises—getting the doctor quickly often resulted in the saving of a valuable life. And when especially in outlying place, fire, violence or accidents happen, the settler can summon his neighbors to his help with the aid of the telephone.

Then again, what a boon the telephone is to the women folk. How their little social chats brighten the day and lighten labor, and in spite of the distance between homes, visits can be arranged, parties gotten up and other social and business intercourse carried on in a manner undreamt of by our forebears.

But the only way to get the right service is to get the right telephone—one that can be depended upon day in and day out—that will give you perfectly reliable service. A reliable telephone is of inestimable value, a poor telephone is worse than none.

Northern Electric apparatus and equipment is recognized the standard of efficiency. The Northern Electric and Manufacturing Co., Limited, manufacturers and suppliers of all apparatus and equipment used in the construction, operation and maintenance of telephone and power plants, demonstrated their various appliances in the Industrial Building at the recent Fair, and their staff of demonstrators were kept busy explaining to the visitors the advantages of a perfect telephone service.

The Northern Electric Company supply apparatus to 300 rural tele-

phone systems, to the Bell Telephone Company, and to the Manitoba, British Columbia and Nova Scotia Systems. They are also prepared to install inter-communicating systems for use in factories, warehouses, offices, etc.

An interesting exhibit at their stand was the first paper insulated power cable in Canada, and this attracted considerable attention.

The Northern Electric and Manufacturing Co., are also agents for the Wire and Cable Co. and exhibited some of the products of that company at the Fair.

In addition to telephone, the Company manufacture a fire alarm apparatus, and have installed the system so effectively in use in the City of Toronto.

They have also installed in Toronto the system of police patrol telephone boxes, the success of which has exceeded even the most sanguine expectations. The operating department, whilst physically consisting merely of a switchboard telephone and a number of paper ribbons that jump forward spasmodically bearing printed marks is possessed of an electric intelligence that has caught criminals in the act before they even looked for suspicion.

As an instance of its efficiency, the automobile of Mr. D. D. Mana, on the Kingston Road, has twice been stolen recently, but by getting in touch with the constables on beats all over the city the thieves were captured, in the first case, in less than one hour and in the second case, in three and a half hours.

The Northern Electric Co., maintain offices in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, and will gladly send particulars to any interested parties on request. Application for details should be sent to their nearest branch.

#### MADE IN CANADA STAMPS.

An exhibit that on account of its variety was interesting to almost every visitor was the combined dis-



Exhibit of Northern Electric Mfg. Co. Limited.

The advertiser would like to know where you saw his advertisement—tell him.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.



Exhibit at Hamilton Stamp and Stencil Works, Limited.

play of the Hamilton Stamp & Stencil Works, and Superior Mfg. Co., Limited.

Here there was something for every business whether it was name plates, brass signs, seals, stencils, stencil machines, steel dies, steel stamps, rubber stamps, etc. The display of the die sinker's and engraver's art was particularly good.

They also presented a splendid souvenir of "Canadian National Exhibition" in the form of a penny with the bust of King George on the face.

We take the liberty of suggesting that they present another souvenir of a similar character next year as many were disappointed in being unable to procure one on account of the supply running out.

An exhibit of this class is sure to give these enterprising firms an increased patronage among the many enquirers both on account of the high class work shown and the numerous

lines they manufacture, an idea which can be had from the cut of the exhibit which appears in this issue and *Busymen's Magazine* is always ready to give impetus to the business of these "Made in Canada" exhibitors.

#### THE TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM.

##### *Bicycles and Motor Bicycles in the Transportation Building!*

That exclamation might be excusable if used by the Exhibition visitor of years ago, but to-day the bicycle must be regarded as one of the most important factors in the solution of the most pressing problem in the development of Canada—the problem of transportation, the perfecting of means of communication in the cities and in the rural districts.

That part of the problem which concerns what may be called internal



Bicycle Display of Canada Motor and Cycle Co.

communication is of vital importance to the busy man—whether commercial or professional—from both a personal and a business point of view.

Street railways and radial lines serve only to emphasize the extent of the problem, and, even if they were thrice as complete and efficient, could only, so to speak, perform service in bulk.

The bicycle serves individual needs. It is as independent and self-dependent as a guerilla in warfare.

*The Bicycle Revived.*—The phenomenal rapidity of development in Canada, the inability of urban and radial lines to handle traffic adequately, and their limited scope, the necessity for a moderate-priced, personal means of transit, together with a general return to healthy, out-of-doors conditions of life, have brought about the bicycle revival. It is distinctly a case not merely of the survival, but the revival, of the fittest.

This season the bicycle business of the Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited, of Toronto, has been double that of last year, and even now there is scarcely an indication of a cessation of orders.

This enormous increase is the more impressive, and, so far as the com-

pany's products are concerned, significant, when it is stated that only high-grade wheels have been manufactured. Cheapness in construction has been consistently barred; protection of quality and reputation have been guiding principles, with the result mentioned.

The public demand for a necessary article of merit, and the meeting of that demand with such a high-class bicycle family as is represented by the Massey "Silver Ribbon," the "Cleveland," the "Perfect," and the "Bransford," constitute the outstanding features of the 1910 revival of bicycling.

*The C. C. M. Motor Bicycle.*—Until the present year the company has not seen its way to placing a motor cycle on the market. From its experience with the pedal bicycle as an easily-manipulated instrument of utility, it realized that there could never be any general demand for the heavy, cumbersome, noisy motor cycle, which, unused, of necessity, remains the plaything of the athlete. But the company was alive to the demand for a motor-driven bicycle that could be ridden by anyone, and, accordingly, purchased the Canadian rights of a light motor with a ten-year European reputation

and a popularity predominating over all other light motor cycle engines.

In its first season the C. C. M. motor bicycle has been a distinct success. Its exclusive features of lightness, quietness, cleanliness, and all-round practicability have appealed to the business man, the professional man, the minister, the city traveler, for whom it solves the problem of effecting quick, easy communication with a minimum expenditure of physical force and nervous energy.

The Skate Exhibit was unique in its excellence and range. The lightness characteristic of skates of the "Automobile" class should appeal to busy men who hold that "all work and no play" may have a dulling effect upon their business energy. In addition to its other activities, the production of high-grade skates with hitherto unknown features and designs, the company set a new standard in skate manufacturing, and advanced a step in the maintenance of Canadian supremacy in this line of industry.

#### DOHERTY PIANO EXHIBIT.

The accompanying illustration conveys some idea of the Doherty exhibit this year in the Manufacturers' Building, Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, in charge of the general manager, Mr. D. S. Cluff, of Clinton, and M. G. L. Stanwood, manager of the western branch, at 280 Hargrave St., Winnipeg.

The superb tone, touch and finish of the Doherty instruments have been obtained solely through the ability, experience and responsibility of the experts employed in their construction. Nothing which skill or care can suggest has been omitted in the manufacture of Doherty Pianos and Organs. They may indeed lay claim to the title of Canada's Best, so widely are they known and appreciated in thousands of Canadian homes from coast to coast. The Canadian National Exhibition would not be complete without this well-known firm's exhibit. This year the display was superior to

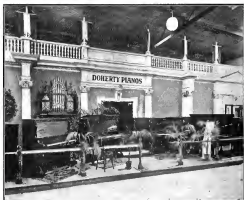


Exhibit of Doherty Pianos.

The advertiser would like to know where you saw his advertisement—tell him.

former years, being fully representative of the firm's immense line.

Considerable interest and admiration was evoked by the Doherty Player Pianos, occupying central positions in the stand. These instruments contain the famous Doherty Repeating Action, the best for imitating the touch of the world's greatest pianists. These instruments can be operated by persons unacquainted with music, with the most pleasing effects.

Pianos, Player Pianos and Church and Parlor Organs find full representation, made in elaborate or soberly plain styles, but all bearing that inimitable stamp of excellence and beauty making the Doherty instrument "A Joy Forever."

Over 60,000 Doherty instruments have been sold since the firm's inception in 1875. They are to be found delighting the ears of music lovers in every country throughout the civilized world.

Requests for catalogues or information addressed to the head office, Clin-

ton, or to the western branch office, Winnipeg, Man., will receive prompt attention.

#### MURRAY-KAY, LIMITED.

Even to the man with no pronounced artistic tastes, there is something restful and soothing in the atmosphere of a tastefully-furnished and decorated room, that appeals irresistibly to him. Though the majority of the large crowds who viewed the suite of rooms in the Manufacturers' Building, furnished as part of the exhibit of Murray-Kay, Limited, would be unable to say exactly what they were admiring, yet the harmonious blending of colors and the beauty of the furniture left an impression on the average visitor that was extremely pleasant.

A very handsome apartment, which doubtless caused many infractions of the tenth commandment, was the Jacobean dining-room, the decorations of which were copied from a chamber in Hampton Court Palace, England.



Murray-Kay Exhibit.

Don't fail to mention Busy Man's when writing advertisers.



Murray-Kay Exhibit.

These decorations, with the suitable furnishings, gave the visitor an impression of quiet dignity and refinement not easily forgotten. The tapestry-covered walls, the dark oak wood-work, and handsome tiled rug in soft illuminated green made a fitting background for furniture adapted from designs of the stately Elizabethan period.

The furniture included a sideboard of goodly length, and low of back, with quaint spiral supports and well-braced below, a dinner wagon cabinet and chairs, the latter covered in tapestry, matching the wall hangings. These were all built of oak, finished a rich nut-brown shade, and enriched with inlay of dark-colored woods.

The dining table called for special notice. It differed radically from the orthodox extension table in that it could be lengthened to provide additional space by pulling out leaves at each end, a clever contrivance credited to the inventive genius of some old-time work. A few beautiful engravings and artistic lighting fixtures completed one of the handsomest rooms ever shown at the Exhibition.

The drawing-room provided a very striking contrast to this, the period represented being that of Louis XV. Here a well-considered scheme has been carried out with charming effect. Wall hangings and window draperies of rose DuBarry silk, and a magnificent Sutherland rug, in tones of the same beautiful color, stand out in fine contrast to the doors and cornices in ivory enamel. It forms an effective setting for a suite of walnut furniture, exquisite in modelling and delicate in carving. The whole effect is one of lightness and grace, and with the other sections of the exhibit bears witness to the ample resources of the Murray-Kay establishment.

The large warehouses of the Murray-Kay Company, at 36-38 King St. West, are replete with a very extensive stock of carpets, rugs, furniture, draperies, wallpapers, pottery, etc.

The company invite enquiries, and are prepared to submit suggestions and prices in connection with the furnishing and decoration of residences, hotels, etc., in any part of Canada.

## R. S. WILLIAMS COMPANY.

In the rush and fret of modern business, any device or machine that will help to lighten labor and lessen expense is welcomed, provided, of course, it can make good. And it is



under this head that the Edison Business Phonograph comes to the aid of the business man, and does his work more expeditiously, just as effectively and with much less expenditure of mental and physical effort. It will positively cut the time occupied by the stenographer in two by allowing her to proceed with other work, whilst it permits the manager to answer his heavy mail by one reading. He can dictate in absolute seclusion, at any desired speed, free from interruption and with the conviction that his exact words will be recorded—no guessing at—and the labor or duty of correspondence ends there.

It is not surprising that many of our leading firms have realized the bene-



fits to be derived from the Edison Phonograph, and have installed one or more machines. Among their number may be mentioned the Massey-Harris Co. (10 machines), Canadian Bank of Commerce, Monarch Knitting Co., Dunnville, Ont.; Temple,

Patterson Co., Union Life Assurance Co., Imperial Bank, Toronto Daily Star, F. F. Dalley, Hamilton, Ont.; Toronto Type Foundry, International Varnish Co. Indirectly, a striking compliment to the utility of the Edison Business Phonograph was paid recently by Dr. Lemmasch, president of The Hague Tribunal, who said he considered it his duty to place on record the names of the reporters, amongst whom was Mr. N. R. Butcher,



er, representing Canada's interest, for the accuracy, intelligence and punctuality with which they had reported the case. Mr. Butcher used the Edison Business Phonograph throughout the case with the happiest results.

The R. S. Williams Company, of 143 Yonge St., will install the Edison Business Phonograph in any office to prove its merits. There is no obligation whatever incurred in this trial offer. Every business house should take advantage of it. The Edison will prove a money-saver.

In its own sphere the Edison Amusement Machine has made, and is still having, a big say in contributing to the education and amusement of the people. From the first crude efforts at human voice reproduction, a machine has at length been evolved



which renders in the most life-like manner any desired sounds, either vocal or instrumental.

The Edison Home Phonographs are made in sizes and styles to suit every pocket, and it seems probable that Mr. Edison's expressed wish to see a phonograph in every home may one day become an accomplished fact. The latest development of this machine, shown with the above-mentioned instruments in the Williams booth in the Manufacturers' Building, was the cabinet machine, a handsome piece of furniture, reproducing the higher-class performers without the necessity of the somewhat unsightly horn.

#### KINDEL BED COMPANY.

Amidst the hurry and bustle of modern business, the importance of sufficient nourishing sleep often is overlooked, and this absolute essential to the tired human organism seriously curtailed. How well did the Board of Avon realize its necessity, "Sleep that

knits up the raveled sleeve of care, chief nourisher of life's feast," there is nothing more conducive to refreshing and undisturbed slumber than the bed you lie on.

Modern life tends towards flat dwelling, and rents make the conservation of space necessary. Where a really good bed is desired, no other combination piece of furniture can approach the Kindel bed. At the recent Exhibition the Kindel kind of bed was demonstrated in the Industrial Building, and came in for a very large amount of attention and favorable comment. The Kindel bed seems to have completely supplanted the dangerous and unsightly folding bed, and, unlike ordinary davenport beds, one does not have to sleep on uncomfortable upholstery, but on a downy ticking-covered mattress. The Kindel Davenport beds are made with either steel or wood frames, the steel frames having detachable cushions and the wood frames being upholstered in de Laxe style.

The utility of the Kindel bed is un-

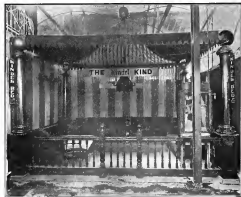
questioned—it is always ready to be changed from a perfect Davenport to a perfect bed without moving from the wall, and it can be readily taken apart for moving and readily set up again. It is so simple that a child can operate it, and there are no complicated parts to get out of order. It is upholstered and protected by cushions automatically reversible, bringing the mattress uppermost as a bed. The bedding is always in place, concealed from view during the day, but ready for use at night.

The acme of comfort is attained by users of the Kindel bed. The old saying that "A bed can be no better than its strings" has been fully realized in the case of the Kindel bed. Only the best oil-tempered steel wire Lond cone coil springs are used in its construction. You need the Kindel in your home; it is made in a variety

notwithstanding its unquestioned superiority. The office and factory of the Kindel Bed Company is situated at Clifford and Stanley Terrace, Toronto. An illustrated booklet fully describing this remarkable, yet simple, invention, will be mailed free on request.

#### THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

The annual visitor to the Fair cannot fail but be impressed by its rapid growth. Although additional space is added each year, yet it falls short of the demand. The increased demand is explained by the large number of new industries that are being established in this country. Older and well-established firms, too, are beginning to realize the publicity offered by the Fair.



Kindel Bed Co.

The advertiser would like to know where you saw his advertisement—tell him.



Exhibit of Kelsey Heating Systems

of styles and coverings to suit any taste or purse. Its economy is undoubted, for its costs no more than the antiquated Davenport, nor as much as the ordinary bed of equal grade,

The James Smart Manufacturing Company exhibited for the first time the Kelsey Systems of heating and ventilating. The first week was convincing proof to them of the wisdom

of this move. J. C. Thomson, manager of the publicity department of the company, who had charge of the well-arranged exhibit, was particularly well pleased with the results which the Fair was giving them.

The Kelsey System generates warm fresh air in separate currents through zig-zag heat tubes, which surround the fire and form the fire cylinder and combustion chamber. The heat tubes are in contact with and overhang the fire, and are heated on all sides by conduction, by radiation and by burning gases, all the heat being utilized. Each heat tube has eight square feet of heating surface and there are from six to eight in each heater, according to its size and capacity. This construction gives the Kelsey more than double the weight and heating surfaces of the ordinary furnace with same size grate. This means economy in fuel.

Almost everybody has realized the difficulty in heating rooms exposed to the wind. Many, no doubt, have declared it impossible. The Kelsey System has solved the difficulty.

It positively does heat any room, regardless of location. The Kelsey patented positive cap attachment, which is placed over two or more heat tubes, forms a direct connection with the room. This Kelsey is the sanitary system. It not only heats, but ventilates at the same time. The air, therefore, does not become stagnant and injurious.

This is an age when articles are purchased on merit solely. What better testimony can be given in favor of the Kelsey than the fact that over 37,000 have been sold since 1889. The sales increase through the recommendation of users. The purchaser who considers first cost only and who fails to investigate the merits of the different heaters, pays dearly in the end for his negligence.

The James Smart Manufacturing Company will mail free from their office at Brockville, Ont., their book.

"Opinions," giving the experiences of those who have installed the Kelsey system. It is well worth reading.

#### GENDRON MFG. CO.

Away out in sunny Vancouver there is a happy, healthy baby, who is the joy of his parents' hearts, and in the eastern gateway of this vast Dominion—Halifax—there is another baby equally healthy and equally happy. In the thousands of cities and towns scattered broadcast between these two widely-separated points there are thousands of laughing, crowing "prides" and "joys," because their comfort has been assured in the purchase of Gendron go-carts and baby carriages and cradles.

The Gendron Mfg. Co., whose exhibit was located in the Industrial Building, make a specialty of baby vehicles, and showed a varied range, which received a great deal of attention from visiting parents, who will, doubtless, look for the Gendron trade mark when next buying.

New features introduced by the company this year are leatherette hoods attached to sleighs for children, Artillery cars, painted grey, similar in color to color of gun wagons, with new handle for coasting purposes. The latter are built either with 3/8-in. rubber tire or iron tire.

In the line of rattan goods, the Gendron people are prepared to design chairs and other furniture for dens, living rooms, clubs, etc. They also manufacture a complete line of bathroom fixtures.

Another specialty of the Gendron Company is their invalid chairs and this firm's long experience, both in construction and design, has resulted in the production of rolling chairs and other invalid chairs, that are strong and comfortable for the human form and are proof against accident from breakdowns.

The Gendron Company are the old-established manufacturers in the Dominion of all classes of reed and rattan goods.

Their designers and large force of skilled reed workers enable them to turn out the very finest class of reed goods, and their facilities are unsurpassed for making all kinds of reed chairs and other reed goods.

The large variety of kindred goods made by the Gendron Company are fully described in catalogues as detailed below, and it would save time and unnecessary correspondence if any of our interested readers would ask for the catalogue they require by letter: Grade A—Baby Carriages, Go-carts and Carriers, B—Reed Furniture, C—Invalid Chairs, D—Velo-

so. The booth of the Supreme Heating Company, Welland, Ont., was second to none in the building, both in artistic appearance and from the interest shown by the visitors. The Supreme Range, manufactured by this company claims many points of superiority over the average range and John D. Meister, Vice-President and General Manager of the Company, ably demonstrated those claims to the thousands of visitors to the booth.

The Supreme Range is built to save money every hour it works. The manufacturers go farther and claim



Display of Gendron Goods

pedes, Tricycles, Express and Children's Wagons, Toy Barrows and Carts, Toy Carriers, etc., E—Doll Cabs, Doll Go-carts, F—Children's and Doll's Sleighs, G—Bathroom Fittings and Hardware Specialties.

A request for any of these catalogues to the office, Duchess Street, Toronto, will receive prompt attention.

#### SUPREME HEATING CO.

It is a tribute to the stove manufacturers to have a special building at the Fair devoted to that industry. The interest manifested by the visitors in heating and cooking apparatus warranted the management in doing

that it will cut the fuel bill in two. The construction of the range demonstrates the truth of this assertion.

The great feature in its construction is the patent device known as the secondary combustion tube. That's the fuel saver. By this the mono-oxidized or unburned gases are ignited and carried down under the oven, up the back of the oven, and across the top of it to the smokepipe, thereby making a complete circulation. Heated air carried up through the fire makes a perfect combustion on top of the fire as well as the bottom, adding intensely to the heat as well as the radiation.

In addition to this its large water reservoir, holding nine gallons, is so

located that the water can be brought to boiling point at the minimum expenditure of time and fuel.

In design, workmanship and construction the Supreme Range is the latest product of the stove makers' art. It embodies the correct idea of domestic heating.

The superiority of the Supreme Range is the result of the work of experts engaged in its manufacture, also of the thousands of dollars spent annually in experimenting and testing. The latest patents for Canada covering the Supreme Range were issued Aug. 9, 1910. The Supreme Heating Company, Welland, Ontario have agencies in all the leading centres of Canada. The company will be glad to give you the names of their agent in your district where you may examine the range for your-

betterment of the food products of the nation, and Wagstaffs, Limited, of Hamilton, whose artistic and convenient booth was situated in the centre of the Manufacturers' Building, were one of the first to realize the importance of purity in their manufactures. As the firm proclaims, their pure jams, jellies and sealed fruits, are prepared in copper kettles, boiled in silver pans and packed in gold-lined pails, whilst throughout the various processes the closest attention is given to sanitary conditions. Their premises in Hamilton is one of the most up-to-date and modern fruit-preserving plants in Canada. In short, the remarkable progress made by Wagstaffs is due to the fact that they have studied the health of the people. The firm have their own chemist, who tests everything coming into the



Exhibit of Supreme Heating Co.

self. They will at the same time send you, free of cost, their book, Supreme Features.

#### WAGSTAFFS, LIMITED.

The insistent demand for pure food-stuffs, now voiced in no uncertain manner by every section of the community, has resulted in the all-round

factory, all being registered that is not of the freshest and best. All fruits are tested for their acid properties and just the right proportion of sugar is added. By placing large orders with farmers with reputations for producing the best crops, the firm were able to obtain the pick of the year's berries, and Wagstaffs New Season Strawberry, Raspberry and

other jams should find a place on the tables of all particular folk, because they retain to a remarkable degree the natural flavor of the fruit. These goods

world for their many unique features. Some idea was gained of the wonderful organization, which produces a daily output of 375 registers, or one



Exhibit of Wagstaffs Limited

are obtainable from every reputable grocer and must be tried to be appreciated.

#### INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE EXHIBIT BY THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY.

An unusual degree of interest was shown in the exhibits made by the National Cash Register Company.

In its own building specially equipped for the purpose, alongside the Women's Building, illustrated lectures were given hourly, which virtually took the audience on a "Trip to Dayton" and through this company's model factories, famous all over the

every minute and a half, more than 97 per cent. of all the cash registers made and sold in the world.

The exhibit in the Manufacturers' Building was given up entirely to a display of the various styles of National Cash Registers, and the interesting literature describing them. The newest model exhibited was the Multiple Cash Register, which we illustrate. Like many of the best cash register improvements, this multiple drawer idea was suggested by a store-keeper, and perfected at an expense of thousands of dollars to meet the demand of merchants for a system which will fix responsibility and increase the efficiency of clerks.

The Multiple National Cash Regis-

ter is six registers in one. Separate adding devices and separate cash drawers are provided for each clerk. A clerk has access to his own drawer only. The individual drawers protect proprietor and clerk alike. They centre responsibility and enable storekeepers to locate and correct mistakes. They protect clerks from being unjustly suspected or charged with others' mistakes. The Multiple National Cash Register tells how many customers each clerk waited on, showing the number of Charges Received on Account and Paid Out transactions. Many other improvements have made this National soap-principle multiple drawer machine the king of systems, highest achievement of the cash registers art.

Progress has been the policy of this company from the beginning. A large corps of experienced agents, instructors and inventors is constantly studying the needs of merchants throughout the world and devising new systems to supply these needs. The company guarantees to furnish a better cash register for less money than any other house in the world. With its big Canadian plant, a 30 per cent. duty is saved Canadian merchants, and prices have further been reduced from \$70 to \$100 each through big savings in the cost of manufacture. The registers now manufactured are equipped with every known improvement and meet every requirement for all classes of stores, large or small, at prices as low as \$20.

#### STEEL TROUGH & MACHINE COMPANY.

Year by year conditions of life in small towns and the country and in all places not provided with drainage and water facilities are improving, because modern inventions have enabled these great questions to be dealt with satisfactorily outside the regular city service areas. Among these inventions the Rowe Sanitary Lavatory takes a prominent place. It is a per-

fect modern lavatory without plumbing expense, costs less than washstand, bowl and pitcher, and is infinitely more convenient. The Steel Trough & Machine Company, of Tweed, Ontario, makers of the Rowe Lavatory, showed a variety of their products in the Manufacturers' Annex, at the recent Exhibition. Their general utility and quality received considerable attention and favorable comment, especially from the country visitors. The "Rowe" consists of a rustless, galvanized iron tank, with plate mirror front, white porcelain basin, galvanized iron pedestal, enameled white inside and out, and nickel-plated brass fittings. There is nothing to break or rust, and it is perfectly sanitary. It can be placed anywhere without injury to walls or floors.

The "Rowe" makes running water a possibility in any place without plumbing connections. For use in hotel bedrooms it is unsurpassed. Mr. Conrout, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, Vancouver, is ordering a further ten "Rowes" writes: "I am very much pleased with the first shipment of ten. They are all that you represented them to be. They are certainly a very convenient article and add much to the appearance of a room." High praise, indeed. The company are prepared to send a "Rowe" Lavatory on 30 days' free trial, proof positive of the merit of the article they manufacture.

The Steel Trough & Machine Company also manufacture "Parkye" Sanitary Chemical Closets, which have successfully fulfilled every requirement in schools and other public buildings, as well as private residences. The "Parkye" is perfectly odorless, easily fitted and so inexpensive that it may be installed into the humblest home.

With the "Rowe" Lavatory, the "Parkye" Closet and a special steel enameled bath tub that this company make, a bathroom can be fitted up at a very low figure. A postal will bring a free booklet to every inquirer.

Don't fail to mention Busy Man's when writing advertisers.



Exhibit of Steel Trough and Machine Co., Limited.

#### AN IDEAL TOWN FOR FACTORY LOCATION.

There is a town in western Ontario whose enterprise would put to shame many Canadian cities. That town is Harriston. Anyone watching its remarkable growth cannot but be impressed.

Month after month new industries are established, and a scrutiny of the present list of manufacturing establishments located there, impresses one with the fact that Harriston must have real merit to persuade these leading houses to locate there. Harriston is literally smothered in the breast of the richest farm country in western Ontario. It has ideal shipping facilities. Fifteen passenger trains daily, with ten freight deliveries, give it a direct connection with the leading towns in Canada and the United States. Unlike many inland towns, they are favored with both G. T. R. and C. P. R. railways, thereby getting excellent freight service. Having two railroads

is a very important point to consider when establishing an industry. It was noticeable during the recent G. T. R. strike, when many large industries which could ship only by one railroad had to close down, the Harriston industries were not affected, in fact, were busier than ever.

These are the conditions that make Harriston attractive to business men. A merchant or manufacturer in Harriston does not fret about opportunities. He has certainties. Capital and labor alike find ideal conditions there. An enterprising council is seeking to make the town more attractive. It does not aim at selling town lots or factory sites, but to make conditions perfect for business interests and industries, which are operating there.

The telephone service is of the best, the town having, in addition to the Bell Telephone Co., the Hinto Rural Telephone Co., with an all-night service on each.

A few of the industries already located there are given herewith: The

See you see the ad. in Busy Man's.



Davies Packing Co., Limited, Harrison Stove Co., Gunns Limited, P. B. Wallace & Son, Harrison Casket Co., J. E. Merriam & Son, manufacturers of woodenware, John Howe's sawmill and electric light plant, Hastic Carriage Works, the Harrison Planing Mills, Harrison Furniture Co.

The secretary of the Harrison Board of Trade will gladly give further information concerning the inducements which this town offers.

The Harrison Stove Co. is one of the leading industries of the town. They had a very attractive exhibit at the National Exhibition. A complete line of Royal Stoves and Ranges were shown. The most striking feature of the stove business during the past two years has been the decidedly growing preference for cooking stoves and ranges of a plain, sanitary finish and substantial construction. The Royal ranges are remarkable for their durability and the satisfaction given every purchaser. The flue construction of a range is often overlooked by dealer and buyer, when, as a matter of fact, it is entitled to the most careful consid-

eration, for upon the even and effective distribution of heat depends the baking efficiency and fuel economy of the range.

The Royal flue construction has four distinct advantages. By reason of heating five sides of the oven, instead of four, it gives an even temperature in every part of the oven, insuring perfect baking on the oven rack and over bottom at the same time. Heat is carried direct from fire box over the oven top in one solid sheet, so that all six holes in cast top can be utilized for cooking. It is less liable to become choked up with soot than the old-style, half-size flue constructions, and it is at all times easier to clean out. By even distribution of heat it insures maximum fuel economy and quick baking. The back flue is one large flue. It is not divided by a centre strip.

Leading hardware merchants in every town handle the Royal Ranges. Descriptive literature concerning the ranges will be gladly sent on request by the Harrison Stove Co., Limited, Harrison, Ontario.



Display of Royal Ranges.

The advertiser would like to know where you saw his advertisement—tell him.



Exhibit of Ruby Rub Metal Polish.

#### J. A. FRENCH & CO., LTD.

Comfortably ensconced in a roomy tent near the grand stand was to be found the exhibit of J. A. French & Company, the manufacturers of the famous "Ruby Rub Metal Polish." This polish not only beautifies all metals and glassware, but it preserves them from rust and corrosion. It will not scratch the most delicate surface and will not evaporate, nor will it stain leather, wood, stone, metal or glass. Ruby Rub will polish everything from a gold watch to a tin pan and will give a brilliant, lasting polish, unequalled by any other metal polish.

This enterprising firm were also showing their Glisten piano polish, which, for rejuvenating all kinds of woodwork and giving it a new lease of life, stands alone. Glisten takes off the dirt, wipes out the stains and finger marks and puts on a rich, smooth finish. Glisten will be found to dry rapidly and will not leave any stickiness.

A line also exhibited by this firm

which attracted considerable attention from the farmers, was Naphtho-Germ Disinfectant and Sheep Dip. Naphtho has thoroughly proved its efficiency, not only in ridding all kinds of stock of the insects, vermin and germs which infect them, but it also has been very successfully used for spraying fruit and other trees. Should any reader find any difficulty in obtaining a supply of these "Made in Canada" specialties, a postal addressed to J. A. French & Company, Ltd., 14 Teraulay Street, Toronto, will receive immediate attention.

#### DOWN DRAFT FURNACE CO.

Situated in the Stove Building in a prominent position was the exhibit of the Down Draft Furnace Co., Ltd., of Galt—a firm of national fame, owing to the excellence of its products. They exhibited this year an entirely new stove, to which the name of "Art Banner" has been given.

Among the hundreds of stoves on exhibition it was extremely difficult

It is so your advertising to mention Busy Man's.



The Art Banner Range, Manufactured by The Down Draft Furnace Co.

to find one to surpass the "Art Banner" in point of quiet, artistic design and finish. The "Art Banner" is the

height of stove architecture, and no detail has been omitted that could in any way tend to improvement in convenience, ease in keeping clean, freedom from repairs and perfect cooking.

The "Art Banner" is as perfect in material, workmanship and finish as human skill and care can make it.

In addition, this firm manufacture the Down Draft Furnace, which has been well and truly tried and found to be one of the most efficient warming furnaces on the market.

The Down Draft Furnace Company are authorities on the heating systems. They will gladly give anyone who anticipates installing heating systems of any kind the value of their years of experience. A letter to their head office at Galt, Ontario, will solve the heating problem for you.

#### CLARE BROS.' EXHIBIT.

Many householders have learned by bitter experience what it means to buy the wrong range, because it is

impossible to tell what it is going to cost before you are through with it. The cost in health and time, its waste of food and fuel, these are not included in the first cost, and every day that the wrong range is kept in the kitchen you are further adding to its cost.

Among the many excellent exhibits in the 1910 Fair, that of Clare Bros. & Company, Limited, Preston, Ont., and Winnipeg, deserves special mention for their display of Peerless Peninsular Ranges, "the right range," as they so aptly term it.

Every feature in modern stove construction which makes for efficiency and economy appears to have been embodied in the Peerless Peninsular Range. It is, moreover, exceptionally handsome in appearance and design. It may be described as the range which saves where others waste, which bakes to perfection, which roasts to a turn, boils perfectly, saves fuel, saves time, and saves labor and health. The Peerless Peninsular is a proposition that holds many points of interest for every householder. A delightfully chatty and instructive booklet, descriptive of the virtues and features of the Peerless Peninsular Range, will be sent by Clare Bros. & Co., Preston, Ont. The reader is invited to call at his hardware dealer and inspect for himself the many points of merit of the Peerless Peninsular Range.

#### MOTORSUNDRIES EXHIBIT.

With the perfecting of the internal combustion engine and the accompanying development in existing methods of locomotion by land, water and air, a large demand has sprung up in the sundries and accessories incidental to the successful running of motors, boats and yachts, and among those who are specializing in these lines, a leading place has been taken by two enterprising Torontonians, Messrs. Codd and Hunt, of Motorsundries, 43 Victoria St., Toronto.

In the centre of the Manufacturers'

Annex, Motorsundries showed a full line of sundries for motor boats, automobiles, electric lighting and power supplies. The interest taken in these goods by the majority of 'gasoline-users' bore good fruit in the volume of sales effected.

Motorsundries also feature non-carbon oil, specially recommended and compounded for use in cylinders, crank cases and transmissions. This product certainly interested many who had experienced trouble with other oils.

The firm has also most successfully introduced the Peter Pan 11, a steel motor boat that in point of finish, design, utility, capacity, safety and cost will be very hard to beat. It carries a 3½ h.p. "Detroit" Engine, speeds 10 miles an hour, and carries ten persons at a minimum cost for gasoline. A leading feature is that it cannot sink. The price is only \$255.00 f.o.b. Toronto. "Excello" Flame Arc Lamps, "Tate" Storage Batteries, "Almstead" Panel Boards, "Michigan" Steel Boats, "Chestnut" Power Canoes, "Woodworth" Improved Self-Adjusting Treads were all exhibited and had their good points duly demonstrated by those in charge.

The "Woodworth" tread, in particular, came in for the attention of hundreds of the visitors, its remarkable utility and safety being apparent. The "Woodworth" is guaranteed to give good results in every way and every motorist who desires insurance against skidding accidents and reduction of his tyre expense can do no better than order a set of "Woodworth" treads at once.

Mention must also be made of another of the firm's agencies, the Tate Bifunctional Accumulators, for ignition purposes and automobile lamps, were invented by Canadians, and have greater capacity for given weight, longer life, and higher efficiency than any others on the market. The plates

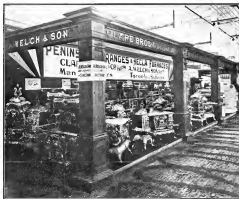


Exhibit of Peerless Ranges by Clare Bros. & Co.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

Don't fail to mention Busy Man's when writing advertisers.



Exhibit in Motor Accessories.

may be changed very rapidly. There is no sediment in the jars and no washing required.

#### JAMAICA TOBACCO COMPANY

The Horticultural Building is always of special interest to visitors at the Fair. Until they visit this section of the Exhibition, few Canadians fully realize the productiveness of Canadian farms. Here they are certain of seeing the best that Canada yields in farm products.

The Horticultural Hall this year was of double interest owing to the large exhibit from the West Indies. One of the wings of the building was devoted entirely to products of these islands. Those who had the good fortune to see this display at this year's fair could not fail but be impressed by the developments and resources of the West Indies.

A very interesting part of the exhibit was that of the Jamaica Tobacco Company, the largest company of its kind in the West Indies. The company is anxious to open up trade negotiations with Canada and took advantage of the National Fair to bring the products of their factory before the smokers of Canada, as well as the wholesalers and retailers in the tobacco trade. Mr. S. deLisser, President of the Jamaica Tobacco Company, was in attendance and was highly pleased with the outlook for tobacco in the Dominion. He is thoroughly convinced that Canadians will fully appreciate a high grade line of cigars.

One of their leading brands is the Golofina Cigar, one of the best selling high-grade cigars made in Jamaica. The fact that it obtained the Grand Prize at the Colonial Exhibition in London, in 1905, illustrates its superi-



Exhibit of Jamaica Tobacco Co.

ority over all other brands of cigars manufactured in the island. The Golofina is made in 24 distinct shapes with Jamaica fillers and Sumatra wrappers.

Another brand which the company are now featuring, and which is also of their own manufacture, is a specialty with a Jamaica shade-grown wrapper. This is a distinctly high-grade proposition. All the Jamaica wrappers and fillers are grown from Cuban seed, and as Jamaica is only eighty miles from Cuba, there is no reason in the world why the Jamaica Company should not produce quite as good quality cigars.

This company has a large well-equipped and most up-to-date cigar factory in Jamaica. They own the finest cultivated tobacco lands in Jamaica, at Colbeck, Norwood, Temple Hall and Halse Hall. They employ only up-to-date methods in curing grading and packing tobacco in the field. The smoker, therefore, is certain of securing uniform smoking cigars. The Jamaica Tobacco Company are desirous of getting

in touch with the retail and wholesale trade of Canada. They will be pleased to send samples to intending purchasers. Communications addressed to Jamaica Tobacco Company, 4 Princess St., Kingston, Jamaica, will receive immediate attention.

#### RADIANT ELECTRIC IRONS.

Civilization and refinement are not a matter of changing human desires so much as of changing the manner in which they are gratified. Everything which makes life daintier, and frees it from the gross, the clumsy and the disagreeable, raises the scale of living, and advances the human race. Nothing has gone farther toward this end than the employment of electrical energy in the home.

Among the many devices introduced in recent years, with the object of lightening housework, none have been so well received as the electric iron.

A careful scrutiny of the distinctive merits of the Radiant Electric Iron, on view in the Industrial Build-



Display of Radiant Irons.

ing this year, convinces us that the Radiant surpasses anything that has been offered in electric irons, not only in economy of operation, but in efficiency and durability they absolutely overcome every objection which has ever been made against the electric iron. The reasons are that the cost of operation is no greater than that of gas or other fuel, and that the heating element can be renewed by the user and may be installed without the slightest difficulty, also, that all heating elements will be renewed free of charge if they burn out within one year.

A very strong feature of the Radiant is that directly the iron has reached any desired heat, the connection may be removed and the ironing continued for some time with no further expense of electric current.

Back of every iron sold, the purchaser has an unqualified guarantee of perfection and the company is here to make it good. The fact that the

heating element is removable does away with all necessity of even returning the iron to the factory for repairs. The Radiant is becoming better known each day, and we feel confident that the day is not far distant when one of these irons will be found in every household. The Radiant Electric Mfg. Co., 33 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, will, upon receipt of \$5, forward the Radiant electric iron prepaid. If at the end of ten days you feel that you can do without it, the company will pay the expense of its return and refund purchase money.

#### THE ARCHER LIGHT, HEAT AND POWER COMPANY, LIMITED.

In the Industrial Building The Archer Light, Heat and Power Co., Limited, had a very interesting exhibit of their heaters and burners.

The Archer Boiler is constructed so as to use gas as well as coal for

fuel. The advantages of a furnace constructed as a self-feeder must be apparent to all interested when we consider the matter of only attending to it night and morning. Especially in these days when help is so scarce, this alone must commend it for general use. But again, how bitterly the housekeeper complains of the dirt and dust from the ashes of a coal furnace. When she realizes that this is done away with by using gas, and how easy it is to regulate the heat from zero weather to chilly days of early fall and late spring—when the advantage of gas as fuel is fully recognized. It is no wonder that a gas furnace is being asked for. To use it satisfactorily, a furnace must be so constructed as to use it in the most economical manner, and this is the case with the Archer Boiler. Do not be put off by other influence, but first satisfy yourself of the merits of this boiler.

It is no idle boast to state that the Archer Bath Tank Heaters, equipped with the Archer Mixers, are at present without a rival, for simplicity of construction, durability and price. Examine these to satisfy yourself.

The Archer Sad Iron Heater is the latest addition to their gas appliances. To use one of these is to appreciate it.



Archer Furnace.

The cost of gas is less than half a cent per hour. It is absolutely clean, easy to handle, and in every respect a

boon to the family. Can also be used to heat water, food, etc.

Gas Grates, which are being used so largely of late, require of all things to be odorless. This is accomplished in Archer grates by using the Archer



The Archer Iron Heater.

Mixer. These also reduce the cost of gas to the lowest possible amount.

Similar remarks apply to gas stoves as to the grates. The most objectionable feature of a gas stove has been the unpleasant odor from it. This is overcome by the Archer Mixer. This feature, and the great saving in the gas consumed, makes them attractive.

To manufacturers using gas in any quantity, it will surprise him to find what savings have been made by using the Archer Burners, with the Archer Patent Mixer attached. A cut of this burner is shown herewith.

Burners constructed and estimates will be given for special purposes. Parties using natural gas should not fail to make enquiries regarding the Archer Gas Burners. It is all-important to reduce the consumption of gas, and their appliances will help you in this respect.

Further particulars can be secured from local dealers or The Archer Light, Heat and Power Co., Limited, 36 Lombard St., Toronto.

# COLLIER ELECTRIC CO. EXHIBIT.

The greatest boon that has come to the housewife in the present generation is the electric iron. No other household device saves so much labor and at the same time affords such comfort.

But there are degrees of quality amongst the many electric irons on the market which make careful selection essential. In the Industrial Building was located the striking exhibit of the Collier Electric Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ont. To all interested was explained in an extremely lucid and convincing manner the many points of superiority of the Collier Automatic Electric Iron.

The Collier iron is covered with sheet nickel with a brilliant polish like mirror silver. This prevents rust. No dirt adheres and there is no fear of spoiling the linen. It is ready for use in five minutes—sooner than the clothes can be made ready. Attach it to any lamp socket, whether in kitchen or bedroom, cellar or attic, and it is ready for use. It works any hour of the day or night. Turn it up side down and it may be used to boil a kettle, heat food or otherwise to serve the purpose of a stove.



Archer Broom.

Another feature to be taken into consideration is the comfort in using a Collier. No over-heated room, no vitiated air. The handle is kept cool by the scientific Collier construction.

The Collier has another feature possessed by no other iron. By simply standing the iron on its heel the current is cut off. This gives perfect control of the heat at all times and saves electricity. You use the current only when actually ironing. In actual operation it costs less than a cent an hour on the average. A stove means 15 cents to 25 cents per ironing. Here is a saving of at least to cents on every ironing. Then there is the saving of time, no running to and from the stove. The Collier is hot all the time.

The Collier Iron costs \$6 and there is value in every cent. Figure its purchase on purely a business basis, and through the saving of ten cents per ironing, the Collier pays for itself in less than a year, and, besides, the old time strenuous work of ironing is converted into a pleasure.

The purchaser of the Collier takes absolutely no risk. A guarantee is given with every iron. The iron itself can be returned if not entirely satisfactory. Six dollars sent to-day to the Collier Electric Company, Peterboro', Ont., will solve all your ironing difficulties.

## DUSTO VACUUM CLEANER.

One of the surest ways of preventing the spread of disease and infection is by eliminating all dust in the house. One of the surest ways of obtaining a dustless sanitary home is by cleaning it with a Vacuum Cleaner. But hitherto the prohibitive prices asked for portable vacuum cleaners and the inconvenient electrical attachments required have militated against the use of the vacuum machine in many homes. The Dusto Cleaner, exhib-



Where the Collier Electric Iron was shown.

ed by Mr. Hills, in the Manufacturers' Annex, is an improved suction device for removing dust and dirt from carpets and rugs. It weighs less than five pounds, is operated by hand, and requires no electrical attachments. There is nothing to get out of order, and every machine is guaranteed against imperfections of manufacture. It is so simple that a child can work it, but it is at the same time one of the most durable and practical machines on the market. Its simplicity and low price bring it within the reach of all.

The machine works through a hinged nozzle, held on a level with the floor by two springs, and its weight is sustained by a roller while traveling back and forth over the carpet, eliminating all friction. This wonderful little machine is heartily recommended by its users. Its low price of six dollars puts it within the reach of all. A postal or telephone request to Mr. Hills, 556 Dovercourt Road, Toronto, (Phone, Park 3767), will bring a

booklet, fully describing its many good points, or a representative will call and demonstrate this machine in your residence.



The Dusto Cleaner.

# Fire Protection

in

## Schools, Colleges, Factory and Home

By Walter Higgin

**S**TUDENTS of fire losses throughout the world agree that the annual destruction of property by fire in the United States and Canada is in excess of that recorded in any other country. Publications on the subject have appeared from time to time in the *Consular reports*. A committee of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, reviewing fire losses per capita, declares that the "Per Capita" loss of America is appallingly greater than in any other country. The average annual "Per Capita" loss in Austria, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland and England being only 33 cents, against an average of \$2.47 in the United States and Canada. In accounting for the excessive fire loss in this country the national carelessness is commonly put forth as a comprehensive explanation. It must be admitted that until very recently recklessness as respects fire danger has been a national characteristic, but, fortunately, a movement is under way to check by scientific methods the needless waste of lives and wealth. How little attention has been paid to fire prevention, even among a very intelligent part of the public, is shown in a special report of over 300 educational institutions relative to the conditions that affect the safety of scholars and students. We learn the lessons (some paid for dearly) from colleges and universities, that precaution against fire has been neglected generally, so if the question were asked, "Are the children, young men and

women, who attend the schools, colleges and universities, well taken care of as respects protection from fire dangers?" the answer must be, "They are not." Unnecessary dangers and serious menaces exist. Installation of better systems of fire protection, public and private, must take place if conditions are to improve.

Educational institutions assume grave responsibility in offering dormitory accommodation to students. From the point of architectural beauty, the buildings may lack nothing. They may supply every home comfort, they may be in attractive localities, far from city noise, but that is not enough; the beautiful buildings may be tinder boxes, fire escapes may not have been provided, suitable apparatus for fighting even incipient fires may not have been supplied, there may not be a nightwatch service to guard against a fire making headway unnoticed. There may not be fire hydrants or extinguishers near at hand. There may be no means of calling outside help by automatic or manual fire alarms quickly. There may be no means of knowing a fire exists until the building is enveloped in flames and all exits of escape cut off. The question is, "How safe or unsafe are the hundreds of homes, schools, and especially the dormitory buildings attached to universities and colleges?" The report received by the American National Board, respecting 674 dormitory buildings in the United States, and the same thing no doubt applies to Can-

ada, 21 per cent. are of frame construction, the others are mainly of brick construction, but brick walls do not make a building safe from fire; wooden floors and partitions burn as quickly when enclosed in brick walls as when the interior building is entirely constructed of wood. One hundred and fifty colleges report that their dormitories are provided with fire escapes of one pattern or another, never tested or looked after, and in winter are found blocked with snow and ice, 134 three storeys and more high, do not have any fire exits of any kind, and fifteen of them are frame construction. When a dormitory or college building has no fire escape, the stairs are the only means of exit, if fire happens, unless the occupants choose to risk their lives by jumping from windows. Men and boys may be able to escape in some manner, but young women and girls are likely to be hampered by their clothing, and, where the stairs are the only exit, how many of them would resist fire long enough to allow the occupants to escape? where, if a reliable alarm system had been installed, all would be safe before even the "smoke" could interfere.

Stairs should be of incombustible material, even if there are fire escapes, or outside stairs, cut off by fire doors. If a fire starts at night in a dormitory and spreads, say, in the basement, or some unprotected corner where refuse is liable to gather, or on one of the lower floors, what is likely to be the result? Will the sleeping students have sufficient warning to escape from the building? Judging from the construction of the majority of buildings, it is not improbable that a fire would spread too quickly to permit even two or three students to arouse the entire building; this is where alarms requiring any human agency fails.

Every college should have a competent nightwatchman to make his hourly or half-hourly rounds, the same as is done in any commercial establishment, or still better, an alarm that

never sleeps. Educational and public buildings should be equipped with fire appliances, such as, chemical extinguishers, one to each 2,500 square feet; safety water buckets, fire axes; but above all a reliable automatic fire alarm signal service, that will call outside help, notify the occupants and require no manual attention, immediately the temperature rises from fire heat.

The disasters caused to life and property by fire, 90 per cent. of them can be traced back to the loss of time in notifying the fire brigade. No matter how good the inside equipment, you should never take a chance to fight fire yourself before calling outside help first; then, with the aid of your extinguishing appliances you will be able to keep the fire in check until the brigade arrives, if not, have it extinguished by being notified in time.

No college building should be without a well-trained emergency brigade, thoroughly drilled to the handling of fire appliances and the removing of all occupants. Some women, in a great many cases of danger, are more level-headed than men, and think faster. Fire invariably starts in mostly out-of-the-way places, such as old vaults, clothes closets, under stairways, if enclosed, you will find them full of rubbish, furnace rooms, clothes lockers, between floors and ceilings, where sweepings usually get in if the floors are not kept in good repair. Mice carry matches and other inflammable material through holes cut around steam and water risers. These should be protected by floor plates, "but the greatest" fire traps in nearly all the large buildings and some of the best in this city, is the vacant and waste space between ceilings of top floor and roof. They are usually made a dumping place for all kinds of material and get least attention of any other part of the building. Lots of inflammable stuff is carried to the basement, because it is too far to carry it to the roof, commonly called the "Cock Loft," but if there was an elevator handy to get it all there, some of the insurance companies would go

out of business, caused by the fires started in these places, to say nothing of the lives endangered. Hundreds of thousands of feet of punk, dry lumber, Georgia pine, electric wires and fixtures of all kinds and shapes, standard and not standard. Think of the supposed-to-be fireproof and semi-fireproof buildings covered with bonfires like this, just waiting to be kindled, one spark is all that is required. I would be safe in saying that not 5 per cent. of them has an entrance that the fire brigade could go through to fight a fire.

The great danger to valuable property contained in buildings like this, as well as to adjacent risks, is very seldom thought of, either by owners or occupants. When a fire takes place if the roof does not collapse to make the loss complete, the water damage will do the trick, and the greater headway the fire gets the greater danger to the firemen. Basements, top floors and empty lofts, should be the first places given consideration, instead of the first, second and third floors, which are always kept clean for the gaze of the public. The fire brigade and the insurance people, as well as those in charge, should give these traps their best consideration before it is too late.

A man who recently turned two houses into one by cutting doors into a party wall, protested against the recently-adopted city building law, which required him to install tin-clad fire doors as a fire stop. He gravely declared that a fire was no more likely to start in one house than the other. This plainly demonstrates the recklessness, and an act of want of care which is done unknowingly by thousands. When one stops to think, that the annual average fire waste in the United States for the six years ending 1909 of \$453,000,000, this is burning up \$500 worth of property for the past six years every minute, day and night, the figures are appalling. The losses in Canada, of course, are not so large, but proportionately so for the size of the cities, towns, villages and

population. If the losses were stolen out of the Dominion treasury, or a loss as great in the wheat crop of the west, or any other commercial commodity, there would be a financial panic.

There is no doubt that 50 per cent. of the fire waste of the country is from easily preventable causes, which indicates the entire country might well be taught lessons in individual responsibility and timely precaution. Correction of careless habits is certainly possible in grown-ups as children. Is it too much to expect that our people in their impetuous haste and rush will in the very near future cease to erect the inflammable shells they now put up and filled with equally inflammable contents, endangering the lives of their families and those under their care. If the French status were used, which makes a property owner liable for damage if fire spreads beyond his premises, people would be more careful regarding care and construction.

If insurers would demand a more rigid inspection of their premises from the insurance companies carrying their risks and then to make the necessary requirements, as pointed out by their inspectors, they would then be in a position to demand better rates and, no doubt, would get them, as it is, there is too much suspicion of one trying to sell out to the other.

The May-Outway System of fire-detecting alarms, recently brought to Canada from England, is one of the greatest blessings of the present century for the protection of life and property against the awful dangers from fire, it never sleeps, nor will it allow the occupant to sleep where fire heat raises the temperature 25 degrees above the normal.

The May-Outway System is based on the principle that a little fire is easily trodden out. Its nerves feel out the fire whilst it is puny and harmless, it sends an automatic alarm to those on the premises, whether asleep or awake, it directs the way to the exact point of fire and telegraphs simultaneously to the fire brigade. It consists of five parts or units: A—the Detect-

# THE THANKSGIVING DINNER will be incomplete

WITHOUT  
A BOX  
OF

*Anglers*

WOULD  
FAVOR  
CHOCOLATES  
AND CANDIES

When near our Store a Glass of Soda, or a cup of our Hot Chocolate will refresh you

130-132 Yonge St., Toronto.

Our Candies made on the premises.

# TWO COURSES

1. For Curing Ailments, and
2. Muscular Development and Great Strength.

NEVER FAILS

Write for folder to

# The DORCHESTER

SYSTEM OF

Physical Culture

All countries previously

experimented by

F. E. DORCHESTER, Physical Expert,

303 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B.C.

(Recommended by public in London, P.O. Vancouver in America.)



# INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

## Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never becomes hard. Every particle can be consumed.

Sold only in 150 and 250 blocks For Sale by all Grocers

Manufactured by  
**THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO.**  
Limited

Ingersoll, Ontario,  
Canada

# RADIANT Electric IRON

TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

We want to tell you how good this "Radiant Iron" is, and will give you ten days to try it.

Send us \$5.00 and we will send you a "Radiant" for ten days, and if you think that it is worth the money, it will be yours. But we have no obligation to keep it.

Send for circular "E" which explains why you are in the lead.

**RADIANT ELECTRIC MFG. CO., LTD.**  
38 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

tor; B—the position indicator, which shows where the fire is located; C—the Local Gongs, which give the alarm inside and outside the building; D—the Telegraphic Outfit, which sends for the fire brigade; E—the Receiving Apparatus at the Fire Station, from which the brigade gets their signals.

The detectors are sensitive to a sudden rise of temperature, and act in a few seconds, but are not affected by ordinary fluctuations of temperature, such as occur under manufacturing conditions or variations of temperature caused by change in weather, heat, etc. The detectors have no fixity of alarm point. They detect a fire with equal promptness, whether the thermometer stands at 10 below zero, or at 200 degrees Fahrenheit, or higher. False alarms are made impossible through the compensating action of the steel channel, which adjusts itself to the nerve in ordinary rising or lowering of temperature. The action of the detector is governed by the laws of nature, and cannot fail in the performance of their duty, any more than water can avoid flowing down hill. It depends upon no springs, no mercury column, no chemicals, but natural and inevitable expansion by heat of the single copper wire. The sensitive nerve and the steel channel operating together, expanding and contracting uniformly under ordinary fluctuations of temperature. To obtain this result the correct ratio of mass to heat collect service of both wire and channel has been determined by the simple method of mathematics and proven thousands of times in practice, and is being proven in their show rooms now. The effect of expansion of the nerve is to cause a brass weight, which is suspended in the centre of the nerve, to drop. When this suspended weight drops it makes an electrical contact with the wires that control the system. The contact or circuit closing is made by the irresistible law of gravity, there is no alternative, it must make contact with the terminals as certainly as stone

must fall to the ground. Having responded to the heat and made the contact, the duty of the detector has been promptly and faithfully performed, it only remains for the electrical appliances to flash the alarm to the points intended.

The alarm gongs may be placed at such points in the building or outside it as will ensure them being heard by the watchmen, police or householder.

The indicator is placed in a conspicuous position and directs the way to the portion of the building on fire and shows exactly the location.

The telegraphic apparatus has notified the fire brigade of the fire without the possibility of error, and all has been accomplished within a space of a few seconds.

There is no anxiety about water pipes being frozen or valves being left closed, city water being shut off or gravity tank being empty or partly filled with water, or a \$10,000 water damage caused by fifteen sprinkler heads opening, where one would have done, if it had opened in time with this system. The fire brigade would be on the job and have the fire out before a sprinkler head could possibly open.

Every part of the plant can be protected, from the "coal shed to the dry kiln," with the same effect. No second-hand message to the fire brigade from a central station. No watchman to rely on, or a ticker to watch the watchman. No air compressor to look after. It accomplishes all this itself as sure as the sun rises, because it depends upon no human aid or effort. This is the only system of fire protection in the world that has been granted direct connections to the central fire station by the underwriters.

Business men would be well repaid if they gave this wonderful "system" a thorough investigation before the "fire" season opens, which will be very soon now.

How long will ignorance of fire protection and prevention continue to exonerate conflagration breeders before the Bar of Public Opinion?

## DOES THIS APPEAL TO YOU?

If there are any of the forms on this list that you use in your business or which you think you could use with advantage, ask us to mail you full information.

We would like to prove to you that OUR Loose Leaf Method of keeping accounts is by long odds the most speedy, accurate and simplest of any system going.

## Some of Our Special Labor-Saving Forms

Advertising Contracts  
Advertising Reports  
Circulars of Sale  
Catalogs, Displaying  
Kits, Exhibits  
Displaying Order Blanks  
Employees' Records  
Filing, up, Catalogues  
Foreign Orders

Horizontal Gold Form  
Household Expenses  
Inventories Accounts  
Inventory Labels, Records  
Inventory Schedule, Records  
Letters, Correspondence  
Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank

Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank

Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank  
Letters, Order Blank

## Save Money by using our Blank Books, Loose Leaf Binders and Sheets.

SEND FOR CATALOG "C" TO-DAY, FREE

## Rochester Loose Leaf Outfit

TWO  
DOLLARS



Consists of a 2 x 4 Binder, with red leather back and corners, black cloth sides and brass sides on back. 250 sheets, High Grade Bond Paper and index. Vary with the size of your premises, and small business concerns, stores, etc. Money back if not entirely satisfied. Charges prepaid.

## THE HENRY CONOLLY COMPANY

58 Stone Street

Rochester,  
N. Y.





“Tooth-brush drill is as needful as any gymnastic exercise for the preservation of health,”

*says Dr. Richard Grady, the dentist of the Annapolis Naval Academy.*

# COLGATE'S

## RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

helps keep you in athletic condition. It improves your teeth, and therefore your digestion, health and appearance. Its regular use is a safeguard against disease.

For Dr. Grady's view is that “there is strong reason to believe that many diseases may be due to the fact that the masticatory organs have been neglected.”

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans, preserves and polishes perfectly and antiseptically. Not only a thorough cleanser and true antiseptic, it also prevents decay-germs, corrects mouth-acids and takes care of the gums.

### Its Delicious Flavor

makes its use a pleasure and proves that a “druggy” taste is not necessary to efficiency.

42 inches of Cream in trial tube sent for 4 cents

COLGATE & CO., Est. 1806, Dept. B.M. Coristine Bldg., Montreal.

W. G. M. SHEPHERD, MONTREAL, Sole Agent for Canada.

